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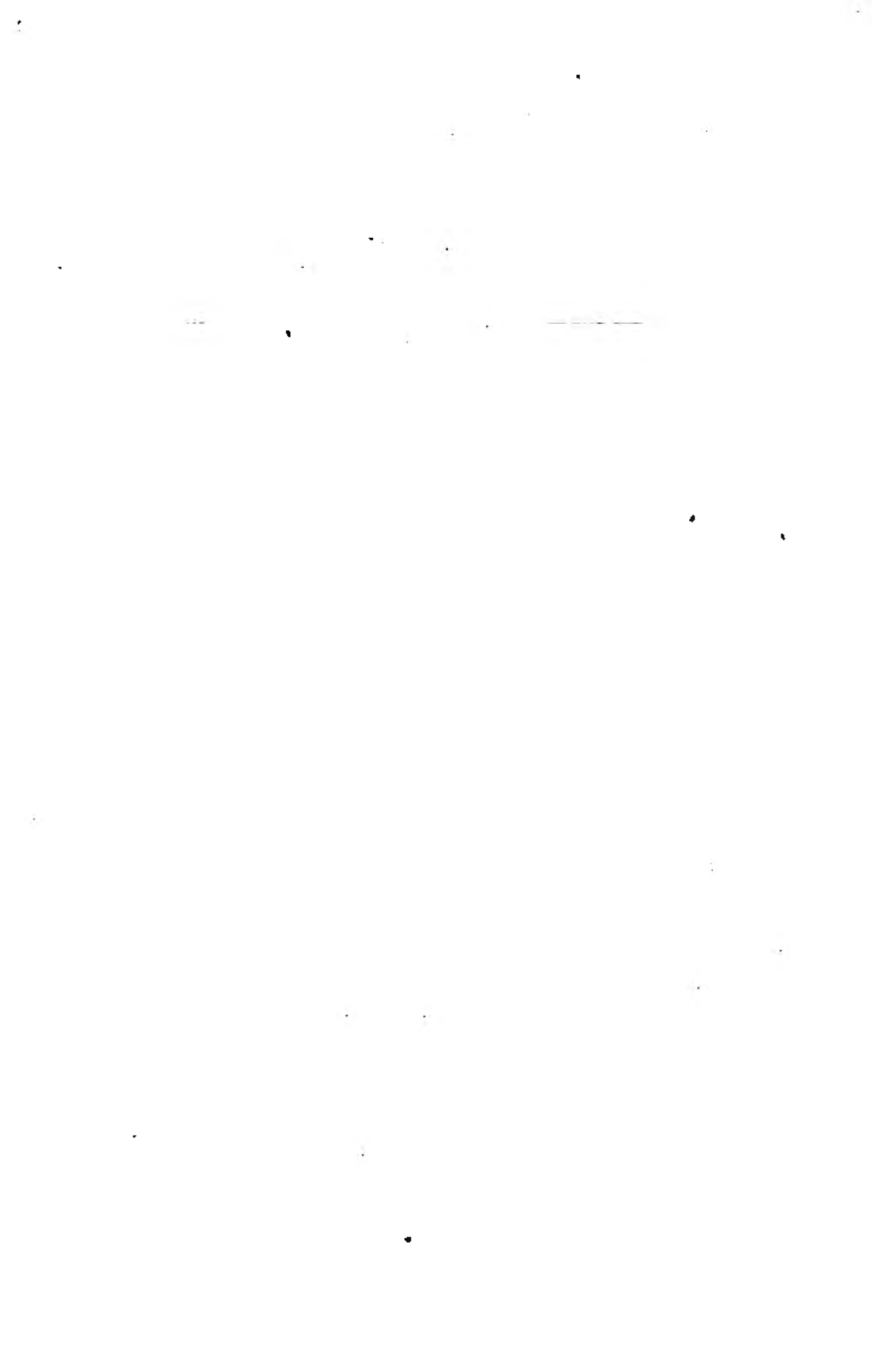
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VOL. II, PART I

JANUARY 1878.

**D**  
**Commodor**

Embodying the

**Transactions**

of the Honourable

**Society of Commodorion**

FOR 1878.

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EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT JONES, B.A.,

VICAR OF ALL SAINTS, ROTHERHITHE.

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# D Cymmrodor.

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Y  
CYMMRODOR,  
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TRANSACTIONS  
OF THE HONOURABLE  
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OF LONDON,  
ETC.

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CALIFORNIA

## **D Cymrodor.**

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JANUARY 1878.

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### **THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES.**

By JOHN THOMAS, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia).

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IN the mythological traditions of Pagan nations we find the invention of their music and musical instruments attributed to their gods, or to superhuman beings of a godlike nature; which may account for the art being called to this day—the divine art. Some of these traditions are not only interesting but highly amusing; and the following legend, as given by Carl Engel, in his *Myths and Facts*, is worthy of notice:—"In the Finnish Mythology, the divine Vainamoinen is said to have constructed the five-stringed harp, called Kantele, the old national instrument of the Finns. The frame he made out of the bones of the pike, and the teeth of the pike he used for the tuning-pegs. The strings he made of hair from the tail of a spirited horse. When the harp fell into the sea and was lost, he made another, the frame of which was of birchwood and the pegs of the branch of an oak-tree. As strings for this harp he used the silky hair of a young girl. Vainamoinen took his harp, and sat down on a hill near a silvery brook. There he played with so irresistible an effect that he entranced whatever came within hearing of his music. Men and animals listened en-

raptured; the wild beasts of the forest lost their ferocity; the birds of the air were drawn towards him; the fishes rose to the surface of the water, and remained immovable; the trees ceased to wave their branches; the brook retarded its course, and the wind its haste; even the mocking echo approached stealthily, and listened with the utmost attention to the heavenly sounds. Soon the women began to cry, then the old men and the children also began to cry; and the girls, and the young men—all cried for delight. At last Vainamoinen himself wept, and his big tears ran over his beard, and rolled into the water, and became beautiful pearls at the bottom of the sea.”

There was also the same tendency to immortalise those who displayed transcendent genius in the art of music.

At the death of Pythagoras, the celebrated Greek philosopher and musician, so great was the veneration of his countrymen for him, that he received the same honours as were paid to the immortal gods; and his house became a sacred temple.

Blegwryd ab Seisyllt, a British king, who flourished about 160 years before the Christian era, being a great musician and performer upon the harp, received the appellation of “God of Music”.

With regard to the source whence Britain derived her music and musical instruments, there appears very little doubt but that they were brought from the East, either by the inhabitants, in their original migration, or by the Phœnicians, who, as is well known, had commercial intercourse with Britain from the earliest times.

The Greeks are said to have derived their music, with other arts and sciences, from Cadmus, a Phœnician, and from Cecrops, an Egyptian, who settled in Greece about two thousand years before the Christian era. Consequently, as I have already suggested, if we did not bring our music

and musical instruments with us, in our original migration from the East, in all probability, we are indebted for them to the Phœnicians, who were of Hebrew origin—and were supposed to be none others than the Canaanites.

It is a remarkable circumstance, in support of this supposition, that the Welsh word *Telynu*, “to play upon the harp”, is said to signify precisely the same in the Phœnician language. This might go far to account for the harp of David being our national instrument.

The harp, of all instruments, is the one which has been held in the most general esteem, and has for ages been the inseparable companion of prophet, king, bard, and minstrel. From the days of Jubal—“the father of all such as handle the harp and organ”—it may be traced through all generations as holding the highest place among the Israelites, as is testified by the Holy Scriptures. For example, Laban reproaches Jacob, his son-in-law, in the following words:—“Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me? and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp.”

Samuel, in his instructions to Saul, after having secretly anointed him king, says: “And it shall come to pass, when thou art come thither to the city (Bethel), that thou shalt meet a company of prophets coming down from the high place with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp before them.”

Later on, in the days of King David, with whose eventful life, from beginning to end, it was associated in a remarkable degree, we find the harp occupying a still more prominent position. The advice given to Saul by his servants, will show the high estimation in which this instrument was held in those days, especially in the hands of a skilful performer:—“Behold now an evil spirit from God troubleth thee. Let our Lord now command thy servants,

which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player upon the harp, and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand and thou shalt be well."

On the very first occasion upon which David is presented before Saul, we have the following account of the effect he produced upon that monarch, through the medium of his harp:—"And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." As a proof that the harp was David's constant companion in his worship of the Almighty, it is only necessary to quote a few, out of the innumerable instances to be found in the Psalms:—"Awake up, my glory, awake lute and harp, I myself will awake right early." "Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God." "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof, for they that carried us away captive required of us a song. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." The last sentence evidently alludes to playing upon the harp, and the whole of this beautiful passage shows that such was the love of the Israelites for this instrument, that it accompanied them even in their captivity, although they had not the heart to awaken its sweet sounds. Even up to the time of the Christian era, the harp was regarded with peculiar veneration; for we find John the Apostle making frequent mention of it in the Revelations, from which we select the following remarkable passage: "And I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harp-

ing upon their harps." It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Welsh, as a people, should have retained their fondness for their national instrument, if my conjecture, as to the source from which they derived it, be correct.

Recent discoveries made in Egypt and Assyria, by Bruce, Layard, and others, show that the harp was equally popular in all these countries in ancient times; and it is to be found in every Eastern country, even to this day, in one form or another. It is generally found *without* the front pillar; but Bruce, in a letter to Dr. Burney, also alludes to the representation of a harp upon a basso-relievo at Ptolemais, in Cyrenaicum, a city built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, where it is twice represented with fifteen strings or two octaves, and *with* the front pillar; the use of which he attributes to the additional strain of the extra strings — most other harps having less than that number.

Greek historians clearly show that the ancient Britons and the ancient Greeks were well known to each other; and they mention Abaris, a British druid and philosopher, who visited Greece in the time of Pythagoras.

Himerius, a Greek orator, gives the following description of him: "Abaris came to Athens, not clad in skins like a Scythian, but with a bow in his hand, a quiver hanging from his shoulder, a plaid wrapped about his body, a gilded belt encircling his loins, and pantaloons reaching from his waist to the sole of his feet. Moreover, he addressed us in our own tongue."

On the other hand, the Greeks appear to have been acquainted with the British Isles, from the following description given by Diodorus Siculus, half a century before the Christian era. He says: "There is an Island over against Gaul, the size of Sicily, under the Arctic pole, inhabited by the Hyperboreans, so called because they lie far north. They say that Latona was born there, and therefore that they

worship Apollo above all other gods, because they daily sing songs in praise of this god, and ascribe to him the highest honors. They say that these inhabitants demean themselves as if they were the priests of Apollo, who has there a stately grove and renowned Temple of a circular form, beautified with many rich gifts ; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing upon the harp, chaunt sacred hymns to Apollo in the Temple, setting forth his glorious acts. The Hyperboreans use their own natural language ; but, of long and ancient time, have had a special kindness for the Grecians ; and more especially for the Athenians and the Delians ; and that some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans, and left behind them divers presents (or things dedicated to the gods) inscribed with Greek characters ; and that Abaris formerly travelled thence into Greece and renewed the ancient league of friendship with the Delians."

Julius Cæsar, in his *Commentaries*, states that the Druids made use of the Greek characters and gives reasons for their doing so. In explaining the system of education adopted among their disciples, he says : " They are taught to repeat a great number of verses by heart, and often spend twenty years therein, for it is deemed unlawful to commit their statutes to writing ; though in other matters, whether public or private, they make use of *Greek* characters. They seem to me to follow this method for two reasons,—to hide their mysteries from the knowledge of the vulgar, and to exercise the memory of their scholars."

It may be a circumstance worthy of remark that *Abaris* was a name peculiar to Arabian kings in ancient times, as much so as Ptolemy was to Egyptian monarchs.

In the fourth century, Ammianus Marcellinus relates that the British bards celebrated the brave actions of illustrious

men in heroic poems, which they sang to the sweet sound of the harp.

In this respect they resembled the Grecians, as is shown by Homer, in the 9th book of the *Iliad* (v. 245). In the embassy sent by Agamemnon to Achilles, during his retirement, after he had quitted the Grecian camp, he gives the following description :

“Amus’d at ease, the God-like man they found,  
Pleas’d with the solemn harp’s harmonious sound ;  
(The well-wrought harp from conquer’d Thebæ came,  
Of polish’d silver was its costly frame) ;  
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings  
Th’ immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.”

The most remarkable feature of all, in comparing the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks with those of the ancient Britons, is to be found in the singular similarity between the Olympic games and the Eisteddfodau, which have been periodically held in Wales from time immemorial, and continued up to the present. It is true that athletic games are no longer included in the programme of the Eisteddfod—in addition to music and poetry—as was the case in the Olympic games ; neither have we any instance of a challenge of skill between two musicians, and its being mutually agreed that he who was defeated should be tied to a tree and flayed alive by the conqueror, as was the case between Marsyas and Apollo ; but the particular trials of strength mentioned in the Grecian contests, such as running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, and throwing the quoit, are all included in the four-and-twenty games of the Welsh ; and in all probability, they were encouraged at the Eisteddfodau in former times, and until the more civilising influence of music and poetry caused them to be discontinued.

The first Eisteddfod of which we have any historical record, was held in the middle of the seventh century, pre-



sided over by King Cadwaladr;—as it was a prerogative peculiar to the ancient kings of Britain to preside at the Eisteddfod or Congress of the Bards.

A curious circumstance is related by two Welsh historians, Dr. John David Rhŷs and John Rhydderch, as having occurred upon that occasion:—"King Cadwaladr sat in an Eisteddfod, assembled for the purpose of regulating the bards, of taking into consideration their productions and performances, and of giving laws to music and poetry. A bard, who played upon the harp in the presence of this illustrious assembly in a key called *is-gywair, ar y bragod dannau* (in the low pitch and in the minor or mixed key), which displeased them much, was censured for the inharmonious effect he produced. The key in which he played was that of *Pibau Morvydd* (i.e., 'Caniad Pibau Morvydd sydd ar y bragod gywair'.—"The Song of Morvydd's Pipes is in the minor or mixed key.' He was then ordered, under great penalties, whenever he came before persons skilful in the art, to adopt that of *Mwynen Gwynedd*, 'the pleasing melody of North Wales,' which the royal associates first gave out, and preferred. They even decreed that none could sing or play with true harmony but with *Mwynen Gwynedd*, because that was in a key which consisted of notes that formed perfect concords, whilst the other was of a mixed nature."

I am strongly impressed with the conviction that the above incident arose from a general desire to suppress an attempt to introduce into Wales the pentatonic, or so-called Scotch scale, where the fourth and leading notes of the key are omitted, which accounts for the peculiar, not to say startling effect, produced upon a cultivated musical ear by the Scotch bagpipe of the present day, upon which, the music written for it passes from major to minor, without the least regard for the tonic and dominant drones of the original key, which still continue to sound on to the end of the performance.

The relation of the above incident also shows that the Welsh were already in possession of a scale or key, which, by their own showing, consisted of notes that formed perfect concords ; whereas the other, which they objected to, was of a mixed nature—neither major nor minor, but a mixture of the two, which is not altogether an inapt way of describing the pentatonic, or Scotch scale.

I shall require to allude to this incident in connection with a subject to be mentioned later ; but there is a word used in the relation of this account, in the original Welsh, which I may as well point out at once, as having a signification peculiar to the Welsh language. In ancient Welsh works, “to *play* upon the harp” is expressed “to *sing* upon the harp”—*Canu ar y Delyn*. It is also the same as regards the *crwth*, an old Welsh instrument, which was so popular in Britain in olden times as to have been mistaken, by historians of the sixth century, for our national instrument. This form of expression we appear to have derived from the Israelites ; for we find in Habakkuk, iii, 19, that the Prophet dedicates his last prayer—“To the chief *singer* on my stringed Instruments”.

At this period, the seventh century, according to the Venerable Bede, the harp was so generally played in Britain that it was customary to hand it from one to another at their entertainments ; and he mentions one who, ashamed that he could not play upon it, slunk away lest he should expose his ignorance.

In such honour was the harp held in Wales that a slave might not practice upon it ; while to play on the instrument was an indispensable qualification of a gentleman. The ancient laws of Hywel Dda mention three kinds of harps : the harp of the king ; the harp of a *pencerdd*, or master of music ; and the harp of a nobleman. A professor of this favourite instrument enjoyed many privileges ; his lands were free, and his person sacred.

It was the office of the ancient bard to sing to his harp, before and after battle, the old song called *Unbeniaeth Prydain*, or the "Monarchical song of Britain", which contained the exploits of the most worthy heroes, to inspire others to imitate their glorious example.

Diodorus Siculus also says: "The bards stept in between hostile armies, standing with their swords drawn and their spears extended ready to engage, and by their eloquence, as by irresistible enchantment, prevented the effusion of blood, and prevailed upon them to sheath their swords."

In the eleventh century, Gryffudd ap Cynan, king of North Wales, held a Congress for the purpose of reforming the order of the Welsh bards; and he invited several of the fraternity from Ireland to assist in carrying out the contemplated reforms; the most important of which appears to have been the separation of the professions of bard and minstrel—in other words—of poetry and music; both of which had hitherto been united in one and the same person. In all probability, it was considered that both poetry and music would be greatly benefited by the separation, each being thought sufficient to occupy the whole and undivided attention of one person.

The next was the revision of the rules for the composition and performance of music. The twenty-four musical measures were permanently established, as well as a number of keys, scales, etc.; and it was decreed that from henceforth all compositions were to be written in accordance with those enactments; and, moreover, that none but those who were conversant with the rules should be considered thorough musicians, or competent to undertake the instruction of others. All these reforms were written down in books, in the Welsh and Irish languages; as is shown by a manuscript now in the British Museum, copied in the fifteenth century from another book dating from the time when the

above reforms were instituted. In this manuscript will also be found some of the most ancient pieces of music of the Britons, supposed to have been handed down to us from the ancient bards. I have carefully studied the contents, and find that the whole of the music is written for the *Crwth*, in a system of notation by the letters of the alphabet, with merely one line to divide bass and treble.

Dr. Burney, after a life-long research into the musical notations of ancient nations, gives the following as the result:—"It does not appear from history that the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Hebrews, or any ancient people who cultivated the arts, except the Greeks and Romans, had musical characters; and these had no other symbols of sound than the letters of the alphabet, which likewise served them for arithmetical numbers and chronological dates."

The system of notation under consideration resembles that of Pope Gregory's in the sixth century, and may have found its way into this country about that period, when he sent Augustine and a number of musicians into Britain to reform the abuses which had crept into the services of the western churches.

The circumstance of Irish names being attached to the twenty-four musical measures in the ancient manuscript, has led many historians to the erroneous conclusion that Wales derived the whole of her music from Ireland, at the time of Gruffydd ab Cynan; when, as is alleged, the measures were constructed. Even Welsh chroniclers, such as Giraldus Cambrensis, Caradoc, Powel, and others, have made this statement in their works upon the strength of the circumstance alluded to; therefore, it is not surprising that modern writers, such as Gunn, Walker, Bunting, Sir John Hawkins, and others, should have been deceived by relying upon such apparently good authority. But, independently of the extreme dissimilarity of the Welsh and Irish music that

has been handed down to us, it so happens that other parts of the same document bear ample testimony to the contrary. The Welsh had their twenty-four metres in poetry as well as their twenty-four athletic games ; and the following circumstance will show that they also possessed their twenty-four musical measures centuries prior to the Congress held by Gryffudd ab Cynan.

Among the ancient pieces included in the manuscript, is one bearing the following title, *Gosteg yr Halen* ("Prelude to the Salt"), and at the end is the following account concerning it: "Tervyn Gosteg yr Halen, yr hon a vyddid yn ei chanu o vlaen Marchogion Arthur pan roid y Salter a'r halen ar y bwrdd." "Here ends the Prelude to the Salt, which used to be performed before the knights of King Arthur, when the Salter was placed upon the table."

As one part of the manuscript must be considered as authentic as another, the above composition takes us as far back as the middle of the sixth century—the time when King Arthur flourished ; and the composition is written in one of the twenty-four measures—*Mac Mwn byr*—as may be seen by the copy which I have deciphered and published in the second edition of the *Myvyrian Archæology*. It is also asserted that even the keys used in Welsh music were brought over from Ireland at the same time as the twenty-four measures—that is, in the reign of Gruffydd ab Cynan. There are five keys mentioned in Welsh music :

1. *Is-gywair*—the *low* key, or key of *C*.
2. *Cras-gywair*—the *sharp* key, or key of *G*.
3. *Lleddf-gywair*—the *flat* key, or key of *F*.
4. *Go-gywair*—the key with a flat, or minor third ; the remainder of the scale, in every other respect, being major.
5. *Bragod-gywair*—called the minor or mixed key.

Another piece included in the manuscript is *Caniad Pibau Morvydd*, "The Song of Morvydd's Pipes," the composition already alluded to, as having been performed on the harp by a bard at the Eisteddvod presided over by King Cadwaladr in the seventh century; and it happens to be in one of the above keys; *Caniad Pibau Morvydd sydd ar y Bragod dannau*, "The Song of Morvydd's Pipes is in the minor or mixed key." It is hoped, therefore, that the insertion of the above historical note may be considered a conclusive reply to such a mis-statement.

The twenty-four measures—which consisted of a given number of repetitions of the chords of the tonic and dominant, according to the length of each measure—do not appear in the music of Wales after the date to which the manuscript refers (A.D. 1040), a circumstance which may be considered most fortunate; for, although most ingeniously contrived and well adapted to the purpose for which they were intended at that early period, viz., for the guidance of performers on the harp and *crwth*—the latter being used as an accompaniment to the harp—had such rules remained in force, they would have had the effect of rendering our national music intensely monotonous and uninteresting, and would have thoroughly destroyed all freedom of imagination in musical composition; whereas, the national music of Wales is remarkable for its beauty of melody, richness of harmony, and variety of construction. It is also exceedingly diatonic, which evidently arose from the difficulty of modulating upon the ancient harp, which had but one row of strings; although it is said that the performer had a method of producing an occasional accidental, by pressing the string with the thumb and first finger.

Davydd ab Gwilym, who flourished about the fourteenth century, alludes, with much enthusiasm, in one of his poems, to the harp strung with glossy black hair; supposed to

have been the instrument upon which the undergraduates were obliged to study until they took a degree. He also mentions an Irish harp which had found its way into Wales in his time; and he speaks disparagingly of it, on account of the ugliness of its shape and the harshness of its tone—being strung with wire and played upon, to quote his own words, “with a horny nail of unpleasant form”. The Irish harper allowed his nails to grow long, and cut them to a point, like the quills of a spinnet. Therefore, the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him, was to cut his nails short, as it took a considerable time for them to grow long enough to admit of his playing again.

Between this time and the sixteenth century a great improvement took place, in the invention of a harp with two rows of strings, consisting of the diatonic scale on the right side from the upper part down to the centre of the instrument, with another row of accidentals on the opposite side, to be played, whenever required, by putting the finger through; and the diatonic scale continued on the left side, from the centre to the lower part of the instrument, with the accidentals on the other row on the opposite side. This arrangement shows that the harp was held on the right shoulder, and played upon with the right hand in the treble and with the left hand in the bass.

Vincentio Galilei, in his *Dissertation on Ancient and Modern Music*, published at Florence in 1581, states that the double harp was common in Italy in his day; and that it was derived from Ireland.

It is very difficult to conceive how the Irish could possibly have ever possessed such an instrument, inasmuch as it has left no trace whatever upon their music, the peculiarity of the scale of which consists in leaving out all accidentals and notes which indicate the least modulation from key to

key, but which notes would have been available upon the instrument alluded to.

A circumstance which has recently come under my notice, goes far to show that it might have originated in Wales. A bronze bas-relief by Donatello, forms part of the high altar in the Church of St. Antonio, in Padua. The date is about 1450. One of the figures is that of an angel playing the harp, and the shape of the instrument is precisely that of the Welsh triple harp. I accidentally discovered a plaister cast of the original bronze at the Kensington Museum, where it may be seen.

In any case, whether the double harp originated in Ireland or in Wales, the invention of the Welsh triple harp, with three rows of strings, naturally followed; for, as music advanced, the inconvenience of being circumscribed within the limited compass of only half the diatonic scale on either side of the instrument would soon be felt; therefore, it was extended on each side to the full extent of the instrument, with a centre row of accidentals, accessible from either side.

It is worthy of remark that the Welsh triple harp is the only instrument of the kind that has ever been known with the strings on the *right* side of the comb; thereby necessitating its being tuned with the tuning-hammer in the left hand, which is exceedingly awkward to anyone who is not left-handed. This circumstance may also explain why it is held on the left shoulder, and played upon with the left hand in the treble and the right hand in the bass, so as to have a full view of the strings; otherwise the comb would inconveniently intercept the view, as is the case when Welsh harpers in the present day attempt to play upon the modern English pedal harp,—holding it on the left instead of the right shoulder, with the strings on the *left* side of the comb.

The science of music having so rapidly advanced within



the last century, rendered it absolutely necessary that still further improvements should be made in the harp, that it might keep pace with other instruments. The difficulty of playing upon the inner row of strings of the triple harp in rapid passages, and the impossibility of playing in any other key than the one in which the instrument was tuned, gave rise to the invention of the pedal harp, which is an immense improvement, in a musical sense, upon any former invention; as it admits of the most rapid modulation into every key, and enables the performer to execute passages and combinations that would not have been dreamt of previously. In the double-action harp, perfected by Erard, each note has its flat, natural, and sharp, which is not the case with any other stringed instrument; and this enables the modern harpist to produce those beautiful enharmonic effects which are peculiar to the instrument. Another remarkable advantage has been attained by this invention—the reduction in the number of strings to one row; which enables the performer not only to keep the instrument in better tune, but to use a thicker string, and thus attain a quality of tone, which, for mellowness and richness, may be advantageously compared with that of any other instrument in existence.

To return to the Welsh triple harp. The increased resources attained by the invention of that instrument, as being so far in advance of any other instrument of its kind, up to that period, gave a powerful impetus to the progress of music in the Principality; and may go far to account for the superior beauty, in an artistic point of view, of the national music of Wales over that of any other country. This fact is admitted by the most eminent writers on music; and, lest I should be considered too partial, as a Welshman, with regard to the music of my native country, I venture to quote Dr. Crotch, a distinguished composer and learned historian, and, for some time, Professor of music in the Univer-

sity of Oxford, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. In the first volume of his *Specimens of Various Styles of Music*, referred to in his course of lectures, he writes as follows :—

“ British and Welsh music may be considered as one, since the original British music was, with the inhabitants, driven into Wales. It must be owned, that the regular measure and diatonic scale of the Welsh music is more congenial to the English taste in general, and appears at first more natural to experienced musicians than those of the Irish and Scotch. Welsh music not only solicits an accompaniment ; but, being chiefly composed for the harp, is usually found with one ; and, indeed, in harp tunes, there are often solo passages for the bass as well as for the treble. It often resembles the scientific music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ; and there is, I believe, no probability that this degree of refinement was an introduction of later times.”

Further on, he continues :—

“ The military music of the Welsh seems superior to that of any other nation. In the German marches, the models of the English, most of the passages are noisy, interspersed with others that are trifling, and even vulgar. In those of France also there is much noise, together with chromatic and other scientific passages. The Scotch Highland marches, called *Ports*, are wild warbles, which might (and, indeed, upon many occasions did, in a remarkable degree) inspire courage, but which could not answer the purpose of regulating the steps. But in the Welsh marches, ‘ The March of the Men of Harlech’, ‘ The March of the Men of Glamorgan’, and also a tune called ‘ Come to Battle’, there is not too much noise, nor is there vulgarity nor yet misplaced science. They have a sufficiency of rhythm without its injuring the dignified character of the whole, which, to use the words of the poet, is—

“ . . . Such as rais'd  
 To height of noblest temper heroes of old  
 Arming to battle ; and, instead of rage,  
 Deliberate valour breath'd.”

*Par. Lost, Book I, line 551.*

Dr. Crotch, in his eulogium on Welsh music, specially mentions military music only, whereas I think he would have been sure to have alluded to our plaintive music, had he been better acquainted with such melodies as “Davydd y Garreg Wen” (David of the White Rock), or “The Dying Bard to his Harp”, “Morva Rhuddlan” (The Plain of Rhuddlan), “Torriad y Dydd” (The Dawn of Day), and many others of the kind. I consider their great fondness for the minor key to be a very marked characteristic of the Welsh people. Some writers have attributed this peculiarity to the influence of the circumstances under which their music was composed ; but, inasmuch as the same tendency exists in the present day, after centuries of peace and prosperity, I am inclined to lay it to the strength of the emotional feelings of the Welsh as a people ; for I have frequently witnessed their being so touched by the performance of one of their own plaintive melodies, as to shed a tear of delight,—even in the presence of others, of a different nationality, who did not appear to have been affected in the same degree. Nor are our pastoral melodies less worthy of admiration,—their varied characteristics being equally striking.

The Eisteddvodau have afforded the greatest encouragement to the study of music and poetry ; and the contests on those occasions have been the means of recognising real merit, and of suppressing mediocrity. The result being, that music occupies a much more elevated position in the Principality at the present time than it has ever done at any former period. In proof of this, it is only necessary to call attention

to the wonderful progress made in choral singing alone, and to the great number of choral societies formed throughout the Principality. It would hardly be credited that, at an Eisteddvod held at Abergavenny on Easter Monday, 1874, as many as ten choirs, each numbering, on an average, between four and five hundred—making a total of between four and five thousand voices—competed for a prize of a hundred pounds; and, as one of the adjudicators upon the occasion, I have no hesitation in stating their singing was in no way inferior to that of the choir which came up to London in 1872, and successfully competed for the prize of a thousand pounds at the Crystal Palace. I believe I am correct in saying that the ten choirs belonged to almost the immediate neighbourhood of Abergavenny; in every case within a radius of twenty miles.

What other country in Europe, of the extent of Wales, can boast of as much activity in the cause of music? The consequence is, that our choirs carry everything before them; our young vocalists carry off the scholarships at the principal institution of this country, and perhaps of Europe,—the Royal Academy of Music; our musicians are beginning to take their musical degrees at the great Universities of the Empire; we have established a University of our own in the Principality, and musical education has been included in its programme.

We are thus, I trust, proving ourselves worthy descendants of the bards and minstrels from whom we have inherited

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF WALES.

[The foregoing paper was read by Mr. Thomas before the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion on the 13th of March, 1878, in the Music Hall of the Royal Academy.—*Ed.*]

## CAN GWRAIG Y PYSGODWR.

GAN Y PARCH. JOHN BLACKWELL.

GORPHWYS Don ! dylifa 'n llonydd,  
 Paid a digio wrth y creigydd ;  
 Y mae Anian yn noswyllo,  
 Pam y byddi di yn effro ?  
 Dwndwr daear sydd yn darfod,—  
 Cysga dithau ar dy dywod.

Gorphwys Fôr ! Mae ar dy lasdon  
 Un yn dwyn serchiadau 'nghalon ;  
 Nid ei ran yw bywyd segur,  
 Ar dy lifiant mae ei lafur ;  
 Bydd dda wrtho, Fôr diddarfod,  
 Cysga 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

Paid a grwnach, bydd yn ddiddig,  
 Dyro ffrwyn yn mhen dy gesig  
 A pha esgus iti ffromi ?  
 Nid oes gwynt yn mrig y llwyni ;  
 Tyr'd a bad fy ngŵr i'r diddos  
 Cyn cysgodion dwfn y ceunos.

Iawn i wraig yw teimlo pryder  
 Pan bo 'i gŵr ar gefn y dyfnder ;  
 Ond os cyffry dig dy donnau,  
 Pwy a ddirnad ei theimladau ?  
 O bydd dirion wrth fy mhriod,—  
 Cysga 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

# THE SONG OF THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

TRANSLATED BY THE EDITOR.

---

REST, O wave, within thy deeps,  
 Nor on angry rocks be breaking;  
 Twilight falls and Nature sleeps,  
 Why shouldst thou be ever waking?  
 Stillness broods o'er all the land,—  
 Sleep, then, on thy golden strand.

Rest, O Sea! On thy blue wave,  
 Tossed with ever ceaseless motion,  
 Toils a spirit frank and brave,—  
 Lord of all my heart's devotion;  
 Gently rock him on thy breast,  
 Hush him to his evening rest!

In the forest, on the plain,  
 Not a zephyr now is breathing;  
 Chafe not then, O Sea; restrain  
 Thy wild waves' tumultuous seething;  
 Night is darkening o'er thy strand,  
 Bear his light-winged barque to land.

Startles oft the tender wife  
 As she scans the smile of Ocean;  
 In its darker hour of strife,  
 Who can tell her heart's emotion?  
 Sleep in peace, tempestuous Sea;  
 Bring my loved one back to me!

Byddar ydwyt i fy ymbil,  
 Fôr didostur! ddofn dy grombil!  
 Trof at UN a all dy farchog  
 Pan bo 'th donnau yn gynddeiriog;  
 Cymmer Ef fy ngŵr i'w gysgod,  
 A gwna di 'n dawel ar dy dywod.

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NOTE.—The Welsh poetry of the present century is of two kinds. The one, Cymric in diction, is also Cymric in thought. The other, though similar in its outward dress of language and form, draws its inner life from more diversified and wider sources. The former, homely and oftentimes simple, is yet replete with pathos and grandeur; while the latter, of a broader and more universal character, and gathering its wealth from the literature and languages of nations, is equally rich in all that constitutes genuine poetry. Between the beauties of the two kinds, the educated Welshman finds it often difficult to decide.

Of the former, Lewis Morris (*Y Llew*) may be regarded as the representative. How beautiful, and yet how truly Welsh, is his 'Caniad y Gog i Feirionydd'! The following verses are especially a model of the idiomatic poetry of the language:—

“Eidion du a dyn ei did,  
 Ond odid i ddyn dedwydd,  
 I dorri ei gŵys ar dîr ac âr  
 A braenar yn y bronnydd;  
 Goreu tyn, fe 'i gŵyr y tad,  
 Morwynion gwlad Merionydd.

“Pwy sydd lân o bryd a gwedd,  
 Ond rhyfedd mewn pentrefydd?  
 Pwy sy 'mhob hyswiaeth dda  
 Yn gwlwn gyda 'u gilydd?  
 Pwy sy 'n ymyl dwyn fy ngho'?  
 Morwynion bro Meirionydd.

“Glân yw 'r gleisiad yn y llyn,  
 Nid ydyw hyn ddim newydd;  
 Glân yw 'r fronfraith yn ei thy,  
 Dan daenu ei hadenydd;  
 Glanach yw, os d'wedai 'r gwir,  
 Morwynion tir Meirionydd.”

Pitiless, insatiate Sea,  
Thou but mock'st my bitter weeping ;  
There is ONE who rides on thee,  
And has all thy storms in keeping ;  
He will hear me and command  
Thee to rest upon thy strand.

---

Of the latter kind of poetry, Blackwell is, perhaps, the chief exponent. While the language of his effusions is pure and idiomatic, the thoughts bear all the impress of a high education and of acquaintance, not only with Celtic literature, but with that of other peoples and languages. He has ransacked the storehouses of English poetry and transferred much of their wealth into his own Cymric tongue—not in its crude, undigested state ; but, by fusing it in his alembic and moulding it into new forms, he has given us creations that, retaining all the characteristics of their original condition, are yet new in our Welsh literature.

The poem before us will, if carefully examined, prove our assertion. We must caution our readers not to form their judgment of the truth of these remarks from the translation. A right opinion can be formed only by an exact criticism of the original.

The two kinds are concentrated in the poetry of Goronwy Owen, and in an extraordinary degree. After ranging through the wide fields of Grecian, Roman, and English literature, he writes his strains in a purely Cymric idiom—fusing thought and language into one compound in his crucible.

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## PRIVATE DEVOTIONS OF THE WELSH IN DAYS GONE BY.

BY THE REV. ELIAS OWEN, of Ruthin.

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IN the more secluded parts of Wales, up to a time remembered by the living, the evening devotions of the people consisted of prayers in rhyme, with the repetition of the Creed and Lord's Prayer. These were usually uttered audibly in a reverent manner, and in a kneeling posture. One of the most common of these rhythmical prayers commenced with "*Mam wen*". It is known as *Breuddwyd Mair*, Mary's Dream. I have collected several readings of this hymn, and, as it is curious, it is worth perpetuating.

The first copy of *Breuddwyd Mair* I met with in 1863. It was given me by John Parry, a shoemaker, of Aber, in Carnarvonshire, an intelligent man who was fond of talking of old times, which he continued to regard, notwithstanding modern inventions, as the "*good old times*". He was taught it by an old female neighbour forty-one years before, when he was a child; and she also taught him his *Padar* (Pater), the Lord's Prayer. But I will give his own words:—"Dyma i chwi riw beth ac ni wn i ddim o ba le y tarddodd e na phwy yw ei awdwr, ac a ddysgodd hen gymdoges i mi 41 mlynedd yn ol gydar padar iw ddweud cyn myned i'r gwely bob nos ac yr oedd y pryd hyn yn beth cyffredin." He says:—"Here I send you something, but I do not know whence it sprang, nor who its author was, that was taught me by an old female neighbour forty-one years ago, together with the *padar*, to say nightly before going to bed, and it was then a common thing." And then he writes as follows:—

Mam wen Fair wyt ti 'n huno?  
 Ydwf anwyl Fab yn breuddwydio.  
 Be ti 'n weld yn dy fryuddwyd?  
 Gweld dy ddal ath ddilyn ath hoelio ar y groes  
 Ac un dyn dall wedi 'r fall ei dwyllo  
 Yn dy bigo dan dy fron aswy,  
 Y gwaed anwyl bedigedig yn llifo;  
 Gwir yw bryuddwyd mam wen Fair.

Pwy bynag ai gwypo ac ai dywdo  
 Dair gwaith bob nos cyn hyno  
 Y breuddwyd drwg ni nyith niwed iddo,  
 Tir uffern byth nis cerddo.

I have adhered to the orthography; in fact, have given a perfect copy of my friend's letter. The Welsh is that of Carnarvonshire, and this will account for some of the verbal differences between the above and the versions that are to follow. He ends his letter as follows:—"A dyna fel y bydda pawb ar ol dweud ei badar drosdo 3 gwaith ac yn wir i chwi pan y bydda y dywydd yn oer byddwn i yn rhedeg drosdo yn o fuan ond mae yr hen dy soft a gwell(t) yna wedi myned ar dan ers dalm gan lawer ar ysbrydoedd yn gadwedig drwyr auhywsder;" which, rendered into English, is as follows:—"And thus did everyone, after repeating the *Pater noster* three times,—and, to tell you the truth, when the weather was cold, I ran over it pretty quickly,—but that old stubble-built and straw-thatched house has long since been burnt by many, and the souls saved through difficulties." The concluding remark shows the estimation of such prayers by a generation but one remove from that in which they were common.

Without attempting to turn these lines into English verse, I will give a translation thereof, following the verses as given in Welsh:—

Mary, mother pure, art thou asleep?  
 I am, dear Son, I am dreaming.  
 What seest thou in thy dream?  
 I see thee caught, and followed, and nailed to the Cross,

And one benighted man, deceived of Satan, piercing thy left side,  
And thy dear, blessed blood flowing.

'True is the dream, Mary, mother pure.

Whoever it knows, and repeats it  
Three times each night ere sleeping,  
The wicked dream shall not him hurt,  
Hell's domains shall he ne'er tread.

There is poetry in the picture which these lines bring before us. The Saviour sees His mother in a troubled dream ; and, child-like, inquires whether she is asleep ; she, alluding to the horrors caused by her dream, informs her Son that she had been asleep, and that she had had a dream. Then He affectionately inquires what that dream might be that caused her those throbs of mental pain ; and she, in answer, informs Him, that she, in her dream, had seen him, her dear Son, taken prisoner, rudely followed by the mocking crowd, nailed to the Cross, and His side pierced with a spear, and that His precious blood spurted from the cruel wound. She had had portrayed to her mind the whole scene of the Crucifixion. Then she is told that her dream was to be a fact. The picture is drawn by an artist, and the thoughts of the dying Saviour, which the repetition of this would suggest, are such as might well be our last, after a busy day's labours. But the latter part of the piece is greatly inferior to the former portion.

The next version that I shall give was taken down from the lips of an old woman in Flintshire, a good while ago, by a cousin of the Rev. Canon Williams, of Llanfyllin, who kindly gave me a copy thereof a few months ago. It is as follows:—

Mam wen Fair, wyt ti 'n ddeffro ?  
Nac ydw, nac ydw, f' anwyl fab.  
Yr ydwyf fi yn huno ac yn breuddwydio.  
Mam wen Fair beth a weli di  
Yn dy freuddwyd i mi ?

Nie welaf dy ddilyn, dy ddal,  
 Dy roi ar y groes, ar wialen wen  
 Yn dy law, a choron o ddrain ar dy ben.  
 Gwedi i'r Fall fawr dy dwyllo,  
 Dy daro di a ffon o tan dy fron,  
 Dy waed gwirion bendigedig sydd yn colli.

Sawl a'i d'wetto ac ai medro  
 Tair gwaith cyn y'i cysgo,  
 Dwy waith cyn y'i cotto,  
 Breuddwyd drwg byth na thrwblo,  
 Tir uffern byth na cherddo—  
 Gwir yw 'r gair, amen ac amen.  
 A felly fydd.

Since there are so many slight differences between this and the first, I will give a translation of this also:—

Mary, mother pure, art thou awake?  
 I'm not, I'm not, my dear Son;  
 I am sleeping and dreaming.

Mary, mother pure, what dost thou see  
 In thy dream that concerns Me?  
 I see Thee followed, caught,  
 Placed on the Cross, a white rod  
 In Thy hand, a crown of thorns on Thy head,  
 After that the great Deceiver has tempted Thee,  
 I see Thee pierced in Thy side,  
 Thy innocent, blessed blood flowing.

Whoever says it, and knows it,  
 Three times before sleeping,  
 Twice before rising,  
 The bad dream will not trouble him;  
 He shall never walk hell's land.  
 It is true, it is true, amen and amen.  
 And so it shall be.

Both these readings are substantially the same. But the verbal differences are many. In the first line of each, the Virgin is addressed as "*Mam wen Fair*". Both begin alike. *Wen* I have translated *pure*, though, primarily, the word means *white*. I think I am justified in so translating it. After the

first three words, there comes a difference. In the Aber rendering we have the question, "*Wyt ti 'n huno?*" "Art thou *asleep?*" and in the Flintshire version it is, "*Wyt ti 'n ddeffro?*" "Art thou *awake?*" There are not two lines alike throughout the whole, and yet they resemble each other strongly. They are the same, changed by being carried along and learnt by heart, it is true; but, nevertheless, they are one hymn. Few, in days gone by, could read, and what was committed to memory would be varied by each one who learnt it; and hence the difference of these two pieces. Upon comparing the language of these readings, we see that in the Flintshire one, the word *trublo* (trouble) comes in, intimating that there English words were creeping in amongst the Welsh words, and ousting the equivalent Welsh word. As a comparison of language, the differences in these renderings are very interesting; but it was not for this purpose that they were penned, and so I go on.

The following version of "Mary's Dream" was taken down from the lips of an aged man who lived on the hill above Penmaenmawr, near Llangelynin old church, by Mr. Richard Wynne Parry. The person who repeated it was ill at the time, and died shortly after Mr. Parry saw him. He stated that everybody used it when he was a child. It is as follows:—

Mam wen Fair, a wyt ti 'n huno?  
 Nac wyf, fy anwyl Fab, yr wyf yn breuddwydio.  
 Beth a welaist ti yn dy freuddwyd?  
 Gweled dy hel, a dy ddal, a dy ddilyn,  
 Dy rodidi ar y groes a'th groeshoelio;  
 Yr Iuddew du dall oedd y fall a dy dwyllodd.

Gwin i borthi, dwfr i 'molchi.

Sawl a ddywedo hon bob nos dair gwaith cyn huno,  
 Dim breuddwyd drwg wna niwed iddo. Amen.

This, the Llangelynin version, is more imperfect than the

other two; but it contains one line of which they are deficient, viz. :—

Gwin i borthi, dwfr i 'molchi.  
Wine to feed, water to cleanse.

Alluding probably to the Sacraments.

There is also one pretty line in the Aber version which is not in the rest, viz. :—

Gwir yw 'r breuddwyd mam wen Fair.  
True is the dream, Mary, mother pure.

In the Flintshire version, also, there is one thing not to be found in the other two, viz. :—

Dwy waith cyn y i cotto.  
Twice before he rises.

And this line shows that, as the day ended, so it was to begin with the repetition of the hymn—with this difference, however: that it was said there three times before going to bed, and twice in the morning when lying on the bed.

All these differences show that the copies are all incomplete; but if a number large enough could be picked up, it would appear that one would help the other, and by-and-by a perfect copy might be procured.

With one other version, I will bring *Breuddwyd Mair* to a close. The Venerable Archdeacon Evans wrote the following out from memory; and, as far as it goes, it is very perfect, but it is only a part of the whole:—

*Breuddwyd Mair.*

Mam, wen Fair, pam rwyf ti 'n wylo?  
Nid wylo roeddwyn, fy Mab, ond breuddwydio.  
Mam, wen Fair, beth oeddit yn freuddwydio?  
Gweld dy ddal, fy Mab, a'th groeshoelio,  
A dyn y fall, wedi dallu a'i dwyllo,  
Yn rhoi pig ei ffon dan dy fron,  
Nes oedd dy waed sanctaidd yn llifo.

The number of renderings of this hymn shows how univer-

sally it was used; but it is not found in Montgomeryshire, and possibly it had its home among the hills.

The Rev. Canon Williams, of Llanfyllin, remembered another rhythmical prayer, that I have never met with. The reverend gentleman writes:—"When I was a small boy, parish apprentices were the rule; and I remember that a little fellow used to come to the parlour door at Nant Meliden, and kneel down, on his way to bed, and repeat the following, ending with *Y Pader* :—

'Yn enw Duw i'm gwely yr af;  
Duw a gadwo 'r iach a'r claf;  
Mi rof fy mhen i lawr i gysgu,  
Mi rof fy enaid i Grist Iesu,  
Ac yn enw Duw mi gysgaf.

'Pan ddelo dydd y foru  
Yn amser i mi godi,  
Rhag i'r gelyn yn ddiffael  
Gael arnaf ail i bechn.'

There seems something defective, but this is what I recollect."

The child's hymn is as follows:—

In God's name to my bed I go;  
God keep the hale and those in woe;  
I'll lay my body down to sleep,  
I'll give my soul to Christ to keep,  
And in the name of God I'll sleep.

The second verse is incomplete; it contains a wish to be kept from sin on the following day.

I now know a farmer's wife who is in the habit of rehearsing the Creed in her private nightly devotions; and, a few years ago, an old woman, who had seen upwards of eighty years, told me that she had daily said her *Pader* and *Credo*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The use of the *Pader* and *Credo* is confirmed by the following anecdote:—

"An old woman of Aberdovey, while crossing the part of Cardigan Bay that lies between Aberystwith and Aberdovey, in an open boat,

from infancy, and that, as long as she lived, she intended doing so—that she could not *abide* the new-fangled ideas of the present days. The old lady has gone to her long resting-place, and with her has died the old habit of repeating the Creed of an evening after the Lord's Prayer.

I do not for a moment suppose that these peculiar forms of devotion belong exclusively to Wales. They are in use in the present day in Catholic France, with a slight difference. Instead of the Saviour, the angel Gabriel is made to question the Virgin. The same answers, however, are returned in the French as in our Welsh versions.

In certain parts of England, too, some of these devotional rhymes are used with but little variation. The following is in common use in many parts, and answers to the boy's prayer in page 30 :—

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

If no other lesson is taught us by these "Devotions", they prove how truly the sayings and doings of ages long gone by are borne downwards on the stream of tradition. Remains, as they are, of Roman Catholic times, they are deserving of record, not only, as I have stated, for their curious character, but for the lesson they teach us with regard to tradition. They prove how accurately it hands down to our day the transactions and even the sayings of long centuries ago. Wales has renounced the faith of Rome for upwards of three hundred years; and yet these echoes of her former creed are

found the passage so stormy, as to cause her to resort to earnest prayer for deliverance. When she landed at the latter place, she exclaimed with great delight :—'*Moliant i Dduw am y ddaear las unwaith etto; nid oes achos am na phader no chredo ar hon.*' 'God be praised for the green earth once more. There is no need of either *pater* or *credo* on this.'



still heard in her mountains and valleys. We are invited, consequently, to give tradition the importance it claims at our hands, nor deny it the authority which narratives like these so strongly uphold.

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## EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 2.

Y B R A D W R.

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O gwelwch ddyn a golwg  
Isel drem, yn selu drwg,  
A thafod esmwyth ofeg,  
I'r byd yn doidydd yn deg,  
Ac aml wên ar ei enau,—  
Heb wad ef wna frad yn frau.

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## ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

*Read at the Meeting of the British Archæological Association at Llangollen,  
August 29th, 1877.*

By PROFESSOR RHYS, of Oxford.

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OTHERS may be trusted to point out to the members of this learned Association the material remains of archæological interest in this charming district of Llangollen; but there is a sense in which tumuli, earthworks, and cromlechs are no more facts than are words, and especially names. It is by directing attention to two or three of the tales supplied by this part of the country, that I would attempt to do my part in welcoming this Association on its first visit to North Wales.

One might begin by dwelling on the history of some of the neighbouring churches, more than one of which commemorate the names of St. Germanus and St. Bride or Bridget, such as Llanarmon and Llansantffraid. One of the lessons to be learned from those names seems to be that there has been a fashion in the case of saints, as in everything else.

Whether any of those alluded to are the oldest names of the churches now so called, may be doubted; at any rate, there are reasons for doubting that the churches called Llanarmon received that name during the period in which St. Germanus lived. But in the case of the church after which this parish is called, it is not so, for the Welsh have never allowed oblivion to cover the memory of the man who seems to have been the first missionary that laboured on the banks of the Dee, to turn our pagan ancestors to Christianity, and the name of Collen will be remembered as long as this place continues to be called Llangollen.

This is not the time for a lesson on Welsh phonology, but I always feel glad of an opportunity of learning a new sound; and perhaps some of those attending the meeting of the Association would be glad to acquire the sound of the Welsh *ll* before returning to England. The directions need not be long. Discard the grotesque accounts of that sound in English books, place your tongue in position for pronouncing *l*, and blow a good deal harder than need be for that consonant, then you have our *ll*; so long, however, as you hear *thl*, or *chl*, you may be sure you have not hit it, as it is a single consonant and not a combination.

To return to St. Collen, it would be needless to trouble you with the legends usually attached to his name; but I would call your attention to one which I have never seen published in English. I am indebted for it to one of our best Welsh archæologists, the Rev. Owen Jones, of Llandudno. The following is the substance of a Welsh letter with which he favoured me about a fortnight ago:—

“ I have long been of opinion that our early Welsh legends are to be regarded as allegorical descriptions of historical facts; and on one occasion, several years ago, I happened to be lodging at a farm house near Pentref-y-Dwfr, at the foot of Bwlch-y-Rhiw-felen. In the morning the farmer, Mr. John Tudor, accompanied me over the Bwlch on my way to Llandegla, and in answer to my enquiries he related the following legend, which he had heard when a boy engaged as a shepherd on the mountains there:—In some very early period there used to live on the top of this Bwlch a giantess, who used to mutilate and kill all who came that way; at last, a man from the neighbouring Vale of Llangollen, made up his mind to rid the country of her; he sharpened his sword in order to go to fight with her. After he had climbed to her court, she came out to converse with him, and the result was that they engaged in a severe combat. By and

by the man succeeded in cutting off the right arm of the giantess, but she continued to fight as strenuously as ever. This went on until he managed to cut off her left arm also, whereupon the giantess began to call aloud to Arthur in the rock of Eglwyseg, entreating him to come to her rescue, as the knave was murdering her. The end, however, was that she was killed, and that the man hurried away to wash himself clean from her blood in a spring on the mountain, which is to this day known as Collen's Well. The explanation," continues Mr. Jones, "which I ventured to give Mr. Tudor was the following:—By the giantess was meant a cruel and oppressive system of religion, which prevailed here before the introduction of Christianity; it was the missionary who first brought the Gospel into those parts, and to whose memory Llangollen was consecrated, that was represented by the man who came to fight the giantess. It was with the sword of truth that he broke the force of her influence, partially at first and more completely afterwards, and in spite of her appeal to the secular power, here represented by Arthur, she was killed so as to rid the country of her violence and cruelty. Perhaps," adds Mr. Jones, "the legend was invented by one of the monks of Valle Crucis Abbey, which is in that neighbourhood."

So far his explanation is highly ingenious, as applied to the legend in its present form. However, I am inclined to think that it dates long before the time of Valle Crucis Abbey, and that most of the materials out of which it was constructed are even older than Christianity; perhaps one might characterize it as a pagan legend fertilized by Christianity. I doubt whether we might venture to compare the giantess with the sphynx; but if we substitute for her a dragon, we can connect it with a well-known class of legends, and at the same time discover a motive for the victorious slayer of the giantess hurrying away to a well to wash himself clean from her blood,

for that may, as in some of the dragon legends, have been poisonous. It is hard to say, whether the reference to the well partakes more of the nature of a solar myth or of Christianity, but certain it is that St. Collen, who by implication is the hero, represents Christianity. Consequently, Arthur appears as one who might be appealed to on the pagan side. This is, I am inclined to think, the original character of Arthur as the Solar hero of Kymry and Bretons; and it is easy to understand how, when they became Christians, he had to follow suit, so as to become the good knight we find him in the *Mabinogion*; as such, one cannot without some difficulty think of him as paying no heed to the cries of a female in distress. On the whole it would seem that an Arthur who was neither Christian nor chivalrous was an older and more original character than the one pictured in mediæval romance.

The foregoing legend probably did not stand alone. Within the last few days I have succeeded in collecting a few shreds of a nearly parallel one at Llanberis. Between Llanberis church and the pass, nearly opposite the house called Cwmglas, under a large stone called *Y Gromlech*, on the left hand side as you ascend, was the abode of a giantess called *Canrig* (or *Cantrig*) *Bwt*, which seems to have meant Canrig the Stumpy, and to have indicated that her stoutness was out of all proportion to her stature. Now *Canrig Bwt* was a cannibal, and especially fond of feasting on children. So when the man came who was destined to put an end to her, and challenged her to come out and fight, she coolly replied, "Wait till I have scraped this young skull clean." In the meantime he placed himself on the stone under which she was to come out, and chopped off her head with his sword when she made her appearance in quest of him. He is said to have been a criminal sentenced to death, who had the alternative of trying his luck in conflict with the giantess,

and the name of *Canrig Bwt* has come down to our time only as a means of frightening naughty children; but I am not sure that this is a sufficient proof that her ravages were confined to infants.

I would call your attention next to the name of the river you have lately crossed and re-crossed so frequently, the Dee; in Welsh it is called *Dyfrdwy*, a word which analyses itself into *Dyfr-dwy*, whereof the first syllable is a weakening of *dyofr*, water. But what is the other syllable? Two answers are given. It is sometimes crudely guessed to be the same as the Welsh *du*, black, which is phonetically impossible, and deserving of no further mention. The more popular etymology identifies it with Welsh *dwy*, the feminine of *dau*, 'two', and treats the entire name as meaning the water of two, that is of two rivers; and the two rivers supposed to form the Dee are pointed out in the neighbourhood of Bala. It would perhaps be no serious objection to this etymology, that *Dyfrdwy* would accordingly be a name which could be literally applied to almost all the rivers in the world; but a little fact suffices to dissolve a great deal of conjecture. The former offers itself in one of the ways in which Giraldus Cambrensis spells the name of the river, namely as *Deverdoeu*, where *doeu* is the same as the old Welsh *doiu* or *duiu*, the genitive of old Welsh *diu*, a god. It is not altogether unknown in its full form in later Welsh, as for instance in *dwyrw-ol*, divine, now written and pronounced *dwyfol*; but more commonly *duiu* or *dwyrw* is shortened into *dwy* as in *mendwy*, a hermit, literally *servus dei*: similarly an old name *Gwas-duiu*, which also means *servus dei*, appears later as *Gwas-dwy*. So the phonology of *Dyfrdwy* is perfectly plain and simple, and the word would have to be regarded as meaning *aqua dei*, but for other evidence which makes me prefer treating *dwy* as here meaning goddess, whence *Dyfrdwy* would be *aqua deæ*. Who was the goddess I do not know,

but most probably she was a personification of the river. In later Welsh poetry the latter is personified under the name of *Aerfen*, which would seem to mean a war divinity, or simply war; and we learn from Giraldus, that in times when our ancestors and the English were at war, the Dee had still some traces of its divinity preserved, as it seems to have been treated as the arbiter of victory and defeat: if the Dee ate away its eastern bank, it betokened defeat to the English, and vice versa. The words alluded to occur in the 11th chapter of the second book of the *Itinerarium Kambriæ*; they run thus:—"Item, ut asserunt accolæ, aqua ista singulis mensibus vada permutat; et utri finium, Angliæ scilicet an Kambriæ, alveo relicto magis incubuerit, gentem illam eo in anno succumbere, et alteram prævalere certissimum prognosticum habent."

Now, according to the rules of Welsh phonology, the old Welsh *duiu*, the later *dwyw*, stand for an early Welsh stem *dey* or *dēw*, which is the same whence the Romans had their *Dēva*, and the English their *Dee*. It is not my intention to dwell on river worship among the Celts; and I would merely refer you to a valuable paper by M. Pictet in the *Revue Celtique*, entitled "De quelques Noms Celtiques de Rivières qui se lient au Culte des Eaux", in which the learned Celtist, who is now no more, not only calls attention to Gallo-Roman votive tablets to such water divinities as Dea Sequana, Dea Icaune, Dea Bormonia, Deus Borvo, and the like, but finds traces in Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Ireland of rivers bearing the same names as the Dee in the forms of *Dēva*, *Dīva*, and *Divona*, and nearly related ones. (*Rev. Celtique*, ii, pp. 1-9.)

In the same paper he notices the rivers known in Gaul as *Matra* and *Matrona*, that is, names intimately connected with the Gaulish form of the word for 'mother', and recalling the numberless Gaulish divinities entitled *Matres* in Gallo-

Roman inscriptions. This leads me to suggest a possible explanation of the name of the principal point in the Clwydian range of hills, namely, *Moel Famau*. Now *moel* means bald, without hair or without horns, and as applied to a hill it signifies one with a round top, such, in fact, as *Moel Famau* is, but for the unfortunate Jubilee Tower on it. *Famau* is a regular mutation of *Mamau*, apparently the plural of *Mam*, 'a mother', thus *Moel Famau* would mean the 'moel of mothers', which sounds, however, somewhat more indefinite than the majority of Welsh names of the kind, and suggests that the definite article here, as in so many other instances, has been dropped; the name would then in full be *Moel-y-Famau*, but that could only be a relic of the use of a dual number in Welsh, and should be rendered into English 'the Moel of the two Mothers'. But who were these mothers, whether two or more in number? I am inclined to think that they were no human mothers, but imaginary beings, possibly associated with, or personifications of springs of water rising in the *Moel*; but whether further acquaintance with the ground would tend to confirm this somewhat vague conjecture, I am unable to say, as I have never had an opportunity of examining it. On the other hand, it would be evidently unwise to neglect any traces in this country of cults which, it may be presumed, were once common among the Celts, both in the British Isles and on the Continent.

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## THE EISTEDDFOD OF THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. A. WALTER THOMAS, AND DAVID THOMAS, Esq.

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FOLLOWING on the lines of *Gwalchmai's* lucid historical explanation, which appeared in the last number of the *Cymmrodor*, of the purposes of the Eisteddfod of the Past, it may not be unworthy of consideration whether the time has not arrived when one of the main features of the Eisteddfod should be developed and adapted to meet an acknowledged want of the present day.

As we have seen, the Eisteddfod originally exercised three functions : first, that of a *legislative* assembly, for the enacting of laws : secondly, that of a *judicial* body, which interpreted and enforced them : thirdly, that of a *learned* body, which aimed at the advancement and encouragement of learning, and notably of poetry, music, and art. By the statute of Rhuddlau in the reign of Edward I, the two first functions were absorbed by Parliament and the Courts of Justice respectively ; but the last function, for fulfilling the duties of which no special legal provision was made, has never been superseded, and it may therefore fairly be argued that the powers of the Eisteddfod, *quoad hoc*, still remain unrepealed and only in abeyance. They are, therefore, a *Constitutional right belonging to the Principality*.

Some recognition has been extended from time to time by British Sovereigns to the National Eisteddfod of Wales, but the *authority* of an Eisteddfodic body has long ceased to exist, although the popular feeling in its favour has increased.

The national acceptableness, the purposes, the prevalence

of Eisteddfodau, indicate that so peculiar an institution should no longer exist without more marked recognition ; and that it should be enabled to carry out its mission for the benefit of the Principality in accordance with the advanced requirements of this age.

While costly and complex machinery of every kind is proposed or utilised for advancing the civilisation and culture of the Welsh people, here is at hand an admirable engine, capable of being utilised for the purpose. Every county, every town, every village even has its literary meetings (generally under the name of *Eisteddfodau*), where music, poetry, art, and literature form subjects for healthy emulation. Once or twice a year the whole culminates in a more imposing and general meeting under the name of *Yr Eisteddfod*, or *Yr Eisteddfod Genedlaethol*, the popularity of which is attested by the numbers and character of those who attend, or who take an interest in it, either as competitors for prizes, adjudicators, visitors, or patrons. Such a gathering, and for such a purpose, as was seen last year at Wrexham, and this year at Carnarvon, indicates a vast amount of intellectual activity in which the Welsh language plays no mean part.

Our Saxon friends have been told often, and told truly, that the English language is rapidly spreading in Wales, and that not a single day-school teaches the Welsh language. It might perhaps surprise them, were they further informed that, in spite of all this, there are issued in the Welsh language in the Principality no fewer than two quarterly and sixteen monthly periodicals, and thirteen weekly newspapers ; that Welsh is now spoken by a number of persons greater probably than in the days of the Heptarchy ; and that its vocabulary is enriched daily by the addition of new words.

These facts and statistics sufficiently indicate a reading public in Wales ; and not only is this the case in the present day, but the whole nation is panting for improvement, and

looking out for some hand that will guide this intellectual activity which finds its vent through the medium of the Welsh language. That ruling power should be found in the Eisteddfod, for, as has been well said by a German writer (Möser in his *Osnabrück History*), all laws should be the outcome, not of abstract theories, but of the history of a people; and that institution which has so deep a hold on the hearts of the Cymry is surely best adapted to guide their minds.

The Eisteddfod is the natural as well as the national institution of Wales. "The study of modern history", says Shelley,\* "is the study of kings, financiers, statesmen, and priests. That of the history of ancient Greece is the study of legislators, philosophers, and poets: it is the history of men, compared with the history of titles." And to this latter description the Eisteddfod may proudly lay claim. High as the clamour may rise outside of political and religious strife—so high, alas! as almost to justify the old proverb, "Ni bydd dyun dau Gymro"—within her walls it is hushed, and men are content to forget their differences for a time, that each may sprinkle his incense on the altars of those

" Sisters of the sacred well  
That from beneath the feet of Jove doth spring."

If the Eisteddfod possesses such powers when, by those outside the Principality, its existence till lately has only been recognised to be scoffed at, what would not be its influence when surrounded by the prestige of State authority?

And here may be pointed out the one great disadvantage under which the Eisteddfod labours. It lacks one chief element of success—*authority*. Any body of men, in any part of Wales, may claim Eisteddfodic powers. They may forthwith collect funds, announce prizes, hold meetings, and

<sup>1</sup> Fragment of an essay on the literature, arts, and manners of the Athenians.

confer rewards, irrespective of their qualifications for the task. That under these circumstances so much unanimity should reign, and so many qualified persons should be willing to undertake Eisteddfodic duties, is highly creditable to the nation, and forms a just claim for the extension and consolidation of the power of the Eisteddfod.

It is not surprising that under the disadvantages we have mentioned, Eisteddfod committees should become too local in their management, and too commercial in their actions. Local bodies have a tendency to identify the interests of knowledge with the commercial interests of their own town or locality. They are more anxious to attract visitors, in order to cover the pecuniary risks that they guarantee, than to advance any permanent object embraced within the scope of an Eisteddfod proper. Nor is it to be supposed that the world will be ready to bow to such a self-elected body, changing as the scene changes. Dissatisfaction with, and disputes concerning, the adjudications and the disposal of surplus funds are too often the unfortunate but unavoidable results of the present system.

To sum up these arguments. If the Eisteddfod of the present, in the hands of varying and self-constituted bodies with no authority and very little responsibility, is a useful and a popular institution, how much more so might be the Eisteddfod of the future, with disorder reduced to order, anarchy to government, isolated efforts to centralisation ?

NID DA, LLE BO GWELL. Many of the warmest friends of the Eisteddfod have long felt the force of this proverb, and have directed their efforts to the creation of a permanent and central committee.

The time is ripe for change : for a change that shall give full effect to our aspirations. But how can this be accomplished ? Surely, by giving *authority* to the Eisteddfod. We conceive that this result might be brought about as follows.

The Eisteddfod might be incorporated as a society under a royal charter, for the performance of the third function already alluded to, viz., the encouragement of poetry, music, and art (understanding art in its widest sense).

Sufficient permanent funds should be provided for working the machinery. A constitution, following on historical lines as far as possible, should be drawn up, defining the duties and powers of the Eisteddfod and regulating the appointment of its central governing body.

This governing body or council should be carefully chosen from individuals of *mark sufficient* to give weight to their decisions. On questions of music and philology there are certain Welsh names that at once present themselves, whose owners would anywhere be accepted as fully competent and valuable members of such a council. Nor would it probably be difficult in time to form a *Ford Gron*, a round table, capable of doing good and honest service to the cause of Welsh literature generally. Other branches of literature might also be brought, for the benefit of Wales, within the scope of the Eisteddfodic Council: and there is no fear that the task of finding competent members of the council or worthy adjudicators would prove difficult, with the whole world to choose from. The London or Scotch Universities (or any of the bodies incorporated for special objects) have never been at a loss for persons able to perform similar duties, while they have money to command their services.

In this way security would be taken that the prizes and degrees conferred—the mintmarks of approval—should guarantee the work as standard gold, above suspicion (and this would necessarily be the case if competent adjudicators were elected by the central authority).

The second point to be carefully considered is, that room should be left within these safeguards for the play of that liberty enjoyed by local committees in the selection of the

place for holding the Eisteddfod, and even the method of conducting it, and the management (or mismanagement) of local funds.

Nor (and surely this is important) should the working man be discouraged—that class which in Wales takes so unique an interest in Eisteddfodau. The standard of excellence in the republic of letters is high and difficult of attainment by those who earn their daily bread by the labour of their hands. Bearing also in view the important fact that every degree conferred should be worthily conferred, and no sham, the Eisteddfodic Council might institute degrees of various order, so giving to all merit due recognition, whether it flourish in sunshine or in shadow.

Thus, whether in poetry, in art, in science, in classical or modern language, in mathematics or philology (for all these and more might be subjects for competition), the distinction given would be what it professed to be. In this way, room would be left for the action of the general and local bodies respectively. The distinction of higher and lower degrees was not unknown to the historic Eisteddfod: witness the grades of Druid, Bard and Ovate: and, coming from the source which we have indicated, there would be no gainsaying them.

An authoritative centre—such a centre as would command at once the confidence of scholars and of the country—is an absolute necessity.

It is obvious therefore that some organised body must be appointed to act with effect in discussing and defining the constitution of the Eisteddfod of the future, its objects and duties, its general and local action: in a word, in furthering the appointment of a properly constituted Eisteddfod authority. By such a proceeding, order would arise out of chaos, real merit be honoured, pretentiousness discouraged, learning promoted, Welsh literature receive due recognition; and

last, but by no means least, care would be taken of the Eisteddfod exchequer, that funds might not be lacking for its various purposes. Obtaining this, Wales would obtain what it has long sought. Such a body responsible for the collection and employment of public and private funds would thus inspire confidence.

It would be presumptuous to attempt detail or to lay down dogmatically what range of subjects should be embraced by the Eisteddfod, and whether its sweep should be broader or narrower than at present. Enough, if the writers have succeeded in indicating a real necessity in connexion with our country's peculiar and honoured institution ; and in suggesting that some organised body would best set about its consolidation.

It will be for such a body as we have indicated to consider, as a preliminary step, the desirability of seeking a Royal Commission, which should make enquiries and collect into one focus information as to the requirements and claims of the Principality, the ancient uses of the Eisteddfod, and its adaptability to modern purposes : or whether it would be better, on the other hand, to seek at once a Royal Charter of Incorporation, from which would arise a duly constituted body, having authority, " a local habitation and a name."

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## L E T T E R S

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD  
RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.

*(Continued from Vol. i, p. 170.)*

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TO EDWARD RICHARD.

“ Penbryn, June 22nd, 1760.

“ DEAR SIR,—We have flies that are begot, come to perfection and play, engender their kind, and lay their eggs and die in one day, and the next day a new brood comes, and goes on the same for the whole summer, generation after generation; and these do as much, and to as much purpose, as most of us that annoy and distress one another, as if we were to live for ever. How many ages of those flies is it since I have heard from you and my little ones? Is your library almost finished? and when will you put up the books? God send that it is not ill-timed, for the taste of our age seems to be quite otherwise. If you had lived in the time of the Primitive Christians, some good might have been expected from such a thing, and the Church would have sainted you for it; but those days are over, and the like of them will never be, for our shepherds are turned wolves and foxes, and my son, perhaps, will see your successor incapable of reading the title pages of the books you collect. Thus our schemes, though ever so well founded, are very narrow and shallow; but an active mind must be doing of something, let it end where it will. Most of the ancient philosophers (except



Diogenes the Cynic) were lovers of society, and lived among the thickest of their fellow-creatures, and imparted their knowledge readily, as if you had lived at Aberystwith and taught the inhabitants of that place common civility and letters : few of them, or none, have run to the tops of mountains to instruct sheep and deer. Among the first Christians indeed, there were a surly kind of people who affected retirement and lived in caves, but they seldom did any good, except what they did to themselves in mortifying the flesh. Am not I a silly fellow for attempting to persuade you to leave Ystrad Meurig, and to live at Aberystwith ? that was my scheme, but I am afraid to no purpose, for you seem to be like the plant *Chamæmorus*, who will live nowhere but on the top of Snowdon. My messenger who comes with shirts for the boys calls on me for the letter, and says it will be too late to stay longer. In my last meeting with Ieuan Fardd I have convinced him that it is in vain for him to attempt Nennius until he has a better copy than Archbishop Usher's Nennius in Llannerch library, which is far from being correct, and will lead the world into intolerable errors. Nothing will do it but Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt's copy, which hath been compared with all the ancient copies in the public libraries, the Cotton, Bodleian, Cambridge, the King's Library, and with Usher's own transcript from eleven MSS. ; but the difficulty is to come at it, for Mr. Vaughan will suffer no man to see it, though his father hath suffered me to make some extracts out of it, which is the test I have to try all other copies by. That was the only man that understood Nennius, and that knew what he wrote about him, I mean Mr. Robert Vaughan, who was cotemporary with Usher. If you, who have so critical a knowledge of the Latin tongue, would take such a translation in hand, it would make you immortal, and the history loudly calls to be turned into English, being just expiring ; but you have a thousand excuses, though indolence

is the real reason. I conclude this with my respects to your  
fireside, and am, "Dear Sir,

"Your Friend and Servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, July 4th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—I have yours of Dygwyl ffair fadr, with Dr. Philipps' and Mr. Pegge's letters, which made me stare, and I now return them. Their compliments are so high, that they made me turn about like the drunken woman, whose cloaths had been changed while asleep, and I asked myself, *Ai fi ydwyf fi?* doubting much whether the character fits me. Besides, there is an old proverb among us which says, '*A fynno glod bid farw*'. According to this, either I am dead, or this is no praise. Last night I had no sleep, a summer cough (the worst of coughs) has seized me, and brought an inflammation of the pleura, which has been partly removed by bleeding, but am still very bad. *Ped fai waeth i neb arall ond fy eppil fy hun.*

"Our friend Ieuan has sent me some of Aneurin's works that is worth its weight in gold. O bishops, O princes, O ye fat men of the land, why suffer ye that man to starve? Do not flinch from your part of attacking Camden, or you will have a chance of being shot in the head. I will send you an account, when I have leisure, of some parts of his body that are not invulnerable, not about his heels, but about his head. Yours is the first edition of him, and therefore is the best, for there you have the author in his native simplicity before he hath called allies to his assistance. Have good courage, *nid oedd ond dyn fal dyn arall. Pwy ond Dewi Fardd sy 'n dyfod ar llythyr hwn, ar ryw neges i Ieuan, ag i edrych noethni 'r wlad mae 'n debyg.*

"Mr. Pegge and Dr. Philipps are welcome to copy my

letters, provided no use is made of them without my consent. During a correspondence of about two years I had with the late Mr. Carte, I had some disputes with him about our antiquities. He has printed in his book of the *History of England* whole paragraphs out of my letters, and never owned but one from whence he got the matter (which is in page 31), and even that without my consent or knowledge. It is dangerous to correspond with such antiquaries; but what is worse, some points which he had given up in his letters to me, he maintains in his book, to the dishonour of our Ancient Britons, and indeed to his own shame. I have annotations upon my interleaved British copy of *Tyssilio*, but I despair ever to have health to undertake a translation of it; besides that, my collection of Celtic Remains, to which I am almost intirely devoted, keeps me from everything else; and to encourage Ieuan to give us an English translation of *Nennius* is my great ambition. I am sure that neither Leland, Camden, Selden, Usher, Sir Simon D'Ewes, Dr. Gale, nor any of the moderns, ever understood him, though they have been all beating about the bush. All that we want is the great Usher's genuine transcript, which he collated with eleven MSS. We have a copy of it; but it is not correct.

"Yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, July 6th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Yours wrote yesterday I received by Dewi Ddifardd. He is but short indeed; ond rhaid i'r adar mân gael bwyd. He takes his flight to-morrow. Yea, yea, watch Camden, and give him a knock now and then when he slips. If I have a little leisure next week I shall send you a few notes on him for your guidance. Ask Mr. Pegge questions by all means, and exert yourself. Knowledge is not a native

plant of any one country more than another: it may be in your closet as well as Mr. Pegge's. Pray, let me see Morgan Herbert's epitaph. Let me also into the secret of the dispute you have about some passages in *Lilly's Grammar*, though I may not understand such high things. Well, now comes the *jest* of the cause. Lewis and John's mother longs for a sight of her sons for four days. Her pretence is, that they want to be patched and mended; but they had a sort of promise to come when the fruit grew ripe, and in the shearing season, when feasting goes on after the manner of the old patriarchs; and lo, here are horses to bring them this very day. You'll think it expressly against the rules of the Christian religion to send for them on the seventh day; but in the time of the primitive Christians they were not so nice, as I find by the *Gododin*, where Aneurin makes one of the greatest characters of his northern heroes in Cattræth do it.

“Yn lladd Saesson y seithfed dydd.

“My cough is a little better to day. I had but three fits of it last night.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, July 13th, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—The boys return after a stay of four days, and two days their mother kept them, for which I am not accountable: for though Scripture and the Church say man and wife are one, yet, if ever you are blessed with a wife, you will find yourselves to be two most commonly, especially in disputes about children. The bearer will bring me Morgan Herbert's epitaph, I suppose, and the song. Usher did not understand Nennius, because he was a Welchman; not because he wanted learning, &c. You say you are lazy, but that you are resolved to be honest in your calling. You may read Camden and give me a little help, and be honest too.

Well, I have now in my thoughts to write a letter, to be sent to Dr. Philipps and Mr. Pegge, by way of reprisals. It is not fair I should always be on the defence. It is about some Saxon affair. If coughing and death do not interfere you shall have it soon. I am really very bad as to my health, and jogg on by mere dint of strength of spirits only. Many an heroe would have sunk under such infirmities. If the materials of my body will hold out, I am now in a fit humour to write what I know of natural philosophy and antiquities: for I am not fit for any active part of life, which requires strength and motion. For God's sake, make no excuses. The world wants to know what you know, and are capable of knowing in a more exquisite manner than others. You that are arm'd with all manner of weapons can fight with more effect than a poor fellow with twcca carn corn, let him be ever so willing. Such a one am I. God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, July 27th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—By the nature of things I expected this summer, after my illness last winter, to be in tolerable health; but so it is that, considering everything, I am really worse than ever. I cannot sit down for half an hour to write; I cannot walk about for want of breath. Tho' I endeavour to be with my haymakers hitherto, I can scarce be said to exist anywhere, and live merely by art. This is my case. The Herbert inscription was designed by a good hand, but murdered either by the stonecutter or the schoolmaster that copied it. I thank you for your translation of it. The original should be, I think, as I wrote it in the inclosed copy. Pray, let me hear how far you have gone with Camden.

"I am, yours, whilst

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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“ Penbryn, July 28th, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—The pleasure I had in meeting with agreement of sentiments with mine in perusing Dr. Philipps and Mr. Pegge’s letters hath produced this. They had no occasion to apologize for taking copies of mine provided they go no farther. What I wrote in my late letters was an answer to some doubts of theirs about our ancient British antiquities, which was intirely within mine own sphere, and within my depth, having made it my study for many years, and consequently, I ought to be a tolerable master of it, having come at such materials and opportunities as but few men have met with, some lucky accidents conspiring to bring these things together. But as for my performing what they so earnestly wish—a translation of *Tyssilio’s British History*—it is very uncertain, tho’ I have been providing materials this 35 years. I thank Mr. Pegge for his hint about the giants. What I write now is, in a manner, out of my depth, and I apply to them as men of learning, as I was applied to as a Cambrian antiquary. I have met with I think a British MS., a very great curiosity, which regards the English more than the Welsh. The Teutonic language and its branches is what I never made my study, except by a transient view of it, as it is pretty much mixed in ancient time with the Celtic. The Celtic in all its branches, the Welsh, Erse, Armoric and Cornish, has been my study from my childhood, and for which I have the strongest inclination; but I never had proper materials or opportunities to study the Teutonic; and the slips of Mr. Camden, and his followers, who pretended to etymologize the British tongue, is a sufficient caveat for me not to meddle or pretend to any extraordinary knowledge in the Saxon, Danish, or any branch of the Teutonic language, which I do not perfectly understand. This must be left to the learned English, the descendants of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who have MSS. in plenty of the Teutonic language in their

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public libraries, and the observations of learned men upon them, which I never saw. This is an advantage the English antiquaries have: they are many in number, and they have materials in great plenty, as far back as the time of Bede, who I reckon as their first author of whom we can be certain. My meeting with this MS., of which I shall give some account by and bye, confirms me in the opinion I have been long of, that the people of Germany, and all the North about the Baltic, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, spoke the same language (the Teutonic), except a colony of Cimbrians, that once inhabited the Cimbric Chersonnesus, who in process of time mixed with our unconquered North Albanian Britons, and incorporated themselves together under the name of Brython, (called) by Latin writers, Picti, by the English called Pights, and by the Welsh, Pichtiaid, but by their own people, Brython, derived from the Celtic Brith, particularised as their own poet Myrddin ap Morfryn, the Caledonian testifies—

‘Brython dros Saesson Brithwyr ai medd’.

*Hoianan Myrddin.*

Our Tyssilio also gives us a hint of this incorporation, and the reason of it, as doth the *Triades*, so that the Pictish tongue, the language of these Cimbrian sea-rovers was Celtic, and nearly related to the British, tho’ Bede, who was a stranger to both, thought otherwise; but the rest of the nations about the Baltic were certainly Teutons, and were, as we find in old MSS., called by the Britons Llychlymwyr, *i.e.*, Llychlyn men, and so to this day we, in Wales, call the inhabitants of Norway and Sweden; and the Irish call them Lochlonnach; but the ancient Irish made a distinction between some of the sea-rovers which came from those parts. The Danes they called Dubhlochlonnach, *i.e.*, Black Lochlyn men, and some other nation, the Finlanders perhaps, Fionlochlonnach, *i.e.*, White Lochlyn men. The word Lochlon-

nach among the Irish signifies also a mariner in general; but their antiquaries don't know the derivation of it to be from those Lochlyn men's being formerly masters of the sea; and this also gives a reason why our old English writers calls the Danes the Black Nation, and the Black Army. Llychlyn is an ancient British word, compounded of Lewch and Llyn. Lum in Irish is standing water; in Welsh, a lake or pool is called Llynn, so that the meaning of Llychlyn among the Gwyddelian Britons (now Irish), the aborigines of Britain, was a sea-lake; and among the Britons who succeeded them here, the Lake of Lakes, which comes much to the same purpose, a proper name enough for the Baltic. You know that in the beginning of the 11th century, Canutus, king of Denmark, who was called in his own language Cnut, after many years infesting the coast, and making use of the usual arts of princes, conquered England, and became king of England, Denmark, and Norway, and after many violent proceedings to fix himself on the throne, thought it the safest way to please the people, to encourage the country's religion. About the year 1030 he went to Rome, bribed the Pope with vast presents, and came to England to do the same by his sons, the bishops and abbots, by heaping gifts of lands upon them out of other men's estates, to wash away his former sins. I think there can be little doubt that he advanced his own friends to the profitable places in the Church, or that he propagated and encouraged the use of his own language, the Danish, in England. If there was a considerable difference between that dialect of the Teutonic and the Saxon, and one would think that the grants he made to the churches were wrote in the Danish language, these things are natural enough to an aspiring prince, who settled himself by bloodshed and force. Some learned men think that Danes and Normans, or Northmen, signified originally the same people, and it is said that Rollo, the Dane or Norman, first gave name to the



country called Normandy, in France, about the year A.D. 900. But the Pictish Poet Myrddin mentions Northmyn, *i.e.*, Normans, about the Baltic, about 300 years before this, and calls their country Normandi.

‘Pan ddyffo Northmyn ar lydan lynn’.

*Hoianan Myrddin.*

*i.e.*, when Normans or Northmen came from the broad lake, &c. By all which, it seems that the nations who from time to time infested Britain from the North above the Baltic, whether Danes, Norwegians, Frisians, Angles, Jutes, or Saxons, were all Teutons or Northmyn, and spoke the same language, tho’ differing in dialects, which, as I take it, was not very different from our present English in its pronunciation. These things premised, I come to give an account of the MS. I mentioned. A friend of mine is in possession of a Latin MS. of the Four Gospels, on vellum, wrote in a most beautiful hand in the ancient British letter, now commonly called the Saxon letter. The MS. seems to me to be as old as St. Hierome’s time, with whose version, as in print, I find it to agree in most places. There is a note in it, in capital letters, in Latin, which looks but modern in comparison to the book, signifying that it was expounded by Mæielbrith Macdurnam, and the book was given by Æthelstan, king of the Anglo-Saxons, to the Church of Canterbury; and in the margin, in (I think) a still more modern hand in figures, + 925, which probably was inserted about the 15th century, when figures were in use. I take the book to have belonged originally to the Britons, not only on account of the character (the same letters being to be seen on our ancient tomb stones in Wales, erected before the Saxons had the use of letters), but also because Mæielbrith Macdurn was also a Briton, as plainly appears by his name; and you may see in some copies of Gildas’s *Nennius* that the Cambro-British kings used, on the first coming of the Saxons, the appellation

of Mac, instead of Ap and Map, tho' now entirely disused in Wales, and kept only in North Britain and Ireland (see *Nennius*, chap. 53, Gale's edition), tho' of late sunk into the surname there, as Macpherson, Macdonald, &c., so Ap and Map is also generally lost of late in Wales in the surnames among the gentry of Pryse ap Rhys, Powel for ap Howel, &c. For the better apprehending this affair, I shall insert here the said note faithfully copied with my own hand out of the said MS., every letter in its form :—

MÆIELBRIDVS' MACDVRNANI'  
ISTV'TXTV' PER TRIQVADRV.  
DO. DIGNE. DOGMATIZAT'  
925      ASTAETHEL STANVS' ANGLOSÆXAA.  
+      REX' ET RECTOR' DORVERNENI'  
METROPOLI' DAT' PÆVV:'

This note seems to be in the Saxon character used in the time of Athelstane; and that the Saxons had not taken as yet the old British letter (now called Saxon), tho' they had all or most of the Loegrian British libraries in their possession, which they found in the great schools and colleges on their conquest, or as many of them as they in their first blind fury did not destroy. I also think that Mæielbrith Macdurnam was not the writer of this note, but that it was some Saxon after the book was given by Athelstane to the Church of Canterbury, and who knew that it had been in the hands of Mæielbrith, and that he had wrote some explanations in the margin of the text. Now, that this may be better understood, the manuscript hath neither chapter nor verses, but there are references from one Gospel to another in the margin in red letters, done, I think with a pencil, in a good hand, but a little different from the book, always inclosed thus :—



which I take to be explanations or dogmas of Mæielbrith mentioned in this note. The meaning of which note I suppose is this, Mæielbrith, the son of Durnan, doth worthily expound this text by references, &c., but Athelstane, king and ruler of the Anglo-Saxons, makes a present of the book to the Metropolitan Church of Canterbury for ever. Here I call to my aid Dr. Philipps, Mr. Pegge, and yourself: for I fairly confess I don't know what to make of the words per triquadrum Dominum. So much for the note about Mæielbrith and Athelstane. Now to other matters in the said MS. In this letter I have given it as my opinion that the character in which Mæielbrith's note is wrote was the Saxon letter used by the monks of Canterbury in the time of Athelstane, about A.D. 900, and I suppose since the time of Augustine, under Pope Gregory; but I find that the old British letter (the character in which the MS. of the four Gospels was wrote) was, about a hundred years after this, taken in, not only by the Saxons, but by the Danes also, for there are some grants and instruments wrote about the year 1035, after King Canute had returned from Rome, on the void leaves in this MS. in this very character, called since, Saxon; and whether the language of this grant is Saxon or Danish, if there was any difference between them, I am yet to learn, and hope to be informed by your learned correspondents. I think I find some words in Cnut's grant which I don't remember to have met with in Saxon books; but I have not sufficient knowledge in the Teutonic language and its branches as to pretend to be any judge in the matter. Here followeth a copy of one of those grants which Cnut made to Christ Church in Canterbury, and which I presume was entered in this MS. of the Gospels, to give it the greater solemnity:—

Cnut cyneg ȝpet ealle mine b7 mine eoplaf 7  
mine ȝepepan on ælcepe fciȝepe æþelnoð aȝceb  
ple hiped æt cpifcef, &c.

*i.e.*

Cnut cyneg gret ealle mine B and mine eorlas and mine gereffan on æl cere scire the Æthelnoth arcet and se hired æet cristes eyrceanland habbath Freondliec, and ie cythe eow that ic geunan hī that he beo his saca and socna wyrthe and gruth brycas and hamscone and forstealas and Infanges theoffes and flymena fymthe offer his agene men Binnam Bysig and Butan and offer Crystes Cyrcean and offer swa Stala thegna swa hic him to leetun hæbbe, and ic nelle that ænig mann aht thæron teo buton he and his wicneras for than ic hæbbe Criste halge rihta forgifen minre Sawle to ecare alysendness ac ic nella that æftve ænig man this abrecca be minum freondscipe.

“If your correspondents will favour me with an English translation, word for word, of the above grant, ‘I Cnut, king, greet all my bishops, and my earls, and my rives,’ &c., and also their opinion about Mæielbrith’s note, and the other doubts of mine in this letter, I shall give them a further account of the MS., and of the other instruments in it.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, August 1st, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 28th ulto., and happened to read that part of it to my wife that related to the Wells; it made such an impression on her that she has not given me a minute’s rest till I promised to go there next. Perhaps (says she) Dr. Richards, as he was so good as to prescribe gratis, may be so good as to meet you at Llan Drindod and see that you drink the waters, and that you do not drink too much strong artificial liquors. Well, but without joking, I am resolved to go there, and, please God, I intend to set out either Tuesday or Wednesday after dinner, and to be at D.

Jones's, of Cwmystwyth, that night. Who do you think, of all the men in the world, offered his services to come with me and keep me company there? No less a man than Justice Griffiths, who dined here yesterday. Now it happened in those days that a great fair is kept on the hills of Rhos, and most colleges and schools in those parts keep a sort of a carnival during the week this fair falls upon. My wife, who is my director in these deep things, says it is a fact, and that Mr. Edward Richard generally keeps a holy week on those occasions, and slips to Flynnon Cwm y Gof, or some such silent retreat, out of the noise of the crowd. If so, or if not so, cannot you come to Cwmystwyth a Tuesday or Wednesday night? If you cannot, will you come to Cwm y Gof a Wednesday or Thursday? Let me know if you can possibly. Griffiths cannot fix till Sunday whether Tuesday or Wednesday we shall set out. Let me know by the bearer if you will favour us with your company, how and where, and I will let you know by some one who goes to Rhos fair a Monday what day we shall be at Cwmystwyth. So much for the Wells. The Herbert inscription required a conjuror to understand it as the bungler had wrote it, and you are more like to be in the right than I am, for I am no conjuror at all. Cyfiawn is certainly better sense than Cyflawn; but if a man has a mind to write Cyflawn I cannot help it. Why do you say it is in indifferent Latin? Why did you not put some of your best stuff in it? You have enough of it. Digrif fydd gweled Pegge yn constrio Homer. What becomes of the 8th case? Surely it is a mistake of the printer's. There are too many cases already. However, bad as I am in health, you will see by a letter that comes along with this that I have not been idle, a bod gennyf ewyllys i daflu pel ar do er nad allaf daro neppell. You see I interlard my letters with Welsh, while men of learning adorn theirs with Greek and Latin quotations. But this is the highest pitch of my learning, except.

I throw in a dish of geometry and algebra, which perhaps would be fitter for me than to meddle with any language. The art of writing and speaking any language seems to me a bottomless pit. I see no end of it. Custom has so high a hand over it that it is extream uncertain; and the whims of mankind in setting such arbitrary marks on our ideas hath made a sad jumble of things, and I think the confusion of Babel is acted over and over every day. To entice you to come to Fynnon y Cwm I shall bring some entertaining pieces of antiquity with me, &c., &c.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, Aug. 23rd, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—Fair y Rhos draws near, at which time I must send you a letter in course, as either my wife or servants call with you to enquire how the children do; and as it is a rainy day, and the mangement of corn is not practicable, I have set down to my pen and ink to begin a letter, let it end where it will. News from the Wells is what you expect first. I have too many things to say, and therefore do not know where to begin or to end, but must leave them all for your entertainment when you come here, as you have promised. The upshot of all is, that I am cent. per cent. better in health after drinking the waters, which I can never enough commend, and must leave the sea-water to those that have drank less of it (and used it in other respects less) than I have. I brought with me a good microscope and proper apparatus to examine the salts of the different springs there before I ventured on either of them, and shewed the experiments to several gentlemen and ladies to their very great surprise. This determined my choice of the waters; and nature points each of them to their proper purposes from the

very figure and make of their salts, which are better guides than all the experience of an undirected multitude. It is a pity there was not a treatise wrote on the waters by an experienced natural philosopher: it would save thousands of lives. Delinden's book is a mere puff. I read it with great attention, but it made me never the wiser, nor will it make any body else, for he observes neither method, nor order, nor truth. If there was a practical treatise of the method of cure for the various diseases of mankind by these waters, it is my opinion these living waters would be the greatest panacea ever yet discovered by physicians. And what is all physic but a collection of experiments? I wish any man of ability would make a collection of the cures performed by these waters, which were performed without even the direction of common sense; it would surprise the whole world. As for my part, the inquiries that I have made in those few days that I was there astonish me; and the nostrums of balsams and pills seem to me to be mere squibs and meteors in comparison to these wonderful springs. The extraordinary cures performed on the poor who went there out of necessity and drank the waters in earnest, having been told by their neighbours, &c., that it cured them in the like cases; but the misfortune is, an opinionated fellow may drink of a water directly contrary to his distemper, and so destroy himself by not following the beaten road of his neighbours, or the well advised judgment of a skilful person. There is no house so convenient for a patient to have the benefit of the waters as Thomas Jenkins's, which you recommended to me. But alas, it was a shocking sight to me the evening I arrived there, and I was afraid I should not have been able to live there till morning: it looked as if Tischer's corps had been there raising contributions, and had taken all the household stuff away, except an old man and his old wife, a sickly daughter, a few old chairs without bottoms, three broken tables, and

had not left either glass on the windows or a pair of bellows. My companion and I consulted for our own safety, and by next morning we resolved to look on ourselves as patients in an hospital, or prisoners at one of the French spas, and that it was best under these circumstances to bear with the custom of the place. My servant, being a carpenter, was sent to mend the tables and chairs, and a glazier was sent for, and between the glazier and carpenter the windows were made. We wanted an upholster, but there was none within reach, and very few feathers in the country. But the vicinity of the Wells made amends for all: for we had the water as it came from the Creator's alembic, and we drank it at breakfast, at dinner, and at supper, and even in bed; and now I would choose it for its taste before the best spring-drinking water I ever saw. I drank of the waters but six days. The third, I put on my shoes and stockings, which I had not been able to do for six months past. The 6th day, I mounted my horse without a horse block, and almost on a flat, which I had not been able to do for many years. Urgent business called me home the 7th day; and I compute, if I had staid some weeks longer, I should have been 10 years younger for every week. Have you seen a copy of English verses wrote upon those waters some years ago? They please me much; but I could not find who the author was. There was a few copies of them printed and handed about; but as there was a little rub on the curate of Llandrindod, they were quashed. If you have not seen them I will send you a copy of them, that you may give me your opinion, whether there is not a strong poetical spirit through the whole. I met with nothing strange in that country, except a few Welsh names of fish, and a few uncommon plants. One piece of antiquity which I expected to have met with there is entirely lost with the common people, I suppose, which is a country, or tract of land there, once called Gwarthynion. I have enquired among



others of a man 102 years old, and he had never heard of such a territory; and yet in an ancient catalogue of the churches in Radnorshire I find Llanvihangel vach yn Gwarthynion; and in *Nennius* we find a country hereabouts (I think) given to St. Garmon by way of attonement for the sins of Gwrtheyrn, called Gwarthrynion, which the ignorant scholiast upon *Nennius* derives from gwarth union; but any body with half an eye may see that the land was called Gwrtheyrniawn, as from Ceredig comes Ceredigiawn (Cardiganshire); from Mervyn comes Mervynion, etc. I had not time to go to Llan Avan Vawr to see the famous inscription on the tombstone of Avan Beullt, who was cousin german to Dewi (St. David), the first Archbishop of Menevia, and himself a bishop. If an English antiquary could show such a piece of antiquity in the character or letter that was used in those days, what a noise would be made about it!!! But we have several such in Wales. Don't you think I am very idle, or at least verbose, when I can dwell so long on trifles? Farewell, and make haste to perform your promise of staying with me a couple of days.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

"P.S.—I believe my wife will pay you for the children."

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"Penbryn, Sept. 8th, 1760.

"Dear Sir,—Last night I received yours of the 2nd, which had like to have gone astray like that to Dr. Philipps. You cannot imagine how sorry I am for that letter's miscarriage, for I fed myself with a fancy of receiving soon some very extraordinary answers to my doubts and queries, which now perhaps never may come, for I shall not have the patience to make up such another letter, though I have the heads and chief materials of it in my *Celtic Remains* and other places.

I hope Mr. D. Richards will be able to find the person he gave it to before he goes to the d—l, or else I do not know what will become of him, or of the poor Teutonic grant either. Wele hai. Dyn a feddwl, Duw a ran. Diolch yn fawr i chwi am son am y Fynnon ddrewllyd yn sir Frycheiniog, ond ni wn i etto pa le y mae. Mi glywais fod Fynnon o'r fath honno yn agos i Fualt, ai honno ydyw eich Fynnon chwi? Ac onide pa un ydyw? Though the sulphurous water you describe may be a great deal stronger than my favourite black water in the Wern at Llandrindod, mine though less clogged with sulphur, may be as good an alterative, and as effectual in chronical cases as the other, or more so; therefore, till I try the other, mine is best. *Il* must not be thrown out of the Dictionary, though hundreds of others fairly deserve it. It is a local word used in some parts of North Wales. There is a verb *ilio* which is in English to work ale, and a vessel they use to that purpose is called *Llestr ilio*; yfed y cwrw o'r il, is drinking ale out of the working tub. You ask does *Llwch* deserve a place in the Dictionary better than *Gwy*? *Gwy* is properly the name, or (as grammarians speak) the proper name of a river, called in English, Wye. Nobody before Mr. Edwd. Llwyd dreamed of *Gwy* being originally the word for water; and Dr. Davies very seldom takes notice of the names of rivers and mountains. Mr. T. Richards, therefore, should have put it in his Dictionary on the credit of Mr. E. Llwyd. Dr. Philipps has too good an opinion of me, and so has Mr. Pegge. Such encomiums are enough to make a vain fellow stark mad with pride. You know very well that they shoot vastly wide of the mark. I know who were learned men; I am sure I am not. Such a glorious epithet fits only a Scaliger, a Selden, a Halley, a Newton, &c. Such a sacred character is infinitely beyond my reach. "Na wrthod dy barch pan y cynnygier," is an excellent British proverb; but God forbid that I should pretend to sit easy under such a great character

when I do not deserve it. I admire, and almost adore those great lights and spirits of a superior order, who were really learned men, and, for aught I know, inspired; but alas, they are so high above the common level, that I have but a faint glimpse of their perfections. So much for comets with uncommon orbits.

“Your Octavus Casus is an odd affair. I do not know what to think of such cases of nouns as the 7th and 8th, when the genius of the Latin tongue requires but six different endings (or cases), according to five different forms (or declensions), to express a word in its various relations. The genius of the Celtic and Teutonic requires no such cases, having no variety in the ending of their nouns; and why should the Latin be loaded with more than is absolutely necessary? I only write at random as the light of nature seems to direct me. If this is not common sense let me know. Now I speak of the Latin tongue, I wish you would inform me if ever you have met with any Latin author, wrote before the invention of cases of nouns and conjugations of verbs. These niceities were not known at Rome till above 500 years after the building of the city, when Crates Malotes, of Pergamus, set up a grammar school there. Mr. Edward Llwyd, in his letter to the bishop of Hereford (*Archæologia Brit.*, p. 268), mentions it as a known thing, that at a certain time the Latin verbs had no terminations of *ant*, *ent*, and *unt*, &c. Pray, explain this affair, and let me have your opinion of it: for nobody can do it better, since that language is mixed with your very blood and animal spirits. I am sorry a mason, one single mason, a mere illiterate mason, should be the cause of your not seeing me at Penbryn. What cannot a lord or an esquire do, when a mason, with his mortared fingers, can do so much? I have had some friends who would have knocked down some half a dozen masons if they stood in their way to prevent their seeing me. I am almost asleep, and my words come out by

pieces, called syllables—yea, monosyllables; so good night.  
Farewell.

“Yours whilst

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

“Penbryn, Sept. 11th, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—Wawch fawr! dyma hen wraigyn yn dywedyd imi glowed o honi hi, Mr. Edwd. Richard ei hunan, â'i enau ei hunan yn dywedyd fod Llythyr y Dr. Philipps gwedi ei gael, a darfod ei yrru iddo o Nant Eos er mawr lawenydd i bawb a sydd wedi camgymmeryd y ffordd i'w yrru, oblegid yr oeddynt yn ofni yn eu calonnau fod dinystr yn dyfod am eu pennau am ei ollwng ar gyfrgoll. Yr oedd y wraig hon yn dywedyd fod matterion pwysfawr yn y llythyr hwnnw, na bo'nd ei grybwyl! a bod, &c., &c., &c. You have forgot Caniad y Bontfendigaid: and to answer my query, whether you have seen the poem on Llandrindod waters. She further tells me, Mi waranti i mai Ffynnon Llanwrtyd y soniodd Mr. Edwd. Richard am dani; chwi a ellwch ei chlywed hi yn drewi o Aber Gwesyn. Pray, solve these difficulties, and whether Flynnon Graig Fawr, in the road from Rhos Fair to Rhaiadr, a little before you come to Llyn Teifi, be not equal to either of them.

“Yours as before”.

“Sept. 13th.—The messenger just going off; all the coast clear; no enemies appearing. My wife talks of sending for the boys home for two days, for she says the neighbours' children are allowed breath now and then. But this request is not yet complied with.”

“Penbryn, Sept. 15th, 1760, Monday.

“Dear Sir,—I have yours of Monday morning, I suppose this day sen'night, though it came here but last night. Pryse, I believe, carried it in his pocket wherever he went. I am glad the Teutonic letter is found. I wish you had let me

know how the doctor liked the taste of it; I am afraid not so well as he expected, by the description given by you of it when lost. That raised his expectations far above the value of the thing when found. Phoe, phoe, says he, is this all, that we kept such ado about? Well, did not he say so, tell me seriously? I wish you would increase your family another way, that the world might have some of the breed preserved. I know your answer, 'Gwell gennyf i fy mam na menyw arall yn y byd, ac mae pobl eraill yn eppilio digon a gormod, pa beth y mae hwn yn ei geisio gennyf? Ceisio dro arall fy hudo i wreicca, ag i dorri ar fy holl lonyddwch meddwl; ni bu gennyf erioed flas yn y peth, ac mi eis yn hên.' Let it be so, if you cannot taste what is good for you. I cannot help it. God mend your taste; he actually expected you to propagate your kind, and he has now ordered you to do it; he has provided you with all materials for that purpose. If you were to examine the Scripture close, I think we could find there, that you are ordered to live at Aberystwith rather than on the mountain. However, in spite of all I can say, or even the Scripture can say, I see you will go on your own way, and that with such strictness, that you cannot even bear the sight of the fruitful and pleasant valley of Melinddwr, which floweth with, &c. I suppose Ieuan Fardd has got his nose in some vellum MS., and cannot possibly take it out, till he has snuffed it all up. I wish, for the sake of the Cambro-British people, that he was well provided for. It is a shame for the whole body of us to suffer such a genius to trifle away his time by slaving so hard for a little drink: he gets nothing else by his labour.

"Sept. 16.—My wife tells me that she has ordered the boys home with Evan William's son unknown to me, and that she expects them home by dinner time to-day. Dyna'r fath beth yw mam.

"A correspondent of mine, whose parish hath been blessed

lately with a clergyman very much Anglified, sends me the following query. What does Mr. L—d mean when he reads in the Litany, *oddiwrth falchder a gwag ogoniant a phig sancteiddrwydd*? Pa fath big ydyw honno. Pray let me have a proper answer to this in your next, says my correspondent. What is to come next concerning spells or charms, called in Welsh *Swynion*. I wish you would procure me the words of one of these *Swynions*. Several old women and some old men have them, and cure distempers through their means. Remains of Druidism.

“Sept. 17th, at night.—Wele hai! dyma'r plantos newydd ddyfod adref yn llawen iawn, a dyma finnau gwedi bod yn chwilio rhinwedd dwfry Graig Fawr. A chalybeate purgative spring, and good for certain diseases if drank with judgment. I have also your letter, which I begin to answer thus. If I live next summer I intend to visit Fynnon Llanwrtyd. You do not explain to me what Mr. Edward Llwyd means in the place I mentioned in his *Archæol. Brit.* about the plural termination of verbs. I am inclined to think it is literally true by what Fabius (*Inst. Crat.*) says, that the Salian Priests in the Augustan age scarcely understood their own hymns, which were instituted by Numa. Let it be as it will, such a great master of languages must mean something. Though I know little or nothing of these things, yet busy minds must be meddling. What shall I fill this paper with? My case is not parallel to Dean Swift's. It was his pride that made him send to Sheridan for his boy's exercises, for he looked upon books to be as far below his notice as these children's works; but it is not so with me. I am an humble admirer of all works of genius in what class soever they are, and look upon all to be above me, and if your editor, Mr. Oliver, hath done you justice, I intend to feast on Caniad Pontfendigaid, and, as the man said of his mistress—

‘Digon o fwyd gennyf i  
Goetian fy ngolwg atti.’

These are my classics ; fal y bô r dyn y bydd ei lwdn.

“I have lately got six Englyns wrote by Morgan Herbert, on advice to his son. I see in them a lively description of a sensible good man that understood the world, agreeable to his epitaph, and not a mean poet. If you promise to put them into English heroic verse, I will send them you ; perhaps you had rather turn them into Latin. I’ll send you also the poem on Llandrindod when I have more leisure than I have now. When you have read thus far you begin to scratch your head and rub your elbows, and talk thus to yourself, ‘Doth this vain man think that I have nothing to do but to sit down and read his dreams and reveries ; have not I forty boys to look after, and have not I architects to direct, and have not I Camden to read, and have not I Homer to consult about the sound of the waves ? Must not I have time to eat and drink as well as other people who have no conscience, I think ?’ Hold, hold, you need read no more here. I have just done, and am going to supper. Happy for you, or else I would have begun another half-sheet. Farewell.

“Yours,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, Sept. 20th, 1760.

“Dear Sir,—I have yours by your servant, for which I am much obliged to you, and I don’t doubt your being concerned for our misfortunes here, which I reckon as none, for they are the natural consequences of living in this world, and the lessons of the school of adversity. I cannot say we are out of danger yet, for open wounds and fractures are never out of danger, but we are in what the bulk of the people call a fair way of recovery. A fever which belongs to fractures may seize the boy, which he hath escaped hitherto, and the ulcer

on my leg may turn phagedænic or worse, through an ill habit of body, or an irregular way of living, and may go beyond the skill of a Cardiganshire surgeon. The consequence is removing to a world where there is no occasion for surgeons, a lle na chloddia lladron trwodd. Thirty days is the time allowed for the cure of the radius or ulna, and I shall not go beyond the common boundary, and then the boys shall come and confound Latin till they are tired. I am afraid they make no hand at all of it, and that they are intended for the plough, they are so extreme dull. My pain is now very great while I write this, and I would advise satirical writers to have always a sharp wound on their leg, which would certainly make them *shine*. May it not be a question worth resolving, whether all ill-natured critics have not ulcers in some part or other that irritate their spirits? Thomas Williams's performance, which I sent you, was stewed up in London; but what I send you inclosed here comes from Mona, the ancient seat of the Muses, and was carried there by one of the country, a disciple of Daniel Rowlands, so that you are to look upon it as the excrements of a *Tal y Bont* man, which he voided in a fit of looseness at Bod Edeyrn, in Anglesey, where he is now a schoolmaster, to the dishonour of all Wales be it spoken. You see these vermin creep into all corners, through the least crevices; and even the seat of the Muses, the Temples of the Gods, and the Cabinets of Princes, are not exempt from them. Is our age more fertile in ignorance than the last, or is it because a Ieuan Fardd and a Gronwy have appeared in the world that these flies infest us and lay their eggs in every matrix they can meet with? They are not unlike indeed the aurelias of butterflies which eat our cabbages. He that hath no cabbage need not fear them; and if neither Gronwy nor Ieuan had appeared, we should have none of these apparitions. By this time you stare about you for the explication of the names of rivers and



mountains, which I partly promised you, for as I can write so much low nonsense by wholesale, why not a little by retail of the other kind of nonsense? Well, now for it. But to premise, take notice that some of the most ancient and common names of mountains and rivers even in Wales, let alone England, are inexplicable in any of the Northern languages, Celtic or Teutonic; and Mr. Edward Llwyd's making them Gwyddelian British, for the language of the first planters, will not do, for they are not found in the present Gwyddelian or Irish, if ever they were there. Therefore I conclude such names to be the language of the first planters indeed, but what kind of language that was I dare not determine, or we may guess it to be the language of Gomer, as he picked it up at that great jumble at Babel, without rules, order, or reason. This jargon was probably taken up by his descendants, the Celtic nation, and might be pretty well molded and trimmed before they came to Britain, when they gave their first names to most mountains and rivers here from their nature and situations; but as yet this language had not undergone the discipline and chains of grammar, therefore is not exactly what we now have. What a wild piece of work then is it to attempt to etymologise or rather to anatomise those ancient names, and to bring them to the modern Celtic or any of its branches, viz., the Welsh, Irish, Erse, Armoric, or Cornish. Many an alteration by conquest, by mixt colonies, and by several accidents, hath the Celtic tongue suffered from that day to this, and I know no man living that can tell me the meaning of a mountain in Wales called *yr Eifl*, another called *Pumlumon*, and many such. How then is it possible to explain the names of mountains and rivers in England, France, and Italy, &c., though purely Celtic, when disfigured by time, by bungling transcribers, by foreign conquerors of the Teutonic race, and by the great tyrant, Custom? The utmost we can do then is to compare such with the ancient and

in-bred names of places in Wales, which have remained so time immemorial, and several of which we can trace in the works of our poets so far backward as near a quarter of the number of years towards the creation of the world. These are great things, and which no nation besides can pretend to do with that certainty as we can, from the very nature and structure of our language and poetry. Some of the names of mountains and rivers in countries which were once inhabited by the Celtic may have been in some measure changed by the conquerors, sometimes new names imposed, and sometimes translated into their language ; others may remain corrupted, and some few uncorrupted, but who can distinguish them ? If the River Sheaf is a straight and swift river, I should be apt to think its original name was *Saeth*, an arrow, as *Saethon*, in Wales. An hasty antiquary would immediately pronounce the River Dove to be called so from the British *Dof*, tame ; but if the Dove is not a tame river, the derivation is ridiculous, and you must look for the origin of it in the rivers *Dyfi* and *Towi*, in Wales. All these things considered, you may take my etymology of the names you sent in what light you will, they are mostly no better than mere guess work, because I am a stranger to the situation of the places, &c., but none of them are mere whims and trifles such as Mr. Baxter and others have run into. Etymology requires a great deal of modesty, and not to run headlong as Camden and others have done, when they had but very little knowledge in the language they treated of.

“ A native of Wales must look on the great Camden with an eye of indignation when he finds him asserting that the Gaulish *Bagaudæ*, certain bands of men who strove in Gaul against the Roman power in Dioclesian’s time, were so called from *Beichiad*, which, he says, signifies, in the Welsh, swineherd. But every Welshman knows that *Beichiad* never signified swineherd in our language. The word is *Meichiad*,

from *Moch*, so Llywarch Hen, about 1200 years ago, said, *Bid lawen meichiad wrth uchenaid gwynt*, because of the fall of acorns in that case. What then must become of Mr. Camden's swineherds? Might not ploughmen and tradesmen form an army as well as swineherds? But Mr. Camden should have told us that Bagaudæ and Bagoda had been also wrote by some authors Bagadæ; and we know that *Bagad*, in the British tongue, is a multitude; and in Armoric-British, to this very day, *Bagad* signifies a troop or batallion: and to put the matter out of dispute, in the Irish or old Gwyddelian British, *Bach* is a battle, and Bagach, warlike. I shall only mention one thing out of Baxter's *Glossary*, who, not content with murdering and dismembering old British words, murders and annihilates our very saints—men noted in the primitive Church of Britain for planting our religion. In the word Corguba, because it sounds like *Caer Gybi*, he makes Caergybi to be read Caer Corb, which he says is an old Irish word for a cohort, and denies the very being of a saint of the name of Cybi. But neither his Corb nor his Cuba are to be heard of anywhere else. Kebius, called by the Welsh, Cybi, was the son of Solomon, Duke of Cornwall. All our ancient MSS. agree in that. He was not only founder of this Church, but of several others in Wales: Llan Gybi in Lleyln, and Llan Gybi in Cardiganshire, Llan Gybi in Monmouthshire, which all exist. Are all these to change their names to please the whim of Mr. Baxter? And Caer Cybi was a Church so called because within a Castrum still existing. Cybi lived at the time of the dissolution of the Roman Empire in Britain, and was contemporary, and in great friendship, with St. Seirioel. What sets the matter above all dispute is, that there are two ancient inscriptions upon stones in the wall of the Church of Caer Cybi (Holyhead) where Kebius is acknowledged the patron saint. There was no such scarcity of saints in Wales in those days to put them to the shift of

inventing fictitious names for their Churches. Fynnon Gybi, Eisteddfa Gybi in Anglesey, and the ancient tradition and proverb to this day in that island, *Seirioel Wyn a Chybi felyn*, are also evidences of the strongest kind, so that we are as sure there was once such a man as Kybi as that Dewi, Teilo, Padarn, Curig, Padrig, &c., were once founders or patrons of those churches which bear their names. When men of as great learning as Camden and Baxter can advance such incoherent stuff, is it a wonder that every smatterer in history thinks himself equal to them, and even that witticism and puns take place of solid knowledge, and that etymology hath so little credit? As for my part, I am very cautious how I meddle with those things, and can say nothing positive, and abominate a fanciful derivation of an ancient name. If we can give a probable and grave account of a name, and back it by ancient authority or reason, it is all that can be expected, and we should stop there. Take the following account then of the names you sent me, and be assured that few men besides yourself could have extorted so much out of me at this time. I could wish you, who have such a superior capacity, would turn your head to these studies, and take the labouring oar out of the hand of such weaklings as have no strength to manage it. *Derwent*, the English name of some rivers in England. On one of this name, which runs through Surrey and falls into the Thames, was fought the first of Gwrthefyr's battles with Hengist and Horsa, the Saxons, (mentioned by our British writers) in the 5th century. In that corrupt edition of Nennius, by Dr. Gale, this river is called Dererent and Deregwent. In our ancient vellum manuscript of Galfrid's Latin translation of Tyssilio which I have, it is "super fluvium Derwende." In the Paris editions of Galfrid, 1508 and 1517, it is "super fluvium Deriment." In the Heydelberg edition of Galfrid it is Derwent. There is a river Derwent that runs thro' Derbyshire, another thro' Yorkshire,

on which Antoninus's Derventio, a Roman station, stands, seven miles from York. In my ancient British copy of Tyssilio's History of Britain, that battle is said to have been *ar Avon Dervennydd*, which, in the old orthography, was wrote, *Deruenyt*, and hence came Derwent. I know what Mr. Baxter says of Derventio; that it comes from the Welsh Derwent and Dirwyn—all of a piece with Corguba, aforementioned; inventions and boilings over of a fertile brain. The Welsh tongue never had the word Derwent, therefore his whole building is without foundation. I have traced it to its original British name, but will not attempt the etymology of it. If it is from Derw Oak, why was not every river that ran through a forest called Dervennydd? Rother; if the bed of this river is reddish, it might originally be called Rhudder or Rhuddwr, *i. e.*, Redwater. Iber or Hyber; there are rivers in Wales which have *pér*, sweet, in their names, as Peryddon, Pergwm, &c., and this might have been Hyber, easily, sweet Amber, *q. d.*, Amaeth ber, sweet nurse. So we have Amaeth aradr, literally, plough nurse. Erwash, C. B. Erwys, the river of heroes. Trent, wrote in our most ancient MSS. of Llywarch Hen, Tren; but from whence derived I know not. Dove; if a river from a level ground, it had its name from the British *Dof*, tame; but if a swift river, it is of the same origin with the Dyfi in Wales and Tywi. Wye; the old British name of this river was Gwy, and is still, which seems to have been the word for water in general among the first planters, as appears from the names of water fowl, having it in their compositions—Gwydda, goose; hwyada, duck; gwglan, a gull; gwyach, a snipe; gwyrain, barnacles; gwylog, a guillimot. A great many rivers in Wales have Gwy, or Wye, in the composition of their names, as Dyfrdwy, Dyfrdonwy, Trydonwy, Llugwy, Mawddwy, Elwy, Dwyfawr, Dwyfach, Edwy, Efurnwy, Mynwy, Onwy, in Llywarch Hen, &c. Larkel; we have rivers in Wales of the names of Parchell and Marchell, *i. e.*, pig-water and horse-water, but whether

this is any of these originals, or from *Llawreul*, a narrow bottom, I don't pretend to determine. Dolee had its name probably from Dolau, or Dolennau, windings. Sheaf might originally have been Saeth, an arrow.

“OF HILLS.—Bunster might originally have its name from bann, high, or bryn, a hill. But as I know not where it stands, I can say nothing of it. Chevin is probably the British Cefn, a back or ridge, as Cefn Nithgroen, Cefn y Garlleg, and such high lands in waters. Cloud is probably the British Llwyd, as the English Clan for Llan. We have in Wales Llwydiarth y Bryn-Llwyd, Cefn Llwyd, Escair Llwyd, &c. Gun, I take to be corrupted from the British Gwyn, as Barwyn, y Cefn gwyn, Gwynfynydd, y Bryngwyn, &c.; and the Appenine is nothing else but Epenwyn, or in modern orthography, y penwyn, the white topped. Mamtorr, may probably have been of the same origin with Maentwr, or with Mynyddtwr, of which name there is a mountain in Anglesea, *q. d.*, Tower Mountain. Masson, if there were plenty of ash trees there, might be called by the Celtæ Maes Onn, *q. d.*, Ashfield. Morridg might probably be originally called in the British Mawrwydd, great wood, as Bronwydd, &c. Peak; this seems to be the Celtic Pic, now Pig, a bill from a rock, probably of that figure; but we have no names of mountains in Wales to resemble it. Riber may have taken its name from the British Rhiwferr, if it is really a short ascent. Several mountains in Wales have Rhiw in the composition of their names, as Rhiw Felen y Rhiw Goch, Rhiw Nant Bran, &c., and the Greek *πίον*, and Latin *rupes*, are of the same origin. Weverhill, of which name there is also a river in England, may have been taken from Gwefr, Amber, or Gwiwair, a Squirrel, *q. d.*, Squirrel Hill; or rather from Gwiber, a flying serpent. It is high time to leave off, both for your ease and mine.

“I am, dear sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

“ Oct. 15th, given at Penbryn, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—The minute I put this pen to paper, my wife tells me, in great ffwdan, that her boys want breeches, stockings, and shirts, and her maid must go this minute to Ystrad Meurig; so if I have a mind to write to Mr. Richards it must be instantly. So I will. The matter of the greatest concern I have to impart to-day, that the first . . . . son of David John Oliver, called here yesterday as drunk as a slater, who told me he had no letter from you, but he had his message in his head. ‘What is that’, said I? ‘Here it is’, said he, and sung out, with a loud voice, an excellent song made on Pontfendigaid; and before I could thank him, he brought me out another, saying, ‘Dyma un arall a wnaeth ef i hoelion rhod;’ and that being scarce done, ‘Dyna un arall i nhad oedd a darn o drwyn ganddo a dreuliwyd gan y Flagen, a dyma un arall i Bob, a dyma un arall i Gutto, a dyma un i Sionir Golau a dyma un i,’ &c., &c. The Datgenydd delivered them all with great justice, and gave me great pleasure; and I could not help thinking of the Druidical bards of old, who spoke all in verse, and the man looked wild, as if he had been possessed at Delphos. He promised to get me a copy on paper of some of those I admired most, and that he would bring them me next Sunday in exchange for a belly full of bottled ale. I long to hear from you. I am almost in the hyp, the worst of all diseases. I am extremely obliged to the discoverer of the waters of Llandrindod. I am twenty years younger than I was last winter; but I shall grow old by and by.

“ I am, yours sincerely,

“ LEWIS MORRIS.

“ I have got lately a parcel of curious Roman coins”.

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“ Penbryn, Dec. 2nd, 1760.

“ Dear Sir,—This comes to call for my Suckers home. The old tree was like to have been blown down by a hurricane, and is now scarce alive—scarce indeed. On the 14th Nov. a fiery pleuritic fever knocked me down flat. God left me my senses ; and I bled about half a hundred ounces, . . . until I got it under, and also a spitting of blood attended it. Mr. Pryse was of great help to me ; I could trust nobody else to bleed me. But, says you, what is all this to me, fevers, colics, &c. ? Now, if you were a goose, as I am, I would compare myself to our feathered geese, who, when they escape a danger, will gabble for an hour together ; and it certainly gives them pleasure, and so it does me, tho’ writing is extreme painful to my head. Well, to continue my *Olegar* : On the 22nd, at ten at night, being in a violent sweat in the height of my fever, the chimney of my bedroom took fire, which in a few minutes blazed up to the clouds, or several yards high at least, with great noise. It threw lumps of fire on a thatched house adjoining, and down the chimney, even all over the room and under my bed. As it pleased God, my servants were not gone to bed ; they followed my directions and immediately my room was all afloat, and the fire extinguished. I was as little able to bear water as fire, but both I was obliged, which gave my fever a complicated turn, and for aught I know for the best. I have got over it, thank God ; but my head is as giddy as a drunkard’s, and my body weak, and can scarce creep, having lost whole collops of flesh, if it is loss. I had an excellent nurse, whose interest was to save my life ; and there is no stronger demonstration in the world than this, that no nurse is equal to a wife. Consider of this seriously. My case may be yours, and you may lose your life foolishly for want of such, or at least bear very great hardships. In the midst of my terrors in fire and water



I could not help thinking of David ap Gwilym's expression :—

Tân aml a dwr tew'n ymladd,  
Tan o lid, dwr tew 'n ei ladd.

“In such a case you would have thought of Homer; but God defend you from such an accident, and take care of your chimneys. I shall endeavour to guard against such accidents for the future. This fever and fire were two heavy blows; but they were rods which God thought proper to shew with a gentle hand, for my good no doubt. I am glad your mother is on the recovery. An old tree will be long recovering new fibrous roots. I wish you would let me see a catalogue of your books in your library; I may have some duplicates or other which possibly I may throw in. I have also begun a library (no, a closet) for my few books; but the pleurisy stood at the door with a drawn sword and threatened me. Nay, I have laid a plan for a cabinet to put up my natural curiosities of fossils, shells, &c.; but that same pleurisy told me, with a stern countenance, go to bed, and bleed and sweat, and consider of it. Now, I intend to have the other touch at it. My cabinet is to contain five or six thousand articles, which I have ready to put up. I hope I shall see you when that happens. Is not Mr. Pegge long a considering about an answer to my letter? I cannot go to my bureau to return you his and the doctor's letters. Onid oes berw rhyfeddol yn fy mhen i o ddyn claf heb allu na bwytta nag yfed? I can write no more to-night. God be with you.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

“December 3rd, 1760.—I am much better if the weather would permit me; but as my head is a barometer I cannot expect to be well till the weather is good. Your observation about Mr. Pegge's *Argolicum* is just. His etymon is not

according to analogy. The doctor has a great opinion of him, and too great, indeed, of me! I really blush at the high encomiums he gives me, though I see what it is owing to, viz., an excessive love of my country. You say that no trout equals that of Llyn Teifi, and I say no oysters equal those of Rhos Colyn (in Anglesey); and so said the people of Rome of those of the Lucrine Lake. Do not fail to send me your catalogue. Make no excuses, and as soon as I can get an amanuensis you shall have a catalogue of my poor collection. I have had a present made me lately of a manuscript on vellum, but my head is not yet solid enough to make a right judgment of it, and it belongs more to a writer of ecclesiastical history than to me. I am afraid there is little in it that suits my taste, though curious in its kind. I am tired once more, so must leave off, and perhaps shall have no further opportunity to write any more before my messenger goes.

“Yours as before.”

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“Saturday, about 3 in the morning, in bed.

“Yesterday a diarrhoea took me, which made me extream uneasy; but by the help of my own garden rhubarb I hope it is carried off, for I feel the effects of it. This is like a cobbler patching an old shoe which may last one winter more, or make a closen, or something. David John Oliver has not been a man of his word; I have not one song to divert me. Last post has brought me a letter from Mr. Pegge, which I suppose opens a correspondence for life. I have sent to London for a book he has published, that I may see him in the book.

“Yours very crazy,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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## THE FOUNTAIN AT PORTMADOC.

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IN accordance with the intention we expressed in page 37 of the first volume of *Y Cymmrodor*, we revert to the subject of the development of the fine arts in their practical uses and bearing upon the Principality. We then recorded the "opening" of the Castlereagh Tower at Machynlleth, and expressed our admiration of the beautiful edifice. We have now to record the erection of another, though less pretentious, architectural structure at Portmadoc—a fountain erected not only for adornment, but for the purpose of supplying the town with a flowing rill of pure mountain water. Its style is admirably adapted to the locality in which it stands, and to its intended purpose. The pedestal, six feet in height, is formed of two large blocks of Cornish granite, each weighing upwards of three tons, the front face being polished. The "axed" portion sparkles with felspar and mica. The basin is of highly polished Sicilian marble, and receives its jet of water from a bronzed lion's head. The whole is surmounted by an elaborate ornamental pillar with brackets supporting three octagonal gas lamps.

The fountain was designed by Messrs. W. and T. Wills, and has been erected as a memorial of Mr. William Alexander Maddocks, the founder of Portmadoc, and in commemoration of the coming of age of his grandson, Mr. Francis William Alexander Roche.

The ceremony of "the opening" was more than usually interesting. The water was turned on by Mrs. Breese, of Morfa Lodge, with a quiet grace that won her the applause of the crowd collected around. The fountain being thus proved to be complete, Mr. Breese, with a short but excellent

speech, handed over to the contractor a cheque for the amount of its cost. Mr. Morgan Lloyd, M.P., next spoke, and made some telling remarks on the excellence of water as a beverage, compared with intoxicating drinks. The Rev. Robert Jones, of Rotherhithe, followed with some Welsh lines appropriate to the ceremony, and ended with reciting the following verses written for the occasion :—

Daughters of the glen and mountain,  
 When to this bright silvery rill,  
 Bubbling from its rocky fountain,  
 Ye your vessels come to fill,  
 May its limpid gush recalling  
 Memories of a nobler tide,  
 Tell you of the life-blood falling  
 From a dying Saviour's side!  
 Be your life, ye gentle daughters,  
 Active as its running stream;  
 Pure and bright as living waters  
 Sparkling in the noon-day beam;  
 Calm each thought as when the heaven  
 Mirrored lies in glassy seas,  
 Gently thus shall tides of even  
 Bear you o'er their waves in peace.

A few speeches in Welsh followed; after which the concourse, which had come to witness the ceremony, quietly separated.

It would be as unjust as it would be ungenerous were we not to notice the effectual help rendered by Mr. Breese, not only towards the erection of this fountain, but towards the carrying out of various improvements in the town and neighbourhood of Portmadoc; and we were glad to find how highly, in consequence, both he and Mrs. Breese were greeted by the inhabitants. In the same words that we spoke of David Howel at Machynlleth, we would speak of Edward Breese at Portmadoc. We would hold him up as an example of what a single individual, when uninfluenced by selfishness, can do for the locality in which he moves and for the people among whom he lives.

## THE CAERNARFON EISTEDDFOD OF 1877.

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WE have little to record of this Eisteddfod. In some points it was a grand success ; in others, it hardly reached mediocrity. The crowded attendance on most of the days proved how popular the old institution is with the masses of the people ; and it was a matter of deep regret to every patriot there that so splendid an audience should not have been treated with a richer intellectual feast.

There were great drawbacks. The pavilion which had been erected for the Eisteddfod was on too gigantic a scale : its form, too, an oblong, was, in our opinion, but ill suited for the conduct of sound. On most of the days we visited the farther end of the building for the purpose of testing its acoustic character, and from that quarter the business on the platform was little better than dumb show. The patience of the persons seated there had to undergo a severe ordeal. We give the greatest credit to our countrymen for the extreme good humour with which their negation of what should have been most interesting was borne. We doubt that an English audience would have done so with the same equanimity.

The absence of Mynyddog as conductor was a great calamity. Alas ! poor Yorick. He lies in his quiet grave hard by the old Chapel of Llanbryn-mair, and the wit and jest and humour with which the Eisteddfod rang when he, its ruling spirit, directed its movements, were sadly wanting at Caernarvon. Estyn and Llew Llwyfo did their best ; but all their energies seemed but to provoke a comparison with former Eisteddfodau. Some of the trivialities, too, they enunciated from the platform were unworthy of themselves,

to say nothing of the thousands who had come together for, we trust, something higher and better. Eight thousand people gathered and brought together—some from remote parts of the country—demanded a better programme, and a more faithful carrying out of it, than was found at Caernarvon.

Some of the “old familiar faces”, too, of the Eisteddfod were away—some who, in the hours of its greatest need, had been its firm and unselfish friends. Brinley Richards was not there. John Thomas, Pencerdd Gwalia, was absent. How was this? Professor Macfarren, unused as he was to Eisteddfodau, deplored their absence, and, in his own quiet gentle manner, rebuked the directing body for not having secured their attendance.

But what struck us more than all was the absence of the county families from the gathering. At Wrexham, in the previous year, there was a no mean sprinkling of the aristocracy. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was there, a host in himself, with Lady Williams Wynn, and his daughters; the Lord Lieutenant of the County and Mrs. West; the Bishop of St. Asaph, with many others of a high station; but at Carnarvon the same support was not given to the Eisteddfod. Lord Penrhyn was present on the day in which he presided, and there were on the several days one or two others of the gentry of the neighbourhood; but that was all. We regret this exceedingly; at the same time, we congratulate Caernarvon on the presence of the “thews and sinews” of the land. The people were there in all the grandeur that numbers and vastness give to an assembly.

The several Presidents made, on the whole, excellent speeches. The Mayor of Caernarvon spoke well and sensibly on the first day. Lord Penrhyn brought his usual amount of good common sense to bear on his subject; and there were other effective utterances—such as those of Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., whose speeches, and he delivered two, were

sparkling with gems. Nor must we pass by the speech of Mr. Breese, the chairman of the Thursday's concert. He spoke some homely truths in no ungentle or bitter spirit. Mr. Breese was truly eloquent as he uttered the following passage :—

I hope I shall not be considered ungrateful if I express disappointment at the absence of our most distinguished Welshmen. I for one sadly miss at this, a great national gathering of the Cymry, not only the presence, but the sound and honest advice, and the brilliant touch on that instrument (pianoforte) of the gifted composer of our second national anthem, Brinley Richards, who has done so much for Welsh music and Welsh musicians. I would also we could hear those magic strains which are evoked from our national instrument by the cunning fingers of that prince of harpists, John Thomas, who has so often discoursed most eloquent music to us—

“ In notes, with many a winding bout,  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

But our President this morning explained that the Committee wished to have representatives of English, Irish, and Scotch talent amongst us, and it may be well for us to listen to them, though not to the exclusion of our own. For I fear we are prone as a nation to place our music and all our achievements in literature and art on too high a comparative pedestal. For myself, I see nothing but beauty in our clustering hills and secluded vales, in our placid lakes and turbulent streams. I am proud of the ancient literature and music that have consecrated every hill and every dale. But we must remember there is a world outside Wales, and a big one, which many of us have seen, and in which there are mountains higher and more majestic—valleys deeper and more secluded—lakes broader and in grander settings—and larger rivers, ever hurrying on through wider channels to pour themselves into bluer seas. The poetry and the prose, the minstrelsy and the art of other countries have a wider range than our own. But for all this, we may be proud of our own, and foster them with every care. One of our airs—the well-known “Hob y deri dando”—is said to be the most ancient known tune, and to have been composed by the Druids. Another of our melodies, many centuries old, carries us back in its plaintive wail to the defeat on Morfa Rhuddlan. We may be justly proud of Dr. Burney's remarks in his great history of music, that it was in the quiet Welsh valleys (though he adds “among a semi-barbarous people”) the first sound principles of harmony were found. But we should be more proud

of that progress and refinement of later days which have given us our Edith Wynne, our Brinley Richards, and our John Thomas, and which have made us all more fitting and appreciative receptacles for sweetest sounds.

There were other speeches ; but if we except that of Hwfa Mon, and even he was not himself, they were not equal to the occasion.

The competition for the several prizes, as well as the adjudications, were of the usual character. The music was no worse, and, most certainly, it was no better, than we have heard at other Eisteddfodau. One musical composition, by a late talented pupil of the University College of Wales, Mr. David Jenkins, seems to be a superior effusion of genius. The chair prize poem, too, was an excellent one. We have since made a farther acquaintance with it, and our first impressions are confirmed. The following lines to 'The lark' are very beautiful:—

Hudol wyd ŵyl Ehedydd,—blygeiniol  
Nabl, genad boreuddydd ;  
Yn rhoi fry mewn ter fröydd  
Fawrwych dôn i gyfarch dydd.

Nor less so are the following, 'To a young maiden with her milk-pail':—

Ar y fron draw 'r forwynig,—a welir,  
Wylaidd dlos enethig ;  
Drwy coed, yn troedio 'r cwm,  
Mor hoyw mae a'r ewig.

Edrydd ei cherdd wrth odro,—ni cheir briw  
Na chur bron f'w blino ;  
Gwefr yw ei hiaith,—creig y fro  
Ar y wendeg sy 'n gwranddo.

With respect to the other compositions, there was lacking that enthusiasm which overflows when genius sparkles and talent abounds in the compositions.

Altogether, the Eisteddfod at Caernarvon was not what we



should desire our countrymen to look up to. We would not set it up for a model, but rather use it as a beacon to warn them off the shoals and quicksands whereon Eisteddfodau, if their present course be persisted in, will assuredly be wrecked.

There is one point on which we would give this Eisteddfod and its managers the highest praise. The financial arrangements, expenditure, and division of surplus, do them the greatest credit. We are not going to quarrel about a few petty items, seeing how well they have managed to dispose of the great bulk. Unlike Wrexham, Caernarvon has come out of the crucible of audit unscathed by the fire. All honour, we repeat, to it! In giving its hundreds to the University College of Wales, it will be a notable example to future Eisteddfodau, not to spend their gains on their own petty local matters, but to regard national gatherings as bound in honour to promote national objects.

The huge structure of the pavilion is to be a permanent erection for the holding of meetings at Caernarvon. We sincerely hope it will answer its intended purpose. We are sadly afraid, however, that it will turn out "a white elephant". The constant repairs required in such a structure will form a serious drawback to its financial success.

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## Reviews of Books.

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**MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS-WYNN.** Edited by her  
SISTER. With a Portrait. Longmans, Green, and Co.,  
London. 1877.

ANY literary production written by a lady so closely connected with the house of Wynnstay as Miss Wynn, must exact the deep interest of every one connected with the literature of the Principality. It may not treat of tradition, or of language, nor yet of the rich poetry in which our old Celtic tongue abounds, and which contains such valuable though unappreciated fragments of undeveloped history. It may relate to neither art nor science; but we are sure that it will be something worthy of our perusal and study. The stock from which an author descends may not be a guaranty for his genius or learning; but we may be assured that the work of his pen will be replete with good taste, generous thought, and honourable feeling, and, in most cases, with the scholastic attainments which are the result of a high education.

Who that ever knew the late Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn, will for a moment doubt that of such a kind would be his daughter's efforts in literature? The friend of Southey—his benefactor at a time when the world had not yet learnt to appreciate his genius as a poet, or his almost unequalled talents as a writer of prose—Mr. Wynn, out of a not overflowing income, bestowed effectual help on the rising author, by giving him a no mean share of his own, thus enabling him to devote his energies to the works which have now become classic in our language. Nor was this a solitary instance of Mr. Wynn's generosity. Wales is deeply indebted to him for a large share of his Indian patronage,

when he was for years President of the Board of Control. We know of at least four sons in one family on whom he bestowed cadetships in the Indian army.

One little incident is deeply touching. Professor Elmsley, a ripe scholar, and a genius as transcendent as Oxford ever nurtured in her lap, died in early manhood. His works had made him a high name in the University, and his death was deeply deplored. His last resting-place, however, remained unhonoured. Not a line marked the spot, and he seemed forgotten. One quiet Sunday morning, as bells were answering bells, calling to prayer, we wended our way to the Cathedral, as the University sermon was to be preached there on that day. Not a cap or gown was yet visible, and, until they were collected for service, we wandered through the venerable pile, reading the inscriptions on the several monuments raised in honour of some of Oxford's most talented sons. All at once we came on a newly-erected monument of white marble. Large and of elegant form, it was as pure as though it had been of alabaster. It had been raised to the memory of poor Elmsley. One of Cambria's generous sons had, at his own cost, erected the memorial. At the close of the inscription, which was worthy of the man whose talents and virtues it recorded, was the simple sentence:—"Erected by his friend and school-fellow—C. W. W. W." The initials were too peculiar, as well as familiar, not to recal at once to our mind, "Charles Watkin Williams-Wynn."

Nor was Mr. Wynn himself undervalued in Oxford. His portrait, a striking likeness, by the late Sir Martin Archer Shee, graces the dining-hall of Christchurch.

How well do we remember him! Tall and dignified, and of aristocratic bearing, his countenance was an index of the benevolence that leavened his whole constitution. When he and his brother, the late Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, appeared together in public, they were as Saul among the chiefs of

Israel. Out-topping those around them, their dignified yet gentle demeanour won them the respect and homage of every spectator.

With all this loftiness and elevation of character, Mr. Wynn possessed a most genial temperament. He was facetious and amusing in conversation, and would occasionally descend to playfulness, and to smart, if not severe, repartee. After the sharp, though decisive contest for his Montgomeryshire seat in the election of 1831, when he was returned by a large majority, he invited the chief townsmen of Llanfyllin to dinner and a day's shooting through the pheasant preserves of Llangedwin. Sir Watkin was also present. Among the guests were two gentlemen who, with their other vocations, exercised that of preaching their Master's gospel. They belonged to the sect of the Independents. An attorney from Llanfyllin, who had also been invited, fancied he had found an opportunity of mortifying his dissenting neighbours on the score of their religion; and when the wine was circulating after dinner, he introduced the subject of baptismal registration, saying that such were the informal registrations now made in every petty chapel through the country, that ere long it would be impossible to trace a pedigree or make out a title to any property in the Principality. Mr. Wynne discerned at once—as he knew his guests—for whom the covert shaft was intended. He turned round to the speaker: "Yes," he said, "the question of registration is at the present time in a very unsatisfactory state. I have myself heard of a clergyman and his clerk so reckless of the parish register book, as to tear out its leaves to light their pipes with." The attorney, being thus quietly set down, his intended victims chuckled not a little.

It may be asked, why dwell on the characteristics of the father, when it is the daughter's book that calls for criticism? We reply that, independently of his connexion with the

authoress of the work before us, his identification with Wales, her literature and her language, will not allow us to pass by the friend of Heber, Mackintosh, Southey, Henry Hallam, and other such men, and especially in a work devoted to Welsh interests.

Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn was a lady of extraordinary powers both of thought and expression. Had she devoted her talents to literature, she would have raised herself to the highest rank among the authors of her day. If her letters and unpremeditated journals are so replete with gems of thought as the present volume indicates, we can well fancy the excellence to which her more finished productions would have reached. Let the reader open the volume wherever he will, he is sure to find something to instruct and refresh him—not the gleanings of antiquated sayings, nor yet proverbs and bye-gones dressed up anew, but fresh and sparkling thoughts, bubbling up in spontaneity and copiousness from the rich fountain of her own mind. Our readers must not fancy that we are speaking extravagantly. Our praise is by no means excessive. To prove that it is not so, we bring the testimony of a few passages selected at random out of her book. How neatly expressed, for instance, is her opinion of her friend, Mr. Rio, a Breton, who ever claimed kinship with the Welsh :—

It is curious that a month ago I complained in this very book of being weary of theological discussions, and that no one spoke of religion from their hearts, but rather from their head. A few days after I meet a man who talks only from his heart, and I am no longer weary. His faith is beautiful, and his conviction is so deep and sincere, that it is most touching. His conversation was to me like some church bell—it always produced a feeling of devotion in my mind. What can I say stronger?

How admirable, again, are the following remarks on Goethe ! Writing from Llangedwin in October 1841, she says :—

It would be difficult for me to express how much I delight in Goethe! My new edition is so small, that I can always carry a volume when I walk; and he is the most companionable of authors, suiting all moods and all humours. Not to be obliged (as is the case with most writers) to wind one's self up to some particular key, before one can enjoy and understand him, is to me a great charm. Then, the seemingly careless, concise manner in which he allows observations and opinions to flash out which open a new world of thought to one, is very fascinating. But the principal effect his works have on me I cannot myself understand. He comforts, he consoles me! How, I know not; and it is a happiness which I never expected to have gained from them; for, as you know, his way of thinking was very different from all I have hitherto looked up to.

The descriptions of scenes in Rome, Florence, and Venice, are more than commonly interesting; but we must pass them by. We cannot, however, do so with Miss Williams Wynn's reminiscences of Heidelberg; its beautiful valley seems to have afforded her more enjoyment than any of the places she visited; and she concludes her interesting narrative thus graphically and feelingly:—

I shall be very sorry to leave this place, which I enjoy intensely. My walks on the heath-covered hills far above the castle will remain in my memory long after I have left them. Such walks are in truth, to use Biblical language, "times of refreshing". I have found that there is a deeper teaching in Nature than in any professor's book. The misfortune is, that one so seldom has the opportunity of coming into communion with her. How I wish that you were here, that we might talk over all the "thick-coming fancies" that are the result of my long mornings on the hill-tops!

We have rarely read a book written by a lady that bears so strongly the impress of a thoughtful mind as these "Memoirs." The trivialities of every-day life are unnoticed, that she may grapple with intellectual pursuits of the highest kind. Nor are her efforts in vain, although the subjects are oftentimes out of the reach of common minds, and such as engage the powers of the giants of literature. What a host of bright names, too, forms the phalanx of her friends! There,

are Hegel, Bunsen, Varnhagen von Ense, Döllinger, Montalembert, De Tocqueville, Lamartine, Carlyle, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, Brookfield, Maurice, and others of equal status. That she also was appreciated by them we can have no doubt. The following is Baroness Bunsen's testimony to her high worth, as given in a letter to one of her sisters. It is dated Carlsruhe, May 14, 1870:—

If I could but paint such a portrait of her as some of the ancient painters have left us of persons often without name, of whom we know nothing, and yet into whose very soul and life we seem to enter, whose capabilities of action, whose principles and feelings we take in by intuition, not needing further testimony, satisfied by internal evidence and intense conviction of moral power and equipoise—then, indeed, the demands of your affection might be duly met, and an image transmitted to posterity worthy of that enshrined in our memory. But what I can say in words is so tame and colourless, that I shrink from the attempt to note it down, and wish that some other mind than my own would make clear to me the *why* and the *how* she could be so feminine and yet so forcible, so decisive and yet so mild; so considerate of others, of their feelings, of their shortcomings, and yet so positively herself; so dignified, not in manner and carriage only, but in elevation and grasp of mind, and yet no abstraction; so full of human sympathies, and yet not melting away into unsubstantiality.

We deeply regret our inability, from sheer want of space, to give larger extracts from these “Memorials.” We can only express our wonder that amid her many ailments—for her health was never good—the authoress was enabled to serve her generation so faithfully, and yet preserve intact the vigour of mind and intellect displayed everywhere throughout this autobiography, even to its close.

An excellent portrait faces the title, and the work, as is always the case with the publications of the Longmans, is beautifully printed, and forms an elegant volume.

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Since the foregoing pages were written, we have received intelligence of the lamented death of Mrs. Lindesay, the editor of this volume. She was the last surviving daughter

of the Right Honourable C. W. W. Wynn, and the widow of John Lindesay, Esq., of Loughrea, in the county of Tyrone.

While Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn rests beneath the green, quiet pines of Arcachon, her sister, Harriot Hester, lies almost under the shadows of our great metropolis, where—

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside her.

How truly are the beautiful words of our Welsh poetess exemplified in their case:—

They grew in beauty side by side,  
They fill'd one home with glee:  
Their graves are sever'd far and wide  
By mount, and stream, and sea!

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GRAMMADEG CYMRAEG GAN DAVID ROWLANDS, B.A. (DEWI MON) ATHRAW YN NGHOLEG ABERHONDDU. Wrexham: [N.D.] Hughes & Son.

WE have perused this little book with considerable satisfaction. Grammar, as a science, while requiring a more exact study has of late enlarged its boundaries, and it now deals with questions which it never touched on in the past. It seems inclined also to treat words and phrases more logically than heretofore. To keep pace then with the exigencies of the present day Mr. Rowlands has compiled his little manual, and as an epitome of Grammar, or rather a rudimentary treatise, we are bound to add, that the young Welsh student ought to feel deeply grateful to him—it will put him in the right way, and keep him free of the errors which are so prevalent in modern composition. We have been particularly pleased with the part devoted to prefixes and affixes. With a few things, indeed, we do not agree; but they are of such little moment as compared with the excellencies of the book



in general, that we think it almost a pity to mar our otherwise unqualified praise by mentioning them.

The book is neatly got up by the publisher, Mr. Charles Hughes of Wrexham—its only fault is, that it is without date. We always look with suspicion on an undated publication—it savours generally more of the bookseller than of the author. This book deserves a date. We can prophesy its exhaustion long before it becomes antiquated.

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### Literary Announcements.

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OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the next part of *Y Cymmrodor* will contain a poetical translation, by Lord Aberdare, of "The Bard and the Cuckoo", a poem written by Owain Gruffydd in the early part of the last century.

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It is with no little satisfaction that we announce the early publication of the Welsh-English Dictionary, so long in preparation, by the Reverend D. Silvan Evans. While the work will be brought out under the auspices of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, the onus of publication will be taken up by a number of gentlemen connected with the Principality who are anxious for its appearance, knowing, as they do, its value for the opening up of the old Welsh literature. The want of such a Lexicon has been long felt. The high character of the compiler, than whom no man living is more suited, both by talents and attainments, for the work, will, we trust, ensure it not only a large and remunerative circulation, but the gratitude of the Welsh student, whom we heartily congratulate on the prospect of possessing so valuable an instrument for the digging and delving into the old poetry and the ancient manuscripts.

Fab Arom ; lin Esrom les ;  
 O phery gwir, fab Phares ;  
 Fab Iuda ; fab ni wna nag  
 Eisoës Iacob ; fab Isag ;  
 Fab Abram, bab o rym bwyll ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Fab Thare, deidie<sup>6</sup> didwyll ;  
 Fab Nachor, fab clodfor<sup>7</sup> clau ;  
 Rhugl<sup>8</sup> fab Saruch ; fab Rhagau ;  
 Fab Phaleg, diofeg dwyll ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Heber fab Sale hoywbwyll ;  
 Fab Cainan, wrdran<sup>1</sup> eurdrem ;  
 Fab syw Arphacsad ; fab Sem ;  
 Fab No hen i<sup>2</sup> lân a'i liw,  
 A adeiliodd rhag diliw ;  
 Fab Lameth, fab difeth drem ;  
 A'i sel, fab Methusalem ;  
 Fab Enog, fwya 'i bennwn ;  
 Fab Iareth, heleth<sup>3</sup> fu hwn ;  
 Fab Malalel, mawl eilwaith,  
 Cariad mil fu 'r ciried<sup>4</sup> maith ;

<sup>5</sup> *Bab o rym bwyll*, 'a Pope in strength of mind'.

<sup>6</sup> *Deidie* for *deidiau*.

<sup>7</sup> *Clodfor* for *clodfawr*.

<sup>8</sup> *Rhugl*, 'dexterous', 'ready'.

<sup>9</sup> *Diofeg dwyll*. The meaning of the bard seems to be :—'without deceit of mind'.

<sup>1</sup> *Wrdran*. Whether this word is the offspring of a corrupt text, or one that, in the course of long ages, has become obsolete, it is now difficult to say. All we can say in its favour is, that it supplies the needs of the *cynghanedd*.

However *cynghanedd* may be

disparaged, it has undoubtedly assisted in the preservation of our language. Some valuable, though quaint remarks on this subject by Lewis Morris will be found in his *Notes on Cywydd y Farn Fawr*, by Goronwy Owen. See London edition of the Works of the latter, Vol. i, page 37.

<sup>2</sup> *I* is frequently used by the old bards for *ei*.

<sup>3</sup> *Heleth* for *helaeth*.

<sup>4</sup> *Ciried*, 'beneficence', 'kindness'.

<sup>5</sup> *Ddwyfan ddifeth*. The name Cainan occurs twice in the genea-

Fab Cainan, ddwyfan<sup>5</sup> ddifeth,  
 Oes hir ; fab Enos ; fab Seth ;  
 Fab Addaf, gloyw eurnaf glwys,  
 Priodor tir Paradwys ;  
 Fab DUW ei hun, Gun gwrawl,  
 Tad pybyr Fab pob rhyw fawl ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Brawd lles i Addaf bryd llwyr,  
 A'i wrol Daid a'i Orŵyr ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Brawd i Fair ddiwair ddwywaith,<sup>8</sup>  
 A'i Thaid a'i Mab, enaid maith.  
 Brawd i bob Cristion o brudd  
 Du dwyfawl,<sup>9</sup> a'i Dad ufudd.  
 O hil Addaf, hylwydd-ior,  
 Yr ŷm yn geraint i'r Ior.  
 Arglwydd uwch law arglwyddi  
 O nef yw 'n Pencenedl ni.<sup>1</sup>  
 Gwelais faint graen<sup>2</sup> a galar  
 A oedd gaeth Adda i'w gâr.  
 Cymmerth ar groes dromloes draw,  
 Fawr dristyd, i farw drostaw.  
 Cyfodes, cyfa<sup>3</sup> ydyw,  
 Droedwyn Fab, dradwy<sup>4</sup> yn fyw ;

logy. The elder Cainan lived to the age of 910 years ; hence the words *oes hir*.

<sup>6</sup> *Fab pob rhyw fawl*, 'a son deserving of every kind of praise'.

<sup>7</sup> Iolo Morganwg has ventured on a note here:—"Iesu Grist yn Frawd i Addaf, &c."—Iolo Morg.

<sup>8</sup> *Ddiwair ddwywaith*, 'doubly chaste'. Whether these words apply to 'the exceeding chastity of the Virgin', or to 'the immaculate conception', our readers must determine for themselves.

<sup>9</sup> *O brudd du dwyfawl*. Can the bard mean to identify religion with gloom in this place? It seems so.

<sup>1</sup> Quaint though these lines may be, they are very beautiful, and make amends for the weariness of the genealogy.

<sup>2</sup> *Graen*, 'pungency', 'asperity'.

<sup>3</sup> *Cyfa*, 'perfect'.

<sup>4</sup> *Dradwy*, like *trannoeth*, has probably come to us through the Latin. It is one of those words that, while they prove the affinity

I ddwyn ei daid wiwddawn, dwys,  
 O bryder i Baradwys ;  
 A'r sawl urddasol o'r saint  
 Ag a rodd Duw, a'i geraint.  
 I Fair y diolchaf fi,  
 A Duw, Ion y daioni,  
 Am fagu Iesu oesir,  
 Bronwyn Gun, Brenin y gwir ;  
 A brynawdd â gwaed breiniawl  
 I deulu fo ; dylai fawl.<sup>5</sup>

of the Latin and the Celtic in their source, show that the severed streams have at some period been again partially re-united. While the etymons of *trannoeth* and *tradwy* are purely Celtic—*traws nos* and *traws dydd*—their forms are more easily derived from the Latin *trans noctem* and *trans diem*, espe-

cially when we bear in mind that the *ct* of the Latin makes *th* in the Welsh.

\* While the poet's meaning in this line is tolerably clear, its expression, to say the least, is clumsy. The poem, however, as a whole, is less burdened with difficulties than most of Iolo Goch's effusions.

## VIII.

## CYWYDD I'R OFFEREN.

O DDUW, am yr hyn oedd dda  
 I ddyn, pawb a'i hadduna;  
 I wneuthur Awdur ydwyd<sup>1</sup>  
 Tra fai a minnau tra fwyd;  
 Gwir-ddal y ffydd a gerddodd  
 Gatholig, fonheddig fodd;  
 A bod, gwae ef oni bydd  
 Gair ofn, yn gywir ufydd.  
 Oed bydd o bob rhith i ben,  
 Oreu ffair,<sup>2</sup> yw 'r Offeren.  
 Dechreu mau godych-wrych.<sup>3</sup>  
 Iawn waith yw cyffesu 'n wych.  
 Offeren dan nen i ni,  
 Air da iawn, yw 'r daioni;  
 A'i *hoffis* aml ddewiso<sup>4</sup>  
 I bawb o'r deunydd y bo;  
 Ai o'r Drindawd ddoethwawd ddwyn,  
 Ai o Fair, wirion Forwyn;

<sup>1</sup> With a text unintelligible in some parts of the poem, it is still impossible to exclude an effusion of Iolo Goch that contains such distinctive characteristics of his faith as the present. In Roman Catholic worship the sacrifice of the *Mass* (Offeren) holds the most prominent place.

Ydwyf. MS. — rhyming with *fiwyf* in the next line.

<sup>2</sup> *Ffair*, 'market', 'fair'. Here it must be taken in the sense of 'profit'.

<sup>3</sup> The third, fourth, ninth, and this line are so corrupt as not to be deciphered in the present day.

<sup>4</sup> *Hoffis*, 'office', or Roman Catholic 'Service'. There are the Offices of 'the Trinity', of 'the Virgin', and others.

Ai o'r Yspryd, glendyd glân :  
 A'i o'r dydd<sup>5</sup> mae air diddan ;  
 Ai o'r Grog oediog ydiw ;  
 Mawr yw'r gwyrth, ai o'r meirw gwiw ;  
 Ai o lafer,<sup>6</sup> rhwydd-der rhad,  
 Modd arall, meddai uriad.<sup>7</sup>  
 Llawer ar yr Offeren  
 Rhinwedd, medd Mair ddiwair wen :  
 Dyn wrthi Duw a'i nertho ;  
 Ni hena, ni fwygla<sup>8</sup> fo.  
 A gyrch, drwy orhoff goffa,  
 Offeren, daw i ben da.  
 Angel da a fydd yngod,<sup>9</sup>  
 Yn rhifo, cludeirio<sup>1</sup> clod,  
 Pob cam, mydr<sup>2</sup> ddi ddammeg,  
 O'i dŷ hyd ei Eglwys deg.  
 Os marw, chwedl garw i gyd,  
 O'i sefyll yn ddisyfyd ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Os cyfraith, loywfaith heb lid,  
 Dduw yn ol dda a wnelid,  
 Annodd i arglwydd yna  
 Ddwyn un geiniogwerth o'i dda.  
 Y bara Offeren ennyd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Da fu 'r gost, a'r dwfr i gyd.  
 A'n pair<sup>5</sup> cyspell<sup>6</sup> yw felly  
 Yn gymmunol freiniol fry.

<sup>5</sup> *Dydd*, the office of 'the day', such as saints' days.

<sup>6</sup> *Lafer*, 'laver', the baptismal font. One MS. has *lawer*.

<sup>7</sup> *Uriad*, 'elder', and probably a corruption of *henuriad*.

<sup>8</sup> *Ni fwygla* ; 'he will not grow lukewarm'.

<sup>9</sup> *Yngod*, '*jurta*', 'close by'.

<sup>1</sup> *Cludeirio*, 'to heap up', 'to gather together'.

<sup>2</sup> *Mydr*, 'a metre' in poetry. Here, perhaps, it represents 'a saying'.

<sup>3</sup> *Yn ddisyfyd*, 'suddenly', as in our Litany.

<sup>4</sup> *Offeren ennyd* ; the form is properly *yngyd*. *Sul yngyd*, 'Shrove

Fe wnai 'r Offeren—Fair fwyn—  
 O ddwfr gorph ei Mab addfwyn.  
 O waith *Prelad* a'i *Ladin*,  
 A'i waed bendigaid o win;  
 Teiriaith hybarch ddiwarchae  
 Ym mewn Offeren y mae:  
 Y *Lading* berffaith loywdeg,  
 Y *Gryw*, *Ebryw*, a *Gröeg*.<sup>7</sup>  
 Rhaid yw tân wrth ei chanu;  
 Rho Duw dilwfr a dwfr du.  
 Mi awn pam ond damunaw,  
 Y mae 'n rhaid tân<sup>8</sup> cwyruid caw.<sup>9</sup>  
 Wybren oedd ar gyhoedd gynt  
 I dduo byd a ddeuynt;  
 Rhaid yw felly gwedy gwad  
 Arglywais<sup>1</sup> gael goleuad;  
 Llyma 'r modd pam y rhoddir,  
 Da frawd, yn y gwin dwfr ir:  
 Dwfr o fron Iesu wiwsain,  
 A ddoeth gyda 'i waed oedd ddain.

Sunday'; *Mawrth ynyd*, 'Shrove Tuesday'.

<sup>5</sup> *Pair*, 'a cauldron'. No amount of search has enabled us to elucidate the poet's meaning.

<sup>6</sup> *Cyspell*, 'propinquity', 'compactness'.

<sup>7</sup> It would almost appear that, instead of three, as mentioned by the poet, four languages are found in the Mass; but *Y Gryw* and *Gröeg* are the same. We suspect that the exigencies of his *cynghanedd* demanded the duplication: Iolo Morganwg has a note on this

line:—"Y mae yma ryw wall mawr neu anwybodaeth."

<sup>8</sup> *Tân*, here in the sense of 'light'.

<sup>9</sup> *Cwyruid caw*. The term *caw* is used for so many purposes that we need not fear to employ it, in conjunction with *cwyruid*, as denoting 'wax lights'.

<sup>1</sup> *Argylwais*. The difficulty of this line is great. Some emendation of the *cynghanedd* will be:—

Arglywais gair goleuad.

But a better way of meeting the difficulty will, perhaps, be to re-

Pa ham y codir wir waith  
 I fynu modd fau fwyniaith.  
 Ym mhob lle, pan ddarllëer  
 Fyngial<sup>2</sup> pwyll Efengyl pêr?  
 Er ein bod yn barod berwyl  
 I ymladd ryw radd yr wyl,  
 A'r neb diwyneb uniawn.  
 A ffalsai *nill nai*<sup>3</sup> a wnawn.  
 Pell i rym, pan nid pwyll raid,  
 Pen dewin, pan y dywaid  
 Yr offeiriad ei *bader*,<sup>4</sup>  
 Yn ol dyrcha corph ein Ner,<sup>5</sup>  
 Er dysgu a ffynnu 'r ffydd  
 Ini efo yn ufydd.  
 Aro pam yr ai eraill  
 O'r llu i 'Fengyl i'r llaill,  
 Yn ol *Agnus* ni rusia  
*Dei, Cytolus*,<sup>6</sup> *Deus* da.  
 Arwydd tangnefedd eirian,  
 A maddeu, mwygl eiriau mân.  
 Ucha ystâd, nis gwad gwŷr,  
 Ar y Pab, eiriau pybyr,  
 Eillio tröell<sup>7</sup> wellwell wiw  
 Ar ei siad, eres ydiw.

gard the verb *arglywais*, 'I have heard', as parenthetical.

<sup>2</sup> *Fyngial*, 'a muttering'.

<sup>3</sup> *Nill nai*. There is no deciphering of these words.

<sup>4</sup> *Bader*. The term is taken from the Latin 'Pater' at the commencement of the Lord's prayer.

<sup>5</sup> The elevation of the Host, the bard tells us, is for our teaching

and the strengthening of our faith.

<sup>6</sup> *Cytolus*, 'Catholic' literally. It is here used for 'the Catholic Church'.

<sup>7</sup> *Eillio troell*. The poet refers to the 'tonsure'. Roman Catholic priests of certain orders have a round patch shaven on the crown of the head. This the bard calls here 'a wheel'.

<sup>8</sup> *Wyth rym meddyginiaeth*. The



O son am bêr Offeren,  
 Pur ei bwyll â'n pair i ben;  
 Wyth rym meddyginiaeth<sup>8</sup> raid  
 Yw ar unwaith i'r enaid,<sup>9</sup>  
 Arwydd-der a gwarder gwiw,  
 Gywir ffawd, i'r corph ydiw.<sup>1</sup>

determinate number is used for an undeterminate or multitudinous one.

<sup>9</sup> The Sacrifice of the Mass, he considers as a medicine for internal and external evils—a healing both of body and soul.

<sup>1</sup> A re-examination of the poem, even after the pains that have been taken with it, is in no way satisfactory. Errors of transcription, added to the use of obsolete terms, render the work of deciphering the poet's meaning more than usually difficult. It may be asked, Why

deal with such poems? Would it not be wiser to allow them, like the crumbling ruins of our old Welsh castles, to perish altogether, seeing that they are beyond restoration? We reply, No. They still retain gems of thought of an exquisite kind for the poet. They present interesting ground into which the philologist may dig and delve. And they contain invaluable fragments of undeveloped history. We would not for these reasons, leaving others unmentioned, discard one of them.

## IX.

## A W D L M A I R.

MAIR edrych arnaf, ymerodres ;  
 Morwyn bennaf wyd, Mair unbennes,  
 Mair diornair,<sup>1</sup> Mair dëyrnes,  
 Mair oleudrem, Mair lywodres ;  
*Miserere mei*,<sup>2</sup> moes eryres ;  
 Prydlyfr<sup>3</sup> gweryddon<sup>4</sup> wyt a'u priodles,  
 A ffenestr wydrin nef a'i phennes,  
 A mam i Dduw yn ymorddiwes,<sup>5</sup>  
 A nerth un-brawd, briffawd<sup>6</sup> broffes,  
 A chwaer i'th un-mab wyd a chares ;  
 Ys agos o beth, dywysoges,  
 Y deiryd dy Fab yt nid eres.  
 Ysta<sup>7</sup> dorllwyth fu ystad iarlles,  
 F' enaid yw 'r angel a anfones  
 Yr Yspryd attad, gennad gynnes,  
 Efo a chwegair<sup>8</sup> a'th feichioges ;

<sup>1</sup> *Diornair*, literally 'unchallenging'. May not the term be an allusion to the Virgin's meek acquiescence in the high honour, with its accompanying trials, which God conferred upon her? *Diornair* may here, also, signify 'irreproachable'; without reproach in her apparently dubious position.

<sup>2</sup> 'Have mercy on me', a sentence in frequent use in Roman Catholic prayer books.

<sup>3</sup> *Pryd-lyfr*, 'a book for meditation', 'a mirror for virgins, for example or pattern'.

<sup>4</sup> *Gweryddon*, 'maidens', or rather 'virgins'.

<sup>5</sup> *Yn ymorddiwes*, 'advancing thyself to an equality'.

<sup>6</sup> *Briffawd*, 'highest happiness'.

<sup>7</sup> *Ysta*; *ys* and *da*, a common compound in the old poets.

<sup>8</sup> *Chwegair*. These were probably the words of the 'salutation'.

Duw o fewn aeth yn dy fynwes,  
Mal yr â drwy 'r gwydr y terydr<sup>9</sup> tes  
Megis bagad<sup>1</sup> o rad rhodres.

Tair cneuen wisgi tri y tröes :

Yn Dad trwy gariad y rhagores,  
Yn Fab rhwydd arab, araf cynnes,  
Yn Yspryd gleinyd<sup>2</sup> Glân ymddiwes.<sup>3</sup>  
Gwedi geni ei Mab gwyn y digones  
Diareb rhwydd a dieres :

“Heb groen yn esgor Por perffeithles,  
Heb friw o'i arwain, nef briores ;<sup>4</sup>  
Heb ddim godineb i neb o nes,  
Neu ogan awr nid oes neges,”  
Ef a orug nef, faerdref feurdres ;  
Ef a orug uffern, nef gair cyffes ;  
Seren gron gyson ymddangoses  
I'r tri brenin gwyn, hyn fu 'r hanes,  
I ddwyn rhwydd gyflwyn<sup>5</sup> yt rhag afles,  
Aur, thus, a myrr, ni syrr<sup>6</sup> Santes.  
Sioseb o'r preseb, gwir fu 'r proffes,  
Cof ydyw cennyf, a'i cyfodes.  
Ieuan Fedyddiwr, gŵr a'n gwares,  
Tad bedydd dibech, trech y tröes  
Yn nwfr Eurdonnen ;<sup>7</sup> yno y nofies.  
Cref y megaist Ef, megis Dwyfes,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Terydr*, 'swift', 'rapid', 'ardent'.

<sup>1</sup> *Bagad o rad rhodres*, 'a multitude of exceedingly beautiful gifts'.

<sup>2</sup> *Gleinyd*, 'hallowing'.

<sup>3</sup> *Ymddiwes*, 'she produced'.

<sup>4</sup> *Briores*, 'prioress'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gyflwyn*, 'gift'.

<sup>6</sup> *Syrr* for *sorra*, from *sorri*, 'to displease' or 'offend'.

<sup>7</sup> *Eurdonnen*. The conversion into this beautiful word of the name Jordan, is a happy effort of the bard. He makes it 'the golden rippled'.

<sup>8</sup> *Dwyfes*, 'goddess', from the root *dryf*, *Duw* or 'God'.

Ar dy fron hygu, fry frenhines.  
 Oddi yno y buost, y ddewines,  
 Ti a ffoest ac Ef tua ffeles<sup>2</sup>  
 I'r Aifft, rhag angraifft<sup>1</sup> a rhag ingoes.  
 Rhyfedd fu 'r gallu, fawr gyfeilles,  
 Ymddwyn yn forwyn, Fair f' arglwyddes :  
 Morwyn cyn ymddwyn, fwyn fanaches ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Morwyn yn ymddwyn, gorllwyn geirlles ;  
 Morwynaid etto a meiriones,<sup>4</sup>  
 Byw ydwyd yn nef fal abades.<sup>5</sup>  
 Yn dy gorpholaeth, hoywgorph haules,  
 Gyda 'r gŵr brawdwr a'th briodes.  
 A theilwng ag iawn i'th etholes  
 Iddo i'w lywio yn gywelyes.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Tua ffeles*. The corrupt text here renders it impossible to get at the right meaning.

<sup>1</sup> *Angraifft*, 'correction', here 'hurt'.

<sup>3</sup> *Fanaches*, 'nun'.

<sup>4</sup> *Meiriones*, 'a superintendent', 'one at the head'.

<sup>5</sup> *Abades*, 'abbess' or 'superior over the heavenly host'.

<sup>6</sup> *Gywelyes*, 'consort'.

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## HISTORICAL POEMS.

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### CYWYDD MOLIANT SYR ROSIER MORTIMER,<sup>1</sup> IARLL Y MARS.

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SYR Rosier, asur aesawr,<sup>2</sup>  
Fab Rosier<sup>3</sup> Mortimer mawr ;  
Rosier ieuange, planc<sup>4</sup> plymlwyd,<sup>5</sup>  
Sarph aer o hil Syr Raff<sup>6</sup> wyd.

<sup>1</sup> SYR ROGER MORTIMER was the fourth Earl of March, and twelfth Lord of Wigmore, being the eldest son of Edmund, the third Earl and eleventh Lord, who died at Cork in 1381. Richard II made him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in virtue of his descent from the Duke of Clarence (see page 49, line 2) he was declared heir to the throne. His military service was confined entirely to Ireland, where he was slain. He was succeeded by his son Edmund, who died in 1425, aged 24 years. With him ended the male line of the Mortimers of Wigmore. It will be well to note that Roger Mortimer, the eighth Lord of Wigmore, was created Earl of March in 1328.

<sup>2</sup> *Asur aesawr*, 'the bearer of an azure shield'.

<sup>3</sup> *Fab Rosier*. He was the grandson of Rosier, or Roger, Mortimer. *Mab* here, therefore, must signify 'grandson', or 'descendant'. The names of Roger and Edmund occur alternately for some generations in the pedigree of the Mortimers of Wigmore.

<sup>4</sup> *Planc*, 'a young steed'. The epithet is here used to denote the youthful ardour and powers of the poet's hero.

<sup>5</sup> *Plymlwyd*, for *plymnwyd*, say the lexicographers, means 'conflict'. It is congenital with, if not derived from, the Greek *polemos* and the Latin *bellum*.

<sup>6</sup> *Syr Raff*, or Ralph Mortimer, flourished about the middle of the

Ros arglwydd, Rosier eurglaer,  
 Rhyswr,<sup>7</sup> cwnnewerwr can caer;  
 Colon<sup>8</sup> engylion<sup>9</sup> Englont,  
 A'i phen, cynheiliad, a'i phont;  
 Perbren<sup>1</sup> dawn, pair<sup>2</sup> obry<sup>3</sup> 'n da,  
 Por gwyn, blaguryn Buga;<sup>4</sup>  
 Edling-walch<sup>5</sup> o deilyngwaed,  
 Eryr trin oreuraid traed;<sup>6</sup>  
 Arwraidd dy luniaidd law,  
 Wyr burffrwyth<sup>7</sup> ior Aberffraw.<sup>8</sup>  
 Draig ynysoedd yr eigiawn,  
 Dragwn aer, darogan iawn.

12th century. He was the first lord of Wigmore. The fifth lord, who died in 1246, bore the same Christian name.

<sup>7</sup> *Rhyswr*, 'champion', 'combatant'.

<sup>8</sup> *Colon*, for colofyn.

<sup>9</sup> *Engylion*. Could the bard have been conversant with the quaint saying of 'Non Angli, sed angeli'? It is not at all improbable. The term, however, here must be used in the sense of 'ambassadors' as well.

<sup>1</sup> *Perbren*, 'pear-tree'.

<sup>2</sup> *Pair* 'cause' or 'instrumentality'.

<sup>3</sup> *Obry*, 'beneath'; here, perhaps, 'secret' or 'underlying'.

<sup>4</sup> *Buga*. It is impossible now to make out whom the poet meant by *Buga*. It could scarcely have been 'Boadicea', as Mortimer—his very name implies it—seems to have been of Norman extraction.

<sup>5</sup> *Edling-walch* for edlin-walch, in reference, probably, to Roger Mortimer being heir-apparent to the English throne.

<sup>6</sup> *Oreuraid traed*. Many of the allusions in this poem are to the armorial bearings of the Mortimers. The golden-legged eagle may have been the crest on his banner.

<sup>7</sup> *Wyr burffrwyth*, 'the lawful grandson'. It must, however, be noted that the term *wyr* is constantly used in the *Mabinogion* and the *Seint Greal*, as well as in later centuries, to signify 'descendant'. *Burffrwyth*, it is probable, stands here in opposition to *bastardd*.

<sup>8</sup> *Ior Aberffraw*, 'the lord of Aberffraw'. Inasmuch as this town was in ancient times the residence of the Princes of Wales and had its royal palace, we must give the designation of our hero here used a wider scope than simply 'lord of that place'. It seems to convey the idea of 'the lord of the territory of Aberffraw'.

Ydd wyf madws<sup>9</sup> yt ddyfod,  
 I Gymry rhyglyddy<sup>1</sup> glod.  
 Mab fuost, daethost i dir;<sup>2</sup>  
 Gŵr bellach a grybwyllir;<sup>3</sup>  
 Gŵr grym, myn gwyar y grog,<sup>4</sup>  
 Balc<sup>5</sup> arnad, bual corniog!<sup>6</sup>  
 Nid arf, ond eisiau arfer<sup>7</sup>  
 O arfau prydferth nerth Ner.  
 Gwisgo arfau, o gwesgir,<sup>8</sup>  
 A'u cynnydd fal corn hydd hir;<sup>9</sup>  
 A thorri myn di mewn dur  
 Paladr<sup>1</sup> soccedgadr<sup>2</sup> cadgur.<sup>3</sup>  
 Arwain hëyrn<sup>4</sup> yn chwyrn chwerw,  
 A marchogaeth meirch agerw.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Madws*, 'high time'. We apprehend, however, that the word bears another meaning here,— 'pleased', 'gratified'. Deriving it from *mad*, we may venture to give it this signification.

<sup>1</sup> *Rhyglyddy* for *rhyglyddi*, 'to Wales thou wilt bring renown'.

<sup>2</sup> *Daethost i dir*. It is difficult to arrive at the poet's true meaning. The phrase may be a poetical mode of saying, 'Thou hast arrived at maturity'; or, perhaps, it is a simple statement of his having landed in Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> 'One whose deeds shall henceforth be deemed worthy of commemoration'.

<sup>4</sup> *Gwyar*, 'gore'; the blood of the cross.

<sup>5</sup> *Balc*, 'balk'; hence, 'prominency' or 'eminency'.

<sup>6</sup> *Bual*, 'wild ox', 'buffalo'.

<sup>7</sup> The poet plays on the words *arf* and *arfer*—a rare thing in our literature at this early time.

<sup>8</sup> *O gwesgir*, 'if pressed', by being compelled to put on armour.

<sup>9</sup> *Corn hydd hir*. The horn, especially in Holy Writ, is an emblem of strength, and thence of prosperity.

<sup>1</sup> *Paladr*, 'shaft'.

<sup>2</sup> *Socced-gadr*, 'firm in its socket'.

<sup>3</sup> *Cadgur*, 'the throe of battle'.

<sup>4</sup> *Arwain hëyrn*, 'directing weapons'. *Arwain arfau* also signifies 'to bear arms', as in the *Mabinogion*, "Arwain cleddyf ar ei ystlys".

<sup>5</sup> *Meirch agerw*, 'steeds with steaming nostrils', 'foaming steeds'. We can hardly suppose that the *vis poetica* was so strong in the bard as to predict the steam engine.



Ymwan<sup>6</sup> ag icirll diaminhwynt,  
 Ymwrdd, ymgyfwrdd ag hwynt.  
 A'th yswain<sup>7</sup> a'th lain o'th flaen,  
 Pennaeth wyd—pwy ni 'th adwaen?  
 A'th hengsman<sup>8</sup> hoyw a'th loyw laif  
 Ar gwrser a ragor-saif;  
 A'th helm lwys a thalm o lu  
 I'th ol ar feirch, a theulu.<sup>9</sup>  
 A cherdd o'th flaen, o raen rwyf,<sup>1</sup>  
 A chrydr<sup>2</sup> a'r pelydr palwyf.<sup>3</sup>  
 Mawr ystâd Iarll y Mars doeth;  
 Mawr y cyfenw, mwy yw 'r cyfoeth.  
 Mawr o fraint wyt, myn Mair fry,  
 Mawr dy deitl; mwy roed ytty!  
 Iarll Mars, gorau Iarll ym myd,  
 Iarll Llwdlo,<sup>4</sup> ior llaw waedlyd;<sup>5</sup>  
 Iarll Caerllëon,<sup>6</sup> dragon drud,  
 Iyrl o Wlster,<sup>7</sup> ior lwys-drud.

<sup>6</sup> *Ymwan*, 'to combat'.

<sup>7</sup> *Yswain*, 'armour-bearer'.

<sup>8</sup> *Hengsman*, 'henchmen', 'pages', 'attendants'.

<sup>9</sup> *Theulu*, 'retinue' here; although the word generally signifies 'family' or 'tribe'.

<sup>1</sup> *Rwyf*, 'commander', 'ruler'.

<sup>2</sup> *Chrydr*, 'armour'; *arfau am wr*, says Richards.

<sup>3</sup> *Palwyf*, for *palalwyf*, 'the linden tree'.

<sup>4</sup> *Iarll Llwdlo*. This was Roger the tenth Lord of Wigmore—the grandfather of the subject of the present poem. He served Edward III in France; recovered much of the Welsh property, and added to it Ludlow, another estate, which

came to him through his grandmother, the heiress of Genville. He died in 1360, being at the time commander of the English forces in Burgundy. *Arch. Camb.*, 4th Series, vol. v, page 102.

<sup>5</sup> *Ior llaw waedlyd*, 'the lord of the red hand'. The red or bloody hand was oftentimes the crest of Welsh chieftains, the emblem of blood shedding; it has furnished an expressive term for murder—*llawruddiaeth*, 'red-handedness'.

<sup>6</sup> *Iarll Caerllëon*. From the time of Henry III, when the series of earls descended from Hugh Lupus terminated, the earldom of Chester has been vested in the Crown, or in the hands of members of the

Henw arall o hyn orau,  
 O Ffrens Dug o Clarens clau;  
 Henw da, gŵr hen a'i dieingl,  
 Wyr Syr Leiwnel,<sup>8</sup> angel Eingl.  
 Dragon yw a draig i ni  
 A lunia 'r gwaith yleni.  
 O ben y llew,<sup>9</sup> glew ei gledd,  
 Coronir carw o Wynedd.  
 Pam mae 'r llew crafang-dew, cryf,  
 Mwy nog arth? myneg wrthyf.  
 Yn awr gwaig ar dy fraisg fraich,  
 Wyr<sup>1</sup> brenhin Lloegr a'r Brynaich.<sup>2</sup>  
 Pen arglwydd wyd, paun eur-glew,<sup>3</sup>  
 O eginin a llin llew.  
 Pennaf fyddi gwedi gwart,  
 Ail rhyswr ar ol Rhisiart.<sup>4</sup>

royal family. Roger Mortimer, as heir apparent, might therefore be considered potential, if not actual, Earl of Chester—*Iarll Caerlleon*.

<sup>1</sup> *Iyrl o Wlster*. Lionel, grandfather of Roger Mortimer, married Elizabeth, daughter of William Burgh, Earl of Ulster; hence the allusions here and elsewhere to that title.

<sup>8</sup> *Syr Leiwnel*. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was the third son of Edward III. His only daughter, Philippa, married Edmund Mortimer, third Earl of March, father of the hero of the poem, who was therefore *styr* or grandson of Sir Lionel.

<sup>9</sup> *O ben y llew*. The allusion is to our hero's coat of arms.

<sup>1</sup> *Wyr*, here, 'great grandson'.

<sup>2</sup> *Brynaich*, was that portion of Scotland that lies between the river Tyne and the Firth of Forth.

The Rev. D. Ellis, in his transcription of the poem in *Y Piser Hir*, calls the inhabitants of Brynaich 'Cymry 'r Gogledd'; and he was in a measure right. But that people included not only the men of the East of Scotland, but those of the West as well, on the banks of the Clyde, and whose chief city was 'Dun-briton' or 'Dumbarton'. The Latin form of the word, and perhaps the English, is 'Bernicia'.

<sup>3</sup> *Gwart*, 'guard'.

<sup>4</sup> *Rhisiart* — the first Richard, doubtless; Cœur-de-lion.

<sup>5</sup> *Erllogrwydd*, a corrupted form, probably, of *haerllugrwydd*.

Gwnaed ieirll Lloegr gnwd erllogrwydd,<sup>5</sup>  
 A fynnon' o son i'w swydd ;  
 Teilwng oedd yt' gael talaith  
 Aberffraw, ymandaw<sup>6</sup> maith.  
 Amserawl mi sy herod<sup>7</sup>  
 Yt ddeffroi i gloi<sup>8</sup> dy glod.  
 Pa ryw ystyr,<sup>9</sup> par osteg,  
 Y rhoed i'r arfau tau teg ?  
 Pedwar-lliw<sup>1</sup> pedair iarlleth  
 Sy dau, pwy piau pob peth.  
 Asur sydd yn dy aesawr,  
 \* Iarll Mars, gyda 'r eur-lliw mawr ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sînobl ac arian glân gloyw  
 Im' yw 'r ysgwyd amrosgoyw.<sup>3</sup>  
 Pedair cenedl di edliw  
 A ddeiryd yt' Gwyndyd<sup>4</sup> gwiw :  
 Ffrancod, Saeson, wychion weilch,  
 Gwyddyl, meis cynfyl<sup>5</sup> cein-feilch,  
 Gwaed Ffrainge, gwiw a da ei ffrwyth,  
 Ydyw eurlliw diweir-llwyth ;

<sup>6</sup> *Ymandaw*. This word is translated by Pughe, 'the keeping one's self in an attitude of listening'. One MS. gives *ymadaw*. It is difficult to extract a meaning from either.

<sup>7</sup> *Herod*, for *herodyr*, 'a herald'.

<sup>8</sup> *Gloi*, here, 'to complete'.

<sup>9</sup> *Pa ryw ystyr?* 'of what are thine arms emblematical?'

<sup>1</sup> *Pedwar-lliw*, the four colours represented the four earldoms in the possession of our hero, as mentioned above: viz., those of March, Ludlow, Chester, and Ulster.

<sup>2</sup> The prevailing colours in the

banner of the Earl of March were azure and gold, with gules argent.

<sup>3</sup> *Ysgwyd amrosgoyw*, 'the fluttering in various directions' of the silver and vermilion banner. The bard seems to have been well versed in heraldic devices.

<sup>4</sup> *Gwyndyd* usually represents the people—Venedotians; and *Gwyn-dul*, the country—Gwynedd or Venedotia. Here, however, we opine that the term is used in its etymological meaning: 'Four nations ungrudgingly bestow on thee a beautiful territory'.

<sup>5</sup> *Cynfyl*, 'strife'.

Urddedig arwydd ydiw  
 Brenin yn ngwlad y gwin<sup>6</sup> gwiw;  
 A chwbl o'r Gien,<sup>7</sup> pen pant,  
 Fyddi mwy fydd dy foddiant;  
 Tau hyd ymylau Maeloegr,<sup>8</sup>  
 A bid tau 'r lle gorau 'n Lloegr.  
 Yn achen y Ddraig wen wiw,  
 Rawnllaes, y mae 'r arian-lliw.  
 Bw<sup>9</sup> i Loegr a mablygad,<sup>1</sup>  
 Anwyl iawn wyd yn y wlad.  
 Ion o Wigmor<sup>2</sup> enwog-mawr,  
 A Iyrl y Mars, arlwy mawr.  
 Gwawdrydd<sup>3</sup> cerdd, gwaed y Ddraig goch  
 Yw 'r sinobl y sy ynoch.<sup>4</sup>  
 Am hynny bydd hy, baedd hoyw,  
 Aro<sup>5</sup> etto, aur ottoyw.<sup>6</sup>  
 Cael dêr<sup>7</sup> yw coel dy arwydd.  
 Cael gorfod rhagod poed rhwydd.  
 Gras Arthur a'i groes wrthyd,  
 A'i lŷs, a'i gadlys i gyd.

\* *Yn ngwlad y gwin*, 'France', or more particularly, perhaps, 'Burgundy'.

<sup>7</sup> *Gien*, Guienne, in France.

<sup>8</sup> *Maeloegr*. It is now impossible to say what region is meant by this name. In form it approaches *Maelor*. Can it signify—from *Mael* and *Lloegr*—the parts of England more especially devoted to merchandise?

<sup>9</sup> *Bw*, 'terror', 'dread'.

<sup>1</sup> *Mablygad*, 'the pupil of the eye'. Mortimer was in fact their terror and their darling. They both feared and loved him. He was 'the apple of their eye'.

<sup>2</sup> *Wigmor*, 'Wigmore', a castle in Herefordshire.

<sup>3</sup> *Gwawdrydd*. We can give this word its meaning only by a paraphrase: 'Thou idol of the flowing muse'.

<sup>4</sup> We cannot but choose to notice the beauty of these lines: 'The blood of the Red Dragon is the vermilion that flows in thy veins.'

<sup>5</sup> *Aro* is an adverb of entreaty; such as 'pray do'.

<sup>6</sup> *Ottoyw*, 'spur'. He addresses his hero: 'Thou of the golden spur'.

<sup>7</sup> *Dêr*, 'the oak'.

Gorau lle, ail Gaerllion,<sup>8</sup>  
 Y sydd iwch' o'r ynys hon.  
 Rhyw Gwyddyl, rhywiog<sup>9</sup> addas,  
 Yw 'r asur, lliw gloyw ddur glas.  
 Glewaf grwndwal go galed  
 Yw 'r dur glas-lym, grym i gred;  
 Glewach wyd nag ail Galath;<sup>1</sup>  
 A'th hychwayw<sup>2</sup> hoyw, loyw lath,  
 O hyder o uchder iach,  
 Hy goresgynny Gonach.<sup>3</sup>  
 Dos drwy 'r môr a distryw 'r Mydd<sup>4</sup>  
 O flaen y wlad aflonydd.  
 Tref tad i tithau yw Trum,<sup>5</sup>  
 Tau gastell teg ei ystum.  
 Tegwch gwlad Fatholwch<sup>6</sup> fu  
 Calon y Werddon oerddu.  
 Dyrchaf dy stondardd, hardd hwyl,  
 Di-archar<sup>7</sup> yw dy orchwyl;  
 Gwna fwysmant,<sup>8</sup> bid trychant trwch,  
 Maccwy mawr, a Mac Morwch.<sup>9</sup>  
 Tor, rhwyg, a brath tu rag bron  
 Draw a Galys<sup>1</sup> drwy 'i galon.

<sup>8</sup> *Gaerllëon*, the seat of Arthur's palace and court.

<sup>9</sup> *Rhyw Gwyddyl rhywiog*, 'of a fine Irish kind'. *Gwyddyl* is said by Dr. Owen Pughe to be derived from *Gwyddl*. Its meaning is 'of the woods'.

<sup>1</sup> *Galath*, one of the Knights of the Round Table. See the '*Seint Greal*' *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hychwayw*, 'a pushing or driving spear'; the spear used in the wild boar hunt.

<sup>3</sup> *Gonach*, 'Connaught', an Irish province.

<sup>4</sup> *Mydd*, 'Meath'.

<sup>5</sup> *Trum*, 'Trim', an Irish town and county.

<sup>6</sup> *Gwlad Fatholwch*, 'Ireland'. See *Mabinogion* iii, 81, *Bronwen Verch Llyr*.

<sup>7</sup> *Di-archar*, 'unrebukable', 'dauntless', 'daring'.

<sup>8</sup> *Fwysmant*, 'ambushment', 'ambuscade'.

<sup>9</sup> *Mac Morwch*, 'an Irish prince'.

Brysia a chleimia âch lân  
 Gwlad Wlster, glod Elystan ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Llyngca gyfoeth llawn geu-falc,  
 Myn di yn dau min Dwn Dalc ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Yn ol dâl Grednel,<sup>4</sup> fy ner ;  
 Ci ffalst yw—cyff o Wlster.  
 Ti a leddy, clochdy clod,  
 Bobl Wlster bob ail ystod.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Galys*, 'Galway'.

<sup>2</sup> *Elystan*, a Welsh prince of renown. He ruled over the territory lying between the Severn and the Wye.

<sup>3</sup> *Dwn Dalc*, 'Dundalk' in Ireland.

<sup>4</sup> *Grednel*, an Irish foe, doubtless of note; but we can trace no record of him.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Roger Mortimer, the sub-

ject of the poem, was slain in 1398.

Iolo Goch must, consequently, have written the poem before the close of the 14th century.

At the end of one MS. copy of this poem, Iolo Morganwg has the following quaint remark: "Iolo Goch a'i cânt. Pei 'r Diawl a'i cânt, ni allasai ganu yn fwy gwaedgar, yn fwy lladdgar, yn fwy rhyfelgar, nac yn fwy anrhaithgar."

CYWYDD I SYR HYWEL Y FWYALL<sup>1</sup> YR HWN  
OEDD YN NGHASTELL CRUCCIAITH YN  
EIFIONYDD.

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A WELAI 'r neb<sup>2</sup> a welaf  
Yn y nos pand iawn a wna<sup>3</sup>?  
Pan fum mwyaf poen a fu<sup>3</sup>  
Yn huno anian henu.  
Cyntaf y gwelaf mewn gwir  
Caer fawrdeg acw ar fordir,<sup>4</sup>  
A chastell gwyh gorchestawl,<sup>5</sup>  
A gwŷr ar fyrddau, a gwawl,  
A glas-for wrth fur glwys-faen,<sup>6</sup>  
Garw am groth twr gwrwm<sup>7</sup> graen;

<sup>1</sup> SYR HYWEL Y FWYALL, 'Sir Howel of the Battle-axe', a son of Einion ab Gruffydd ab Hywel, a native of Eifionydd, was a hero celebrated for his prowess in the battle of Poitiers, whither he had followed the Black Prince. He is said to have dismounted the French King, having cut off his horse's head at a blow. He was knighted on the field of battle, and made Constable of the Castles of Crucciaith and Chester.

<sup>2</sup> *A welai 'r neb.* 'A welai neb.'—MS.

<sup>3</sup> *Pan fu 'n fwya poen a fu.*—MS.

<sup>4</sup> The castle of Crucciaith stands on the sea coast between Pwllheli and Portmadoc. Its ruins may

still be seen crowning a lofty mound. One MS. has:—

'Cadair fawrder acw ar fordir.'

\* One MS. has the ninth and tenth line placed before the seventh and eighth—a better arrangement, we think.

\* The same MS. has:—

'A glas for wrth fur-glwys faen  
Garw o amgylch tir grwmgaen.'

The picture drawn by Iolo Goch of the castle, washed by the blue waves, is remarkably graphic. Nor less so, and even more interesting, are the scenes within, enlivened as they are by music and the presence of fair ladies, who are engaged in the weaving of silk.

<sup>7</sup> *Gurwm*, 'bending'; hence *twr*

A cherdd chwibenygl<sup>8</sup> a chod,  
 Gwawr hoenus, a gŵr hynod;  
 Rhianedd, nid rhai anhoyw,<sup>9</sup>  
 Yn gwau y sidan<sup>1</sup> glân gloyw;  
 Gwŷr beilch yn chwareu gar barth<sup>2</sup>  
 Tawlbwrdd<sup>3</sup> a secr<sup>4</sup> uwch tal-barth;<sup>5</sup>  
 A'r gwynllwyd wr, treiglwr trin<sup>6</sup>  
 Nawswyllt yn rhoi Verneiswin,<sup>7</sup>  
 Mewn gorflwch<sup>8</sup> aur goraurn,  
 O'i law yn fy llaw yn llyn;  
 Ac ystondardd hardd hir-ddu  
 Yn nhal twr<sup>9</sup> da filwr fu;  
 A thri blodeuyn<sup>1</sup> gwyn gwiw,  
 O'r un-llun ddail<sup>2</sup> arian-lliw.  
 Eres<sup>3</sup> nad oes henuriad  
 Ar lawr Gwynedd, wledd-fawr wlad!<sup>4</sup>

*gierum* may mean 'round tower'. The bard describes the waves as washing the rough walls that surrounded the lower portions of the castle.

<sup>8</sup> *Chwibenygl*, plural of *chwibannogl*, 'a flute' or 'flageolet'; the addition of a *chod* would point to 'the bagpipes'.

<sup>9</sup> *Anhoyw*. The double negative gives great force to the affirmative 'sprightly'.

<sup>1</sup> *Yn y sidan glân gloyw*.—MS. We can scarcely think they would be weaving silk at that early period. If *gwau*, however, is used, we must give it the meaning of 'to net'.

<sup>2</sup> *Gar barth*, 'near the fireplace'.

<sup>3</sup> *Tawlbwrdd*, 'a gaming table'.

<sup>4</sup> *Secr* 'chequered', as for chess.

<sup>5</sup> This and the previous lines are thus given in one MS. :—

'Gwŷr beilch yn gware ar barth  
Tawlbwrdd a duon talbarth'.

<sup>6</sup> A gŵr gwnllwyd trwchlwyd trin.—MS.

*Treiglwr trin*, 'the hero that rolls back the tide of battle'.

<sup>7</sup> *Verneiswin* or *Berneiswin*, 'Vernacia, Vernago, a kind of Italian wine. See *Du Cange* under *Vernachia*, *Vernacia*.

One MS. gives these lines thus:

'A gŵr gwynllwyth, twrch trwyth  
trin

Nowswyllt yn rhoi Barneiswin.'

<sup>8</sup> *Gorflwch*, 'a goblet', 'a bowl'.

<sup>9</sup> *Yn nhal twr*, 'on the height and front of the tower'.

<sup>1</sup> Probably three silver *fleurs-de-lys*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ddail*. *Dail*—MS.

<sup>3</sup> *Eres*, 'strange', 'wonderful'.



Oes eb yr un syberwyd  
 Breuddwydio obry ydd wyd.<sup>5</sup>  
 Y wal deg a wely di,  
 Da dyddyn ydoedd iddi;  
 O'r Gaer eglur a'r grog-lofft,<sup>6</sup>  
 A'r garreg rudd ar gwr grofft,<sup>7</sup>  
 Hon yw Crucciaith â'i gwaith gwiw,  
 Hen adail honno ydiw;  
 A'r gŵr llwyd cadr, paladr-ddellt,<sup>8</sup>  
 Yw Syr Hywel, mangddel<sup>9</sup> mellt.  
 A gwraig Syr gwregys euraid  
 Hywel, ion rhyfel,<sup>1</sup> i'n rhaid;  
 A'i llaw-forwynion, ton teg,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ydd oeddynt hwy bob ddeuddeg,  
 Yn gwau sidan o'r glan-liw  
 Wrth haul belydr drwy 'r gwydr gwiw.  
 Tau olwg ti a welud<sup>3</sup>  
 Ystondardd ys hardd o sud,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Some MSS. have the following lines inserted here:—

'O gwbl a fetro gwybod  
 Pettwn lle mynnwn fy mod.'

But neither the Peniarth MS. nor that of the *Piser Hir* recognise them.

<sup>6</sup> The *Piser Hir* gives these lines thus:—

'Oes heb yr un syberw wyd  
 Breuddwydio obry ddydwyd.'

<sup>7</sup> *Grog-lofft* was the gallery or platform over the screen at the entrance of the chancel. But we must give it a different meaning here. The crown of the tower hung over its shaft, hence its upper room would bear this appropriate

name. In our day the term has degenerated, and signifies 'any kind of attic'.

<sup>7</sup> *Grofft*, probably the English 'croft', a small meadow near a residence.

<sup>8</sup> *Paladr-ddellt*, 'shaft of cloven wood'.

<sup>9</sup> *Mangddel*, *mangnel*, 'battering ram'.

<sup>1</sup> *Ion rhyfel*, 'god of war'.

<sup>2</sup> *Ton teg*, 'of fair skin'.

<sup>3</sup> One MS. has:—

'Tafolwc ti a weiyd  
 Ystondardd ys hardd o hyd.'

<sup>4</sup> *Sud*, 'form', 'shape'.

<sup>5</sup> *Pensel* was the grand standard, says Dr. Owen Pughe; Halliwell,

Pensel<sup>5</sup> Syr Hywel yw hwn ;  
 Myn Beuno,<sup>6</sup> mae 'n ei bennwn  
 Tri fflwr-de-lis,<sup>7</sup> oris erw,  
 Yn y sabl nid ansyberw.  
 Anian Mab Gruffudd, rudd ron,<sup>8</sup>  
 Ymlaen am ei elynion ;  
 Yn enneiniaw gwayw mewn gwaed,  
 Anniweir-drefn ion eur-draed,  
 Ysgythrwr cad ail Syr Goethrudd,<sup>1</sup>  
 Esgud ei droed, esgid rudd.  
 Ysgithredd baedd ysgethring,  
 Asgwrn hen yn angen ing.  
 Pan rodded trawsged rhwys-gaingc<sup>2</sup>  
 Y ffrwyn yn mhen Brenin Ffraingc,<sup>3</sup>  
 Barbwr<sup>4</sup> fu fal mab Erbin,<sup>5</sup>  
 A gwayw a chledd tromwedd trin.<sup>6</sup>

on the contrary, describes it as 'a small banner'. Looking at the etymology of the word, which is purely Celtic, it is impossible not to agree with the former.

\* *Beuno*, a saint of the seventh century who, assuming the monastic habit, retired to Clynnog in Caernarvonshire, where he built a church and founded a college.

<sup>1</sup> *Fflwr-de-lis*. Sir Howel assumed the *fleurs-de-lys*, as the conqueror of the King of France, whom he is said to have dismounted in battle.

<sup>8</sup> *Rôn*, 'spear'.

<sup>6</sup> 'The spirit of the son of Gruffydd, of the red spear, is to rush forward on his foes.' Without some such paraphrase, it would be impossible to give effect to the

strong compressed language of the bard.

<sup>1</sup> *Syr Goethrudd*, one of the Knights of the Round Table.

<sup>2</sup> *Rhwys-gaingc*, an epithet of *trawsged*, but scarcely intelligible now.

<sup>3</sup> John, King of France, was made prisoner, and continued a captive for some five years.

<sup>4</sup> *Barbwr*, 'a tonsor', not of beards like Rhitta Gawr, but of heads.

<sup>5</sup> *Mab Erbin*, Geraint, a chieftain or prince of Dyfnaint, or Devon, in the fifth century. The story of Geraint ab Erbin will be found in the *Mabinogion*.

\* *Tromwedd trin*, 'the heavy weapons of battle'.

<sup>7</sup> *Bennau a barfau y bu*.—MS.

Eillio, o'i nerth a'i allu,  
 Pennau a barfau<sup>7</sup> y bu;  
 A gollwng, gynta' gallai,  
 Y gwaed tros draed trist i rai.<sup>8</sup>  
 Anwyl fydd gan wyl Einiort,  
 Aml ei feirdd a mawl ei fort.  
 Cadw 'r bobl mewn cadair bybyr,<sup>9</sup>  
 Cedwi 'r castell gwell na 'r gwŷr.  
 Cadw dwy lirs,<sup>1</sup> ceidwad loensiamp,<sup>2</sup>  
 Cadw 'r ddwywlad, cadw 'r gad, cadw 'r gamp;  
 Cadw 'r môr-darw cyd a'r mor-dir,  
 Cadw 'r môrdrai, cadw 'r tai, cadw 'r tir;  
 Cadw 'r gwledydd oll, cadw 'r glewdwr,  
 A chadw 'r gaer—iechyd i'r gŵr!

<sup>8</sup> After this line the following couplet appears in one MS.:—

‘Gwarden yw, garw deunaw-osgl,  
 A maer yn y drwsgaen drosgl.’

<sup>9</sup> *Cadair bybyr*, ‘firm throne’.

<sup>1</sup> *Cadw dwy lirs*. In a note, *Lewis Glyn Cothi*, VII, iv, 59, *lir* is translated ‘livery’. That, probably, is its meaning here.

<sup>2</sup> *Loensiamp* or *lorsiamp*, ‘a coat of mail’; from *lorica* and *campus*. See Glossary to Dafydd ab Gwilym’s Works, page 545.

In concluding our wearisome

lucubrations on this poem to *Syr Hywel y Fryall*, we cannot help expressing our deep regret at the unsatisfactory result. The transcripts of the poem are so various—no two MSS. being alike—and they have been so carelessly wrought, that a correct text cannot now be made. We have deemed it a more honest, if not a wiser course, to allow passages to remain unravelled, than to hazard conjectures—oftentimes proved by new elucidations to be wide of the mark—which might mislead and disappoint.

CYWYDD MOLIANT I EDWARD III, BRENIN  
LLOEGR, WEDI AERFA CRESSI.<sup>1</sup>

---

EDWART AP EDWART, gwart gwŷr,  
Ab Edwart anian Bedwyr;<sup>2</sup>  
Edwart ŵyr<sup>3</sup> Edwart ydwyd,  
Trydydd Edwart, llewpart llwyd;  
Ar awr dda,<sup>4</sup> arwraidd ior,  
Aur gwnsallt,<sup>5</sup> eryr Gwinsor,<sup>6</sup>  
Y'th aned o'th ddaioni;  
Na fetho turn<sup>7</sup> fyth i ti!  
Cael a wnaethost, post peisdew,<sup>8</sup>  
Calon a llawfron y llew.  
A ffriw<sup>9</sup> lygliw,<sup>1</sup> olyg-loyw,<sup>2</sup>  
A phryd dawn,<sup>3</sup> a phriod hoyw,

<sup>1</sup> *Aerfa Cressi*. Edward invaded France to make good his claim to the Crown. He defeated the foe at Crecy. and took Calais. He died at Richmond in 1377.

<sup>2</sup> *Bedwyr* was one of the bravest knights of King Arthur's court, and was the *penrulliad*, 'chief butler'.

<sup>3</sup> *Wyr* is here literally 'grandson'. The term, however, is more generally used by the poets of this age, to signify 'descendant'.

<sup>4</sup> *Ar awr dda*. In other words — 'His star was in the ascendant'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gwnsallt*, 'a military garment', 'a general's robe'.

<sup>6</sup> *Eryr Gwinsor*. Edward III was surnamed 'of Windsor'. It was the place of his birth.

<sup>7</sup> *Turn*. We could almost fancy this word to be a corrupted form of *teyrn*, 'sovereignty'. We must, however, in deference to high authority, strip it of the dignity, and give it the humbler signification of 'a good turn'.

<sup>8</sup> *Post peisdew*. Pais is 'coat'; pais-ddur, 'a coat of mail'. It must be regarded here as a robe of distinction.

<sup>9</sup> *Ffriw*, 'mien', 'countenance'.

<sup>1</sup> *Lygliw*, 'dusky', 'dark'.

<sup>2</sup> *Olyg-loyw*, 'bright-eyed'. The

A phob iaith, cydymaith cadr;  
 Engylaidd wyd, fy ngwaladr.<sup>4</sup>  
 Cefais gost, cefaist gysteg,<sup>5</sup>  
 Yn nechreu d' oes yn wychr<sup>6</sup> deg;  
 Yn ostwng pawb anystwyth,  
 Lloegr a Ffraingc, lle gorau ffrwyth.  
 Cof cyfedliw<sup>7</sup> heddiw hyn—  
 Bob ail brwydr gan bobl Brydyn.<sup>8</sup>  
 Difa eu llu lle bu 'r baich,  
 Dâl brenin, dileu Brynaich,<sup>9</sup>  
 Dolurio rhai, dâl eraill,  
 Llusgo 'r ieirll oll, llosgi 'r llaill.  
 Curaist â blif,<sup>1</sup> ddylif ddelw,<sup>2</sup>  
 Cerrig Caer Ferwig<sup>3</sup> fur-welw.<sup>4</sup>

portrait our poet draws of Edward is graphic in the extreme. The dark countenance animated by a clear, brilliant eye; the body apparelled in a coat of heavy mail, and enclosing the heart and courage of a lion; together form a no mean picture of combined heroism and royalty. As he proceeds, the bard seems to warm towards the English monarch, until at last he makes him something more than human, and invokes him as his lord. And to a certain extent he was right. Edward III was "every inch a king".

<sup>3</sup> *A phryd daw*.—MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Fy ngwaladr*, 'my sovereign', 'my leader'.

<sup>5</sup> *Gysteg*, 'affliction', 'painful labour'. The early years of Edward had been tempestuous. The shock he must have felt at the execution of his uncle, the conduct

of his mother, who cohabited openly with the Earl of March, his own gallant arrest of Mortimer and the bringing him to trial and execution, were severe incidents in so young a life. All occurred before he reached his majority.

<sup>6</sup> *Wychr*, 'stout', 'cheerful', 'resolute'.

<sup>7</sup> *Cof cyfedliw*, 'a memorial of reproach', 'a disgrace'.

<sup>8</sup> *Brydyn*. The allusion is to the king's wars in Scotland.

<sup>9</sup> *Brynaich*. See note 2, p. 49.

<sup>1</sup> *Blif*, 'a kind of catapult for throwing large stones'.

<sup>2</sup> *Ddylif ddelw*, 'in the manner of a deluge or torrent'.

<sup>3</sup> *Caer Ferwig*. 'Berwick-on-Tweed'. From the taking of the town by Edward it has remained in the possession of the English to the present time.

Rhoist ar gythlwng, rhwystr gwythlawn,<sup>5</sup>  
 Ar for Udd aerfa fawr iawn.  
 Gelyn fuost i'r Galais,<sup>6</sup>  
 O gael y dref, goleu drais.  
 Perygl fu i byrth Paris,<sup>7</sup>  
 Trwst y gâd lle 'i t'rewaist gis.<sup>8</sup>  
 Grusus dy hynt yn Gressi;<sup>9</sup>  
 Gras teg a rydd Grist i ti!  
 Llithiodd dy fyddin, lin lem,  
 Frain byw ar frenin Böem;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ehedaist, mor hy ydwyd,  
 Hyd y nef; ehedyn wyd.  
 Weithian ni 'th ddi-gywoethir,  
 Ni thyn dyn derfyn dy dir.  
 Gwna dithau—doniau dy daid—<sup>2</sup>  
 Doethineb da i'th enaid;  
 Cymmod â Duw, nid cam-oes,  
 Cymmer yn dy gryfder groes.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Fur-welw*, 'of decaying or crumbling walls'.

<sup>5</sup> *Môr Udd*, 'the English Channel'.

<sup>6</sup> *Galais* is the name, or rather the form of it, which is generally found in ancient MSS.

<sup>7</sup> Edward led his army on toward Paris, and the city was thrown into a panic. It was saved only by the most strenuous exertions and the help of German knights.

<sup>8</sup> *Gis*, 'a blow', 'a stripe'.

<sup>9</sup> *Gressi*. This battle was virtually fought by the Black Prince, who was at one time so hardly pressed, as to be deemed in peril by his followers. When Edward

was appealed to by a messenger for help, he refused with the words:

—"Let the boy win his spurs."

The King stood on an eminence whence he could survey the whole field, and was aware, doubtless, that the Prince was in no inextricable difficulty.

<sup>1</sup> *Böem*, 'Bohemia'. The language of the Bard in this passage is highly poetical:—"Thine army, a fierce brood, enticed the ravens on the King of Bohemia."

<sup>2</sup> *Dy daid*. The first Edward.

<sup>3</sup> *Groes*. We must not suppose that Iolo would have his hero take up the cross in the sense that our Divine Master used the words. As the context shows, he calls on him

Od ai i Roeg, mae darogan,  
 Darw glew, y ceffi dîr glân,  
 A'r Iuddew-dref arw ddidrist,  
 A theimlo grog a theml Grist;  
 A goresgyn a'r grwys-gaith<sup>4</sup>  
 Gaerusalem, Fethle'm faith.  
 Tarw gwyh, ceffi 'r tir a'r gwŷr;  
 Torr fanwaith tai Rhufeinwyr;  
 Cyrch hyd yn min Constinobl;  
 Cer bron Caer Bablon cur bobl.  
 Cyn dy farw y cai arwain  
 Y tair coron cywair cain,  
 A ddygwyd gynt ar bynt rhwydd;  
 Ar deir-gwlad er Duw Arglwydd;  
 Tirion-rhwydd a'r tair anrheg  
 A'th wedd, frenin teyrnedd teg.  
 Teilwng rhwng y tair talaith  
 Frenin Cwlen<sup>5</sup> fawr-wen faith.  
 I wen-wlad nef ef a fedd,  
 Y doi yno 'n y diwedd.

to join the Crusades, describing the state in which he would find Greece, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and so on. Edward's prowess in Scotland and France led the Bard to expect great results in the East also from his achievements.

<sup>4</sup> *Grucys-gaith*. Gaith, says Richards, is the same as *caeth*. These words must then be translated:—  
 'With the captive cross'—the cross that was then in the power of the Saracens.

<sup>5</sup> *Cwlen*, 'Cologne'.

CYWYDD I BEDWAR MAB TUDUR LLWYD<sup>1</sup> O  
BENMYNYDD MON.

---

MYN'D yr wyf i dîr Mon<sup>2</sup> draw—  
Mynych im' ei ddymunaw—  
I ymwybod<sup>3</sup> â meibion  
Tudur fy naf,<sup>4</sup> Mordaf<sup>5</sup> Mon :  
Gronwy, Rhys, ynys hynaif,<sup>6</sup>  
Ednyfed, Gwilym lym laif.<sup>7</sup>  
Rhys, Ednyfed rodd-ged rwy,<sup>8</sup>  
Gwaywlym graen<sup>9</sup> Gwilym Gronwy :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Tudur Llwyd* was of the stock whence descended Owen Tudur, the founder of the Tudor dynasty in England.

<sup>2</sup> *Iolo Goch* was a native of the county of Denbigh. His home was thus a considerable distance from Anglesey.

<sup>3</sup> *Ymwybod*. Independently of the exigencies of the *cynganedd*, the use of this term is very appropriate here. While *ymweled*—the word that usually denotes 'to visit'—in its etymological meaning, simply implies 'to see and to be seen', *ymwybod* conveys the idea of 'to know and to be known, as from intercourse', 'to become personally acquainted'.

<sup>4</sup> *Naf*, 'lord'.

<sup>5</sup> *Mordaf* was one of the three generous chieftains of the Isle of

Britain. It is not unusual with the Welsh bards to make the name of a renowned chieftain or lady an epithet of the person of whom he is then singing. Nor is this practice confined to them. The name *Mecænas*, for instance, is given frequently to a patron of poets and *literati*. In his beautiful verses on the marriage of Sir Richard Bulkeley, John Blackwell compliments the bride with the name of *Nest*:—

"Ystanley sy Nest hoenlon  
Iddo, a merch newydd Mon."

<sup>6</sup> *Hynaif*, 'ancestors'; here, perhaps, 'patriarchs' or 'rulers'.

<sup>7</sup> *Llaif*, *glaiif*, 'sharp weapon', 'a glaive'.

<sup>8</sup> *Rwy*, 'excess'; here, probably its meaning is 'abundant'.

<sup>9</sup> *Graen*, 'asperity', 'boldness'.

<sup>1</sup> The bard, to avoid giving un-



Ednyfed, Gronwy rhwy Rhun,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rhys, Gwilym ail rwysg Alun.<sup>3</sup>  
 Gwilym Gronwy yw 'n gwaladr,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ednyfed, rhoes ged Rhys gadr;  
 Pedwar eglur pedroglion<sup>5</sup>  
 Angelystôr<sup>6</sup> gar môr Mon.  
 Pedwar Nudd<sup>7</sup>—Pedr i'w nodd—  
 Poed ar awr dda mawr i mi!  
 Pedwar-maib—pwy a'u dirmyg?  
 Plaid ni âd im ddim plyg<sup>8</sup>  
 Iaith o figion, iaith fyged,  
 Gwynedd pedwar cydwedd ced.  
 Plant Tudyr, fy eryr fu,  
 Peunod haelion pen teulu;  
 Aerfa<sup>9</sup> 'r llu ar for lliant,  
 Aur dorllwyth yw 'r blaenffrwyth blant;  
 Teirw ergryd<sup>1</sup> haerllyd eurllin,  
 Terydr<sup>2</sup> aer taer ar y drin.<sup>3</sup>

due prominence to any particular one, mingles the names of the four sons promiscuously.

<sup>2</sup> *Rhun*. There were several distinguished men of this name. The principal were *Rhun*, a son of *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, who succeeded his father; *Rhun*, the son of *Peredur*, who was restored to the sovereignty on the death of *Idwal*; and *Rhun Baladr Bras* (of the thick shaft), who succeeded his father, *Lleon Gawr*.

<sup>3</sup> *Alun*, here 'the river Alun'. The rush of *Gwilym* was like that of the stream or torrent.

<sup>4</sup> *Gwaladr*, 'a disposer'; hence, 'the head' or 'leader of a people'.

<sup>5</sup> *Pedroglion*, 'men to form a

quadrature', or 'square', as for battle.

<sup>6</sup> *Angelystor*, 'evangelist', of whom there were four, as there were here four sons.

<sup>7</sup> *Pedwar Nudd*. See note 5 of the preceding page.

<sup>8</sup> This and the following line are manifestly corrupt. It is impossible to understand them as they are written.

<sup>9</sup> *Aerfa*, 'battle-field'. 'The battle-field of the host on ocean's flood'.

<sup>1</sup> *Ergryd*, for *ergrydr*, 'causing to tremble'.

<sup>2</sup> *Terydr*, 'ardent workers'.

<sup>3</sup> *Drin*, 'Battle'.





# **D Cymmrodor.**

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JULY 1878.

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## **DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BARD AND THE CUCKOO,**

FROM THE WELSH OF OWAIN GRUFFYDD.

By THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ABERDARE.

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THE following translation of the Welsh Poem *The Bard and the Cuckoo* appeared in the columns of the *Merthyr Guardian* in 1835, with the signature *H. A. Bruce* (now Lord Aberdare). The freshness of thought with which the original poem teems has been admirably conveyed into English by this elegant translation. It demands, therefore, a place and perpetuation in the *Cymmrodor* on grounds independent of the eminence the translator has attained as statesman, and of his connection as President with the University College of Wales.

The author of the Welsh poem was born in 1643, and died in 1730. He was a native of Llanystumdwy, in Carnarvonshire, where he appears to have officiated as parish clerk. Despite his humble origin and occupation, he was not only a poet of genuine merit, but is said to have acquired much curious learning, especially archæological, according to the lights of that age, and even some knowledge of Greek and Latin. The reference to the age at which the Virgin

Mary died, might appear to have proceeded from a Roman Catholic pen. But this supposition would not only be inconsistent with Owain's office of parish clerk, but the reference itself is quite in keeping with the character of the religious belief then prevailing in many parts of the Principality. In the words of Mr. Lecky's excellent synopsis of the religious condition of Wales in the eighteenth century,<sup>1</sup> before the great outburst of Methodism :—"The Welsh were passionately musical, passionately wedded to tradition, and, like the Highlanders of Scotland, they preserved many relics of Catholicism, and even of Paganism. They crossed themselves in sign of horror; they blessed their beds in the name of the four Evangelists. When a dead man was lowered into his grave, his relations knelt upon its border, and prayed that he might soon reach heaven. Many poetic legends were handed down from generation to generation, and were looked upon as almost as sacred as Scripture."

#### *The Bard.*

Goodmorrow to thee, sweet and beauteous bird !  
 Once more thy cheerful song at morn is heard !  
 Late, roaming o'er the primrose-spotted plain,  
 I paused and listened for thy wish'd-for strain ;  
 I asked—nor I alone—"Why sleeps the note  
 Which oft as spring-tide smiled was wont to float ?  
 The Earth is fresh and green, the fields rejoice,  
 And yet no valley echoes to thy voice ;  
 The genial Sun rolls through the cloudless skies,  
 And Flowers spring up ; arise, sweet bird, arise !"

#### *The Cuckoo.*

Thou gentle Bard ! oh ! why should I obey  
 The voice that chides me for my lingering lay,

<sup>1</sup> *England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii, pp. 602-3.

Nor wait *His* just command, whose awful name  
None save with deep-felt reverence may proclaim ?  
For His I am, to Him my strains belong,  
Who gave that voice, who swells that vernal song !  
Like me, in deep humility of mind,  
Yield grateful homage, to his will resign'd ;  
Thou canst not learn of earthly things the cause ;  
Be mute and lowly, and revere His laws !

*The Bard.*

Bird of the dark-brown hue ! and art thou come  
With summons stern to tear me from my home ?  
Say, dost thou chant thy monitory lay  
In sounds prophetic of my Life's last day ?  
And must those tones, just welcom'd with delight,  
Heralds of Death, my trembling soul affright ?  
Say, must I now, while spring is swelling here,  
Quit these bright scenes, so lovely and so dear ?  
Oh, let me still, while yet the joy remains,  
Gaze on these sunlit woods, these flowery plains !

*The Cuckoo.*

Fair is the Earth, and glorious are the skies !  
Yet seek not pleasures which thy God denies !  
In Him alone repose thy hopes and fears,  
And mark, oh mark ! how fleet thy number'd years !  
Already threescore springs and three are past,  
And life is short—then think, how near thy last !  
Yes, at this age, oh Bard ! the blessed Maid,  
Christ's holy Mother, in the grave was laid ;  
Grim Death smote her, who gave th' Immortal birth,  
The Judge of all, the Saviour of the Earth !

*The Bard.*

And ere that time be come, no more the form,  
Erect and firm, resists as once the storm !

And ere those years be fled, the failing eye  
 And shrunken sinew tell us "Man must die!"  
 Deign, bounteous Bird! to guide my erring ways;  
 How shall I learn the number of my days?  
 Vast is my debt, and empty is my hand;  
 I dare not thus before my Saviour stand!  
 How when the trumpet breaks the death-like trance,  
 Shall I, a sinner, meet His piercing glance?

*The Cuckoo.*

For every foolish thought, for every crime,  
 Repent while yet for penitence is time!  
 Leave fancied pleasures, leave Earth's tinsel toys,  
 For endless rapture, and undying joys!  
 So shall true Virtue soothe thy tranquil end,  
 So Christ Himself shall on thy steps attend;  
 And, Victor o'er thy spiritual foes,  
 Heaven shall be thine and Zion's blest repose.  
 One boundless bliss, one stream of deep delight.  
 While seraphs waft thee to thy Master's sight!

*The Bard.*

Oh, God! behold me by Thy mercy mov'd,  
 Regret the hateful faults which once I lov'd!  
 That I have sinn'd and spurn'd thy bounties high,  
 I can not and I would not now deny!  
 Look on me, Father, for I am but weak;  
 Crush'd with the weight of woes, thy aid I seek!  
 Not through the merit of my own vile deeds,  
 But lo! for me the blessed Saviour pleads!  
 Oh! by His latest pangs, His dying love,  
 Receive thy suppliant to the realms above!

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LIBRARY OF  
 CALIFORNIA  
 DAFYDD AB GWILYM.<sup>1</sup>

By PROFESSOR COWELL, of Cambridge.

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DAFYDD AB GWILYM has a peculiar interest to an English student of Welsh from the fact that he was so nearly contemporary with Chaucer (1328-1400), the Welsh poet having been born about 1340, and having probably died shortly before the end of the century. Their lives were, therefore, passed in the same stirring time. I need only mention a few of their contemporaries to show what a stirring time it was.

Rienzi became tribune of Rome in 1347; he was killed there in 1354. The Popes returned from Avignon to Rome in 1377; and the great schism of the West commenced in 1378, which was only finally settled by the Council of Constance in 1418. Petrarch and Boccaccio were the great luminaries in Italy, and the monk Barlaam first revived the knowledge of Greek by his celebrated lectures on Homer at Avignon in 1339, where Petrarch was one of his pupils. Nearer home, the great event was the commencement of the hundred years' war between England and France in 1337. Crecy was fought in 1346; Poitiers in 1356, and all our possessions in Guienne were lost by 1377. It is this last series of events which alone has left some traces in the poetry of Ab Gwilym. For this great struggle was one of the things which first began to unite Wales and England into a living body, not a dead, mechanical mass; for Englishmen and Welshmen fought side by side at Crecy and Poitiers. Lingard expressly mentions that among Edward the Third's in-

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Cymmrodorion, May 29th, 1878.



fantry there was always a large proportion of Welshmen, armed with lances and dressed in uniform at the king's expense:—"These, proved of great utility whenever the country was mountainous and ill-adapted to the operation of cavalry." We can still hear the distant echoes of these French wars in Ab Gwilym, as, for instance, in his Ode to the Ship which bore Morfudd's husband to France, when he sailed in company with a detachment of three hundred men under Rhys Gwgan, to join the army of Edward III, probably in the later war of 1369 or 1370. Ab Gwilym is believed to have died before the stormy days of Owen Glendwr began under Henry IV, as no allusion to them occurs in his poems.

Of Ab Gwilym's own life we have many legendary details, but I doubt how far they are to be accepted as historically true.

He was no doubt the illegitimate scion of a noble family, and he was brought up by his uncle Llewelyn ab Gwilym; and, when he grew up, he lived at Maesaleg in Monmouthshire, in the house of his kind patron Ifor Hael, a relation of his father. He seems to have been Ifor Hael's steward as well as his bard; and he is also said to have acted at one time as tutor to his daughter; but, as the young tutor and pupil became attached, the daughter was placed in a nunnery in Anglesea. It is remarkable, however, that this supposed amour did not break off the intimate relations between the poet and his patron. His poems are chiefly amatory, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the legends of his life chiefly relate to the various ladies whose names are more or less celebrated in his writings. The three most prominent names are Dyddgu, Hunydd, and, above all, Morfudd, to whom 147 odes are said to be devoted; but it is curious that in Ode CLXVI, where he reckons up the names of his different mistresses just as Cowley does in his *Chronicle*, Morfudd merely appears as one of the crowd, with no special mark to distinguish her

from the rest. Most of the legends naturally are connected with her name. She was the daughter of Madog Lawgam, a gentleman of Anglesea; and she and the poet are said to have been married by the bard Madog Benfras in the wood; but her relations, not approving the union, married her to a wealthy decrepit old man, Cynfrig Cynin. The poet constantly lampoons him as Eiddig and Bwabach in his odes, and frequently describes himself as still meeting Morfudd clandestinely in the woods.

These traditions regarding Dafydd ab Gwilym's relations with Morfudd are very singular; and it is not to be wondered at that they have been generally accepted as historical certainties. Many of them seem to be supported by passages in his own poems; and if these poems are to be regarded as autobiographical sketches, they may well be quoted to throw some little light on the obscurity of the poet's life. But are we justified in thus using them? Was the poet, when he wrote them, laying bare the secrets of his heart to us, or was he only deceiving us by a pretended confidence which really meant nothing?

I must here remind my hearers that these legendary details of a great poet's life are, by no means, peculiar to Ab Gwilym. Similar traditions cluster in abundance round many others. I need only specify here Virgil, Shakespeare, and the Persian poet, Háfiz; and in each of these three cases we can distinctly prove that they are mostly but the idle gossip which naturally gathers round a great name when there are few or no certain facts to supply its place. Men cannot bear to be utterly ignorant concerning the details of that life in which they are so deeply interested; and stories seem to rise up spontaneously in an uncritical age, none knows how, to supply the want of actual biography, just as it is the loneliness and the silence which make us seem to hear those

“ Airy tongues which syllable men’s names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.”

But I think in Ab Gwilym’s case, we have some very strong reasons which may well make us hesitate before we accept these extraordinary adventures as actual facts. These stories are said, in the preface to the first edition of the poet’s works, to rest chiefly on local tradition, and especially as collected by Iorwerth Morganwg. But, on the other hand, we have the distinct testimony which comes through the bard Watkin Powel (1580-1620), that Ab Gwilym was a very quiet man, and particularly reserved in conversation; and we also have in Provençal literature a close parallel which, I think, may help us to understand much in the poet’s life, which, in itself, seems extravagant and immoral. I trust that my audience will here kindly bear with me while I digress for a few minutes into this little-trodden field, as I hope to find there some interesting illustrations for the subject of my lecture to-night.

Provençal literature was in its glory between 1150 and 1290; and the poetry of the troubadours for a time gave the law of taste to all Europe. We can trace their influence in the early literature of Spain, Italy, France, Germany, and England; and, to quote Hallam’s words, “the songs of Provence were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of its habitual language”. The troubadours at one time filled very much the same position at the halls of the nobles of Languedoc and Provence, which the bards filled in Wales; they were not only liberally rewarded for their poems, but they frequently enjoyed the intimate friendship of their patrons. Even men of knightly birth were sometimes troubadours; and we expressly read of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras that he was originally a musician or jongleur, which was an inferior rank to the troubadour; but he attached himself to the court of Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat, who made him a knight.

Now one of the most striking features of Provençal poetry is the fact that nearly every love-poem,—and these form one half of the literature,—is addressed to the sister or wife of the poet's patron. This strange form of homage became the universal fashion of the courts; and it was considered a high honour to the lady who was immortalised by the poet's praise. Occasionally, there is reason to fear, these relations led to evil; but in the vast majority of cases they were perfectly innocent; and, however the poet might sing of his lady and boast of her kindness, it was the head, not the heart, which dictated the verses, and there was an impassable line fixed by fashion as well as virtue, which separated the proud lady of the castle from the troubadour, however gifted and renowned. We read in the biography of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras that, for years, he had celebrated the beauty of Beatrix, the sister of his patron Boniface, and wife of the Lord of Delcarat. He had given her the name *Bel-cavalier* in his poems, in allusion to his having once seen her playing with her brother's sword, when, thinking that she was unobserved, she had unsheathed it, and amused herself with making passes in the air. After awhile he, in some way, offended the lady, and she withdrew her favour from him; until her brother, the Marquis, found out the cause of the poet's distress, and himself begged her to receive him into her favour again. Such an incident would have been impossible, if this chivalrous homage had had the slightest tendency to becoming a serious passion. In one of his poems he represents the lady as saying to him:—"Thou art such a good knight, that there is no lady in the world who would not willingly choose thee as her friend. Thus I have seen Madame de Saluces accept the love of Pierre Vidal; the Countess of Burlatz, that of Arnaud de Marveil; Madame Marie de Ventadour, that of Gaucelm Faidit; and the Viscountess of Marseilles, the wife of the Lord Barral, that of Folquet of Marseilles."

•

The resemblance between Ab Gwilym's poems and the chansons of the troubadours, will strike anyone who compares the two. Ab Gwilym is a greater poet than any troubadour, and his lyre has some deeper notes than theirs; but the essence of their music is the same.

I have also noticed some curious minor resemblances. Thus, Diez expressly notices that a superficial knowledge of the works of Ovid, especially of his *Metamorphoses*, comprises all the classical learning of the troubadours; and, I believe, Ovid will similarly be found to be responsible for all Ab Gwilym's classical allusions.

Some sixteen pages in Ab Gwilym's works are taken up with the "Cywyddau yr Ymryson" between him and Gruffydd Grug; these form a curious parallel to the *tensons* of the Provençal poets, where two rival poets meet to discuss some point of love or politics, with the fiercest personal spite and animosity.

Similar to these, and easily springing from them, are the dialogues between two lovers or two rivals. These, of course, differ from the former, because they are the work of one poet, not of two; but the vivacity of the dialogue is the same in both. There are several very celebrated Provençal poems of this kind, as, for instance, the dialogue between Raimbaut d'Orange and his mistress Beatrix, Countess of Die; and that between Peyrols and Love, who reproaches him for having deserted his service; and that between Raimbaut de Vaqueiras and a Genoese lady, who remains obdurate to his flatteries. Ab Gwilym has several dialogues of this kind. I need only mention here the dialogue with a maiden (No. CLXXX), that under a maiden's window (No. CLII), the wonderful dialogue between the bard and his shadow (No. CLXXI), and that with the cuckoo (No. CCX), as well as that with the same bird (No. LXX), when it tells him that Morfudd is married. One of the most curious parallels which I have noticed

between Ab Gwilym and the Provençal poets, may be accidental in itself; but I mention it because it so singularly illustrates the comparison which I have tried to institute between them. In Poem xcix Ab Gwilym describes Bwa-bach as sailing to France with a detachment of three hundred men, under the command of Rhys Gwgan, to join the army of Edward III, and he utters his wishes that he may be drowned on his voyage or killed by a French 'archer. I quote the lines in Mr. Arthur J. Johns' translation:—

“Soon shalt thou pay the debt I owe  
 To Jealousy, the poet's foe.  
 Like bird of ocean he shall whirl  
 From wave to wave and shoal to shoal,  
 As the wild surges fiercely curl  
 Around the shores, O sordid soul!  
 May Hwynyn, demon of the sea,  
 Thy headsman on the voyage be!  
 And thou, cross-bowman, true and good,  
 Thou shooter with the faultless wood,  
 Send me an arrow through his brain,  
 (Who of his fate will e'er complain?)—  
 Haste with thy stirrup-fashioned bow,  
 And lay the hideous varlet low!”

Guillaume Adhémar has a similar poem, in which he implores Alphonse IX, the King of Léon (who died in 1230), to start on a crusade. “If King Alphonse, the best count in Christendom, would but raise an army against the Saracens, and carry with him the jealous husband who keeps my lady a close prisoner, there is no sin of which he should not get the pardon!”

A portion of his Odes are so like Provençal *chansons* in their subject-matter, that one might almost believe they were direct imitations. These are those somewhat wearisome semi-metaphysical disquisitions on the nature and lineage of love, the golden hair of Morfudd, “Yr Hiraeth”, etc. These are the staple of Provençal poetry; but in Ab Gwilym they are only a very small portion.

I have already said that we find abundant traces of the influence of the troubadour poetry of Provence in France, Germany, and Italy. In France, we especially find it in the works of the early lyric poets of the thirteenth century; in the course of which century at least 136 song-writers are known to have flourished. Their *chansons* are modelled, as to form, on those of Provence; and in many cases the subject-matter also clearly reveals the troubadour influence. In Germany, we find it in the works of the *Minnesingers*. I have no time to enter upon this at length this evening; but I would refer any of my audience who would wish to examine the question further to a very interesting article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June 1876, on Walter von der Vogelweide, the Minnesinger, who lived between 1170 and 1235. I read the article with great interest, and I was especially struck by the strong resemblance between the German poet and Ab Gwilym. Each had the same deep love of nature, especially in Spring and May; and some of the poems translated in the article might have passed for translations from Ab Gwilym. Of course in this case there could be no direct communication; but the resemblance was the family likeness between two sisters, each reproducing the features of the common parent, but modifying them to suit her own individual type of development. In Italy, the troubadour influence is still more marked; the word *trovare* was constantly used as the Italian for "writing poetry", and *trovatore* for "a poet"; and in Dante and Petrarch we have the very apotheosis of the Provençal idea. The poetry of Provence, at its best, was feeble and artificial; it was a delicate hot-house plant nursed by court patronage and shielded from all the rough winds of real life, and striking its roots into a soil of fancy and sentiment, so that its shoots always betray the original weakness of the stock,

"Invalidique patrum referunt jejunia nati."

But in Italy the transplanted shoot found a more fertile soil, and struck its roots down deep into the very heart of human nature and reality ; and though Dante's " Beatrice " and Petrarch's " Laura " were originally the reflections of Provençal poetry, the genius of Dante and Petrarch have created them anew, and made them symbols of beauty for all time. And so Ab Gwilym seems to me to have similarly borrowed the Provençal idea, and then reproduced it as a new creation by his own genius. We can thus trace in him a new line of Provençal influence, derived, I suppose, through France or Italy. I have already pointed out some of the points of resemblance ; and, I believe, that it is also this Provençal influence which must bear the blame of the somewhat immoral shadow which hangs over parts of Ab Gwilym's poetry. The essential feature of so much of the best of Provençal song centres round the poet's poetical affection for a married woman ; and, I think, we trace this evil influence in Dante and Petrarch as well as in Ab Gwilym. May we not trace it further still ? Am I wrong in suggesting that Shakespeare's *Sonnets* are the latest and, perhaps, greatest instance of this Provençal influence ? For my own part, I do not believe in the legends spun by critical Arachnes, out of the slender and obscure hints of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, any more than I believe in the real love of Ab Gwilym for Ifor Hael's daughter, or for Morfudd ; in both, I believe, it was the working of the spell thrown by the magic of *Provence*,—it was the glamour exercised by that evil Vivien, which, for a time, held even Shakespeare under its fatal sway.

Ab Gwilym is said to have introduced the *cywydd* into Wales. If so, I cannot but think that this is an echo of Provençal poetry, as the *chanson* is generally one continuous poem and is written in rhyming lines of eight or seven syllables ; but it is possible that the *cywydd* may be far older than his time and a native product of Welsh invention. Of



course it is interesting to trace the early history of any new experiment in poetry, to watch the progress of the new idea as it passed on from the land of its birth to a foreign soil; but, after all, this is only a secondary matter, as compared with the much more real interest which is associated with the poet's own history and character. Dafydd ab Gwilym interests us this evening as the great poet of Wales; and it is this which is to be our special subject. I cannot help believing that he borrowed the first idea of his new form of poetry from the troubadours of Provence; but, like all great poets, he reissued the old bullion as a new coinage, stamped with his own image and mint-mark. No one can read his poems without being struck by the originality and native vigour which everywhere pervade them; nothing seems borrowed or second-hand; everything speaks of the master's own hand and workmanship.

I was very much struck, from the first, with the entire absence of any references to Classical mythology in his poems. The troubadour poets, as I have said, seldom go further than Ovid for their Classical stories, but the *Metamorphoses* supply them with many a poetical allusion; Ab Gwilym hardly contains one. He knows Ovid by name; thus, he says, in his poem to the nightingale (No. LXXXIV), "prid yw ei chof gan Ofydd", "valuable is her mention in Ovid", and he calls the thrush "bard of Ovid's faultless song"; but almost the only definite allusion to Classical mythology which I have noticed is that found in Ode xxix, where he compares Morfudd to the three famed heroines of ancient days: Polyxena, Deidamia, and Helen,

"Yr hon a beris yr ha  
A thrin rhwng Groeg a Throia."

He has a romantic literature to refer to, as the heroic background behind the present; but it is the age of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, not that of Thebes or Troy.

His Elen, for instance, is generally the Elaine of the Arthurian legend, not Menelaus' faithless wife; and his mythology is drawn from the earliest Mabinogion and faint reminiscences of Druidical superstitions, not from the foreign myths of Greece and Rome. Some of these references to old British legends are very striking. Thus we have Myrddyn's ship of glass referred to more than once. Thus in Ode XLVII, he says, of the grove of broom (*y banadl-lwyn*) :—

“ I will make here to allure her  
An enclosure of the green delicate broom,  
As Myrddyn, with his love-inspired architecture,  
Made a house of glass for his paramour.”

In the same poem we have a beautiful allusion to the Mabinogi of Manawyddan fab Llyr, where Dyfed is covered by a mist through the enchantment of Llwyd the son of Kilcoed :—

“ And to-day in the green wood  
Such shall be this court of mine beneath the broom.”

In other Odes we have references to Hu Gadarn's oxen and Neifion's ship; but one of the most beautiful is that in Ode CLXXXIII, “*Achau y dylluan*”, which seems to me a masterpiece in its way. We often hear those old lines of Barnefield's to the nightingale highly praised,—and they well deserve it :—

“ Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
None takes pity on thy pain;  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;  
King Pandion, he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapped in lead.  
All thy fellow birds do sing  
Careless of thy sorrowing:  
Even so, poor bird, like thee  
None alive will pity me.”

But beautiful as the lines are, they seem to me far inferior to Ab Gwilym's splendid address to the owl, where he makes

her shame him for his rude and thoughtless insolence, by reminding him of her ancient woes, how that she, now a

“ Creature of the world of gloom,  
Owlet with the dusky plume,”

and

“ Destined by its fate  
To endure the agony  
Of sad penance, and the hate  
Of all birds beneath the sky,”

had once been the *Blodeuwedd* or “flower face”, of old romance —of whom we read in the tale of Math, the son of Mathonwy, that “they took the blossoms of the oak and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Blodeuwedd.” But at last, for her falseness, Gwdion, the magician, changed her into an owl; “because of the shame thou hast done, thou shalt never shew thy face in the light of day henceforth; and that, through fear of all other birds. For it shall be their nature to attack thee, and to chase thee from wheresoever they may find thee.”

One of the finest of these old allusions seems to me to be that in Ode CCVIII, where the poet laments his ill-luck to be lost in the dark night on the hills, until he is guided into safety by the appearing of the stars. He describes himself as caught in the mountains as in a trap:—

“ Like luckless warrior whom his foes  
Fiercely in hollow glen enclose,  
I crossed myself, and gave a cry  
Of terror and of agony.”

And then this suggests the splendid comparison of the marshalled hosts of the midnight sky:—

“ Every pair exactly arranged,  
The battle of Camlan re-enacted in the broad gray sky !”

I have said that Ab Gwilym was a contemporary of Chaucer, and I do not doubt that a careful comparison of the two poets would bring out some interesting illustrations for each. I will only mention three or four, but they may be taken as specimens of many others, which would probably reward a more careful search. Thus in the poem on the thunder which scared away Morfudd from her trysting-place we have guns mentioned:—

“ I went wild and my hair all awry  
At the roaring of the gun of the air.”

“ Gwyllt yr awn a'm gwallt ar ŵyr  
Gan ruad *gwn* yr awyr.”

Guns are said to have been first used by Edward III, at the battle of Crecy, in 1346, and Chaucer uses *gonne* in the *House of Fame*:—

“ Ywent this foule trumpes soun  
As swift as pellit out of gonne  
When fire is in the poudir ronne,”

and the *Legend of Good Women* (Cleopatra):—

“ With grisly sounne out goith the grete gonne.”

So, too, Barbour (whose date is 1375) talks of *crakkis of wer* for cannon in Book XIX, 399, and *gynis for crakkis*, i.e.—engines for noises, in Book XVII, 250.

Ab Gwilym's allusion is therefore an early contemporary one, and is interesting for literary history.

Again, Ab Gwilym several times mentions *siopau Sieb* as his very ideal of splendour and magnificence; the phrase shews how the fame of the glories of Cheapside had spread even in those days to Wales, and it is paralleled by such lines as those in Chaucer, where he describes the landlord of the Tabard as “a fairer burgeis is there non in Chepe”, or, when he describes the merry cook:—

“ He loved bet the tavern than the shoppe,  
For whan ther any riding was in Chepe,  
Out of the shoppe thither wold he lepe,

And til that he had all the sight ysein  
And danced wel, he would not come agein."

In Chaucer's *Nonnes Preestes Tale* we read of the widow's cock:—

"Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logg  
Than is a klok or any abbey orlogg."

The first striking clock is said to have been made by De Wick for Charles V, of France, about 1364; and it is an interesting illustration of contemporary history to notice two references to this newly discovered invention in Ab Gwilym. Thus in the poem (No. CLIX), to the owl, he calls it:—

"*Cloc ellyll, ceiliog gwylliaid*",

"The goblin's clock, the witches' cock", if *cloc* does not here mean "bell"; and in CCXVI we have a poem to the *Awrlais* in the monastery, which woke the poet when he was dreaming of his mistress:—

"Shame on that clock on the side of the embankment,  
With its black face, which woke me.  
Worthless be its head and its tongue,  
And its two ropes and its wheel;  
Its weights, its dull balls,  
Its enclosures, and its hammer,  
Its ducks ever thinking that it is day,  
And its restless mills.  
Uncivil clock, its noise is crazy,—  
Drunken cobbler, cursed be its face!  
With its false entrails full of lies  
And its dog's joints knocking against a bowl!  
A double curse be on its clatter  
For bringing me here from heaven."

Again, in the prologue to Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, the drunken miller is described:—

"He n' old avalen neither hood ne hat  
Ne abiden no man for his curtesie,  
But in Pilate's vois he gan to crie;"

*i.e.*—in such a rough voice as Pilate was represented with in the mediæval mysteries. I think I have found an exactly

parallel phrase in Ab Gwilym, for, in one of his many poems of invective against the owl (No. CLIX), he describes her:—

“ She was like an ape’s neck for causing terror,  
A thin hoarse little woman for calling,  
The screaming of the heron of the Aran,  
Like the man with the bag every word she sings.”

*(Gwr y god bob gair a gân.)*

I can only suppose that this refers to the Judas Iscariot in the same plays. I remember to have heard that the bag was the great mark of the traitor among the twelve disciples in the representation of the Ammergau play, and that the character was a very unpopular one, and it was very difficult to find anyone who would undertake it.

Another point of a different nature in which Ab Gwilym illustrates Chaucer is the strong animosity which both feel to the monks and begging friars. Chaucer is always supposed to have been favourable, like his great patron the Duke of Lancaster, to the movement for reform begun by Wickliffe; and his poems abound with satirical allusions to the ecclesiastical abuses current in his time. Ab Gwilym is a staunch believer in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but he is a bitter enemy of the priests and monks. Several of his Odes are composed of dialogues between himself and some gray brother (*brawd llwyd*), and the dialogue generally ends in some fierce invectives against the whole order. These are interesting, because they shew how hostility to the arrogance and corruption of the ecclesiastical authorities was spreading through Wales as well as England, 150 years before the Reformation movement began in earnest. At the same time Ab Gwilym is a devout Catholic in his way; and he is fond of introducing allusions to the gorgeous ritual of the mediæval Church. Thus in one of his poems to the moon (No. LI), he addresses it thus:—

“ From me nor treachery nor time  
 Nor autumn's blast at random driven,  
 Can snatch thy guardian light sublime ;  
 Blessed wafer, lifted up in heaven.”

*(Afrlladen o nen y nef.)*

There are several beautiful passages where he compares the birds in the wood, singing in all the ecstasy of the early summer, to the quire of some great cathedral, and the thrush and the nightingale are the ministering priests:—

“ I heard the thrush read to the parish boldly  
 The gospel without stammering ;  
 He raised for us on the hills there  
 The wafer made of a fair leaf ;  
 And the beautiful nightingale, slender and tall,  
 From the corner of the glen near him,  
 Minstrel of the dingle, sang to a hundred,  
 And the bells of the mass continually did ring.”

If I were asked to describe in a few words Ab Gwilym's position among the renowned poets of the world, I should characterise him as especially the poet of the fancy. He occasionally has bursts of imagination, and occasionally he has tender touches of pathos and sentiment ; but if my view of his genius at all approaches to the reality, we ought not to expect much imagination or pathos in such an artificial world of poetry as that in which he lived. Ab Gwilym was not a Burns, and we must not look in him for those intense utterances of passion which we find in Burns. Aristophanes tells us that old Æschylus' lines were so weighted with meaning, that a hundred Egyptian slaves could not lift them ; but we should look in vain in Ab Gwilym for such concentrated outbursts as these.

Ab Gwilym's world is a bright world of fancy ; and we must not bring into it the stern laws and feelings of daily life. We read his odes hopelessly wrong, if we try to date them and to localise them, instead of leaving them in their original vagueness,—idylls which happened in the Greek

Calends, and some unmapped region of Arcadia. No poet, who really felt as Burns felt, could send his message by a trout, an eagle, or a swan; this imagery belongs essentially to fiction, and those have wholly mistaken his meaning who would reduce it to fact. In fact, we have here one of Ab Gwilym's peculiar triumphs as a poet of the fancy, that he struck out an entirely new kind of poetry. The idea of sending animals and birds and fishes on a love-errand has been common enough in Welsh poetry since his time; it has been, in fact, the story of Columbus and the egg over again; but who thought of the idea before him? Persian poets continually send a message by the *breeze*; but they have never gone beyond this very obvious impressment of natural agents. One of the most celebrated Sanskrit poems is the Meghadúta, and its very celebrity shows how new and unexpected was the appeal which it made to the sympathies of the Indian public. Kálidása there describes a demigod who has been banished from his home in the Himalaya, for a year, to a mountain in the south of India. While wandering in his place of exile, he observes the great clouds rising from the Indian Ocean, which, at the beginning of the rainy season, are borne along by the steady current of the southern monsoon, and traverse the whole extent of the Indian Peninsula from south to north, and finally pour their watery treasures on the slopes of the Himalayas. He invokes this huge mass of vapour, and, in a highly poetical address, describes the path which it is destined to travel, as it passes over the various classical spots of Hindu antiquity; and he finally transmits by the cloud a tender message of affection to his wife, whom he has left in the deep recesses of the mountains of the north. But these addresses to natural agents are only rare and occasional in other literatures. Ab Gwilym was the first poet who raised these isolated attempts into a new kind of poetry.



But it is essential to these addresses that they should speak the language of the fancy, not the imagination. If we weight our inanimate or irrational messenger too severely, he will faint

“ With the burden of an honour  
Unto which he was not born.”

It is just the same here as in fable. Fable has been a delightful extension of the world of human experience; and daily life seems to gain new wisdom and intuition when it reads human virtues and vices in the grotesque disguises of the animals in their native woods and morasses. But the deception loses its charm if the fable rises to too high a level, if we make our animals aspire to solve other problems than those of selfishness and animal ingenuity; because these latter alone belong to the true plane of animal cunning, and we are turning our animals into men in disguise if we put those higher thoughts into their mouths.

In the same way it is fatal to the poetry of the fancy, if it ever makes us utter Milton's words in *Lycidas* :—

“ That strain I heard was of a *higher* mood.”

It is essential to the poetry of the fancy that it should keep to its own level; and Ab Gwilym rarely allows the poetic *Awen* to carry him beyond the limits of the fanciful world of idyllic poetry in which he felt that his genius found its true home.

To illustrate my meaning, I will dwell somewhat at length on two of his poems, Nos. xxxii and xxxiii, in which the poet represents himself as actually slain by the cruelty of his mistress. In the former he describes himself as buried in the woods, and I am glad that I can quote from such an excellent translation as that by Mr. Johns :—

“ To-morrow shall I in my grave be laid,  
Amid the leaves and floating forest shade

In yon ash grove—my verdant birchen trees  
 Shall be the mourners of my obsequies !  
 My spotless shroud shall be of summer flowers,  
 My coffin hewn from out the woodland bowers ;  
 The flowers of wood and wild shall be my pall,  
 My bier eight forest branches green and tall ;  
 And thou shalt see the white gulls of the main  
 In thousands gather there to bear my train ;  
 And e'en the very wood-mice shall be seen  
 To haste and join the sad funereal scene !  
 The thicket of the rocks my church shall be,  
 Two nightingales (enchantress, chosen by thee),  
 The sacred idols of the sanctuary !”

This is all pure idyllic fancy ; it is bathed in the warm  
 sunshine of poetry, but it is not deep passion ; there is  
 here

“ No voice of weeping heard and loud lament.”

One can hardly read this beautiful effusion of fancy without being reminded of those lines of Webster, the “ Land-dirge”, of which Charles Lamb says :—“ I never saw anything like this funeral dirge, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery ; so this is of the earth, earthy.”

“ Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,  
 Since over shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
 Call unto his funeral dole,  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole ;  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm.”

The other is the poem where he supposes that Ifor Hael's daughter, in tardy repentance for having caused his death by her obduracy, will set off on a pilgrimage from her monastery in Anglesea to St. David's. This poem has never been really translated into English before (as Iolo Morganwg's so-called translation is an outrageous paraphrase), and I venture to give a faithful version of this beautiful poem. The origi-

nal exactly, to my mind, represents Ab Gwilym's genius,—the ever-varying fancy, the light touch, the half pathetic turn; but even here we can detect the absence of that deeper passion which would have abruptly stopped his light coruscations of fancy, and would have rather made him veil his face in silent anguish with Agamemnon in the old picture of Timanthes:—

AB GWILYM, XXXIII.

*The Lady's Pilgrimage to St. David's.*

“The nun has started on her way,  
 The silent maid, her vows to pay  
 Before St. David in his shrine,  
 His mother, and the host divine;  
 Fain would her heart conceal her woes,  
 Bright dawn of comfort where she goes.  
 She starts from Môn, in hope to win  
 A tardy pardon for her sin,  
 For cruel words of cold disdain,  
 And a true heart unjustly slain.  
 All penitent and woe-begone,  
 She journeys downcast and alone,  
 Pale are her cheeks and sad her brow,—  
 Her poet's songs are silent now!  
 May Menai spread a fostering care,  
 Its dangerous tide run low for her;  
 May famed Traeth Mawr spell-bound retreat  
 And ebb away before her feet;  
 May Bychan Draeth be wellnigh dry,  
 And Ertro flow unruffled by.  
 Glad would I pay the Barmouth fee,  
 That she might safely ferried be;  
 Dysyny, with thy stream like wine,  
 Leave a small strip of wavelets nine;  
 But Dyfi's shivering waves are deep,—  
 Say, will the maid her purpose keep?  
 Rheidiol, for honour's sake give heed,  
 And let thy stream flow soft as mead;  
 Nor, Ystwyth, try to stop her way,—  
 Swell thy deep waters as they may.

Aeron, thy flood's impetuous mass  
 Rolls boiling on,—but let her pass.  
 And Teifi, stream surpassed by none,  
 Gossamer-gleaming in the sun,  
 Grant her safe escort, succour send,  
 That she may reach her journey's end.  
 Mother, if in St. David's pile  
 Thou hast thy far-famed domicile,  
 In purple clothed of costliest dye,—  
 List to my interceding cry.  
 She killed me, as too well I know,—  
 But then the crime was long ago;  
 'Tis now too late to avenge my fall;  
 And oh! her journey cancels all!  
 Mary, my gentle sea-gull spare,  
 Though she was merciless as fair;  
 Ere her excuses half are said,  
 I shall have pardoned the bright head!"

A peculiar feature of Ab Gwilym's genius is the enthusiastic outpouring of his emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, of praise or blame, love or enmity, whenever he is once fairly roused by his subject. There is something, at times, almost Shakespearian in his rapid flow of imagery, pouring out as from an inexhaustible river-god's urn. Sometimes we have in one ode a series of beautiful images, following one another in rapid succession, like the colours in a kaleidoscope; another ode will give us an equally vivid series of grotesque images like the incoherent fancies of a feverish dream. He rarely dwells long on any suggested thought; his muse has a light touch that just throws a bright passing illumination on the object, and then flits off to another part of the landscape like a ray of April sunshine. One of these very remarkable odes is that to the snow, No. CCV.

The poet begins by lamenting that he cannot stir from his home, nor keep his appointment with his mistress in consequence of the snow:—

"There is no world nor ford nor hill-slope,  
 No open space nor ground to-day."

He soon bursts out into a volley of abuse against the snow, and I quote a few of the more striking lines:—

“There is not a spot under the wood without its white dress,  
 Nor a bush without its sheet!  
 A bright veil over the grove of trees full of sap,  
 A burden of chalk overlying the wood.  
 A very thick shower of foam,  
 Lumps bigger than a man's fist;  
 Through Gwynedd do they pass,  
 White are they, very bees of paradise!  
 Where does heaven throw together such a plague?  
 Where is there such an appearance? It must be the feathers of  
 the geese of the saints!  
 'Tis a dress of silver made by the ice for a time,—  
 'Tis all quicksilver, the coldest in the world.  
 A dress of cold, disappointing is its stay.—  
 A deception on hill, hollow, and fosse!  
 A coat of thick steel,—an earth-breaking weight,—  
 A pavement larger than the grave of the sea.”

(*Palment mwy na mynwent mor.*)

It is dangerous for a foreigner to criticise particular lines in a poet of a strange language; but I cannot help remarking here that this last line strikes me as almost sublime. It brings out so vividly the immense tract of white barren snow and ice covering the whole surface of the land, large enough to be the gravestone of the sea. It reminds me of Keats' lines, though, of course, they contain a very different image to describe the same phenomenon, where he addresses the bright star in the wintry sky as

“Gazing on the soft white new-fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.”

Another of these odes, in which the grand and the grotesque are so curiously mingled, is Ode XLIV, which describes how Morfudd and the poet meet in the wood, but are frightened by a thunderstorm. In the opening of the poem he is serious, and I give a few of the lines where he describes the thunder by a succession of similes, as some of these are remarkable:—

" 'Tis a crash that all the world hears incessantly,  
 A hoarse bull shattering the rocks ;  
 Thunder which brings trouble to us,  
 Like the noise of arms in the sky beyond our bounds !<sup>1</sup>  
 I heard aloft (I retreated for fear)—  
 The giant voice of the trumpet of the beating rain,  
 A thousand giants raving wildly  
 From the chains of the constellations."<sup>2</sup>

These last two lines remind one of the grand verse in Job:  
 "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" which is generally  
 interpreted to mean "Canst thou loose the bands of the  
*giant?*", *Kesíl* or Orion being conceived as an impious giant  
 bound upon the sky. I have been often puzzled as to how  
 Ab Gwilym could have got this image. It could not have  
 been suggested by the passage in Job, for the Vulgate has  
 only *gyrum Arcturi poteris dissipare?* It must have been,  
 therefore, a casual coincidence. The rest of the poem falls  
 below the high level on which it began, and one is vexed to  
 descend to such lines as—"A red-haired witch shrieking  
 while shut up"; "An ugly hag clashing her pans"; or "The  
 breaking of old brewing-tubs".

A more pleasant example of these descriptive odes is that  
 delightful one to the broom (No. XLVII), which I shall quote  
 in Mr. Johns' translation. It is entitled "Y banadl-lwyn".  
 He first describes the grove of broom in its winter dress, and  
 then he foretells its glories in the next spring:—

" When May steps lightly on the trees  
 To paint her verdant liveries,  
 Gold on each thread-like sprig will glow  
 'To honour her who reigns below !  
 Green is that arbour to behold,  
 And on its withes thick showers of gold.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Virgil, *Georg.*, i:—"Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo audiit."

<sup>2</sup> Mil fawr yn ymlefydd  
 O gadwynau sygnau sydd.

Oh, flowers of noblest splendour,—these  
 Are summer's frost-work on the trees !  
 A field the lovers now possess  
 With saffron o'er its verdure rolled,  
 A house of passing loveliness,  
 A fabric of Arabia's gold,  
 Bright golden tissue, glorious tent,  
 Of Him who rules the firmament,  
 With roof of various colours blent !  
 An angel, mid the woods of May,  
 Embroidered it with radiance gay,—  
 That gossamer with gold bedight,  
 'Those fires of God—those gems of light !  
 Amid the wood their jewels rise,  
 Like gleams of star-light o'er the skies,  
 Like golden bullion, glorious prize !  
 How sweet the flowers that deck that floor,  
 In one unbroken glory blended,—  
 'Those glittering branches hovering o'er,  
 Veil by an angel's hand extended."

I will now give a short account of some of the more striking poems in Ab Gwilym, as this will give the best idea of the peculiar form of his poetry. It is impossible to divide his odes into classes ; they have at once too much likeness and too much difference to submit easily to any such classification. In one sense, they are nearly all specimens of the Provençal *chanso*, and a strong general similarity runs through them all ; in another sense, each has its own individual character, as Ab Gwilym has far too much overflowing originality to need often to repeat himself.

In XXXIX and LIV we have two poems on a mist which hindered him from keeping his appointment with Morfudd ; they more closely resemble each other than his poems generally do. I give a prose rendering of part of the first, as it is a good example of Ab Gwilym's volley of indignant epithets, when *facit indignatio versum* :—

" As I was going betimes to wait for her,  
 There sprang up a mist, a birth of the night ;

Cloud-mantles darkened the way  
 As if I had been in a cave.  
 All trace of the sky was covered,  
 A close mist arose reaching to the sky's vault.  
 Ere I had walked a step in my wandering,  
 Not a spot of the country could be seen more,—  
 No birch on the cliff, no border,  
 No hills, mountain, nor sea!  
 Fie on thee, great tawny mist,  
 Dark-brown cassock of the air,  
 Smoke of the ignis-fatuus of the pit,  
 A pretty habit thrown over this world!  
 Like an exhalation of the floor of hell, that far-off furnace.  
 Smoke of the world growing from afar;  
 High-topped spider's web,  
 Like a flood filling every place.  
 Thou art thick and greedy, father of rain,  
 Thou art its home, aye, and a mother to it;  
 Heavy blanket of bad weather,  
 Black web from afar, wrapping the world.  
 Unloved, ungenial crop,  
 Sea-calf hurdle between me and the sun;  
 Day becomes night, thou hurdle of drops,  
 Day in night, art thou not graceless?  
 Thick with snow aloft, covering the hill,  
 Grandfather of hoar frost, father of thieves!  
 Litter of January's abundant snow,  
 A conflagration of the wide air,—  
 Creeping along, scattering hoar frost,  
 Along the hills on the dry brushwood of the heath."

Another very characteristic poem is No. LXXXIV, called *Mawl i'r Eos*, but rather "The Nightingale and the Crow". The poet describes himself as wandering in Eytun Wood, and he comes upon a nightingale "on her soaring journey under a mantle of leaves":—

"Delicately she sings her first grave note,  
 The 'mean' and 'treble' in her toil;  
 The happy melody of a refined glad maiden,  
 Climbing through the branches, the bright cementing of love.  
 Valuable is her mention in Ovid,  
 Poetess, weaver in the trees,—



She is glad by day and by night,—  
A voice with no stammering, good, bright, and fair.”

As he hears her sing in her glade, it reminds him of a mass-service, a not unfrequent topic of comparison with him :—

“ The mass under the fair leaves  
Performed by the open air handmaid of love.

“ When behold, the cheerless raven on the tree-top,—  
Loud, rapacious, with its armful of flesh,  
Leading an assault, while spreading out her tail,  
Against the palace of the dear, bright russet bird.

“ Came the raven from some excursion aloft,  
An unprepared song compared with the other,—  
Resolute with three notes, no happy business,—  
‘Rain! rain!’ quoth the wretch from the bush!  
(“ *Gwlar, Gwlar*”, *medd y baw o’r berth.*)

“ She checked our supreme happiness,  
With her trailing feathers and her ready cries,  
Yea, she made the family party of the leaves,  
With the glorious nightingale on the sprays,  
Sadden yonder and grow silent,<sup>1</sup>  
With the brazen impudence of that black Jewess.”

The poet, enraged at the raven’s interruption, pours forth a volley of abuse against it, and ends by bidding it fly away to feast on the carcase of an ox lying on a distant field :—

“ The bird believed my words to be true,  
And I enjoyed from the glossy grey wing  
(Happy occupation!) voices which were better!”

In another Ode (No. CLXXXII), we have an adventure with a fox. The poet was resting under the trees, when he observed a fox at some distance :—

“ It made a set at me, to my shame,  
I saw him when I looked yonder,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Tennyson’s *Pelleas and Ettarre*,

“ And all talk died, as in a grove all song  
Beneath the shadow of some bird of prey.”

In shape like a monkey, I did not like his place,  
 A red fox—the dog's form is no friend of his,—  
 Sitting like a town-hog  
 Near its hole, on its haunch."

The poet aims his bow of yew at the intruder :—

"I drew my shot with cruel aim  
 Past the side of my face—wholly past—  
 Alas! suddenly flew my bow  
 Into three pieces—a cruel misfortune!"

Of course this mishap provokes him, and he proceeds to wreak his vengeance by abusing the innocent cause! In the midst of the torrent of abuse, the fox hears the sound of the hunters, and leaps down the rock and flies away in the far distance to escape his pursuers.

Another singular poem is one to which I have already alluded—the dialogue between the poet and his shadow. The poet represents himself as wandering in the glade and sheltering under a birch tree, when he sees, in the late afternoon, his own shadow stretched out in gigantic proportions.

The bard crosses himself at the sight of the spectre, and asks who it is. It answers :—

"Myfi—gad dy ymofyn,  
 Dy gysgod—hynod yw hyn!"

"Thus all nakedly to glide,  
 Gentle poet, by thy side,  
 Is my task, my heart's desire;  
 I have feet that never tire,  
 And am bound by secret spell  
 All thy wanderings to tell,  
 To espy each wile and art,  
 Fairest jewel of my heart!"

Ab Gwilym at once begins his usual storm of epithets. The exhaustless wealth of his vocabulary of scorn reminds one of Shakespeare's endless torrent of vituperation in the mouth of Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, or Timon in *Timon of Athens*. I have only time for a few lines as a specimen :—

" Whence, whence art thou, giant's child ?  
 Shape of darkness, huge and wild ;  
 Bald of brow as aged bear,  
 Bloated uncouth form of air ;  
 More like images that scud  
 Through our dreams than flesh and blood ;  
 Shaped like stork on frozen pool,  
 Thin as palmer (wandering fool !)  
 Long-shanked as a crane that feeds  
 Greedily among the reeds ;  
 Like a black and shaven monk  
 Is thy dark and spectral trunk,  
 Or a corpse in winding-sheet."

And so it goes on for more than a page, till at last the provoked shadow retorts by threatening its substance with a very *substantial* vengeance :—

" By my faith, if I were to tell  
 To some who know (something) this that I know,  
 'Tis a sure fate, ere the excitement had ceased  
 In Christendom, thou wouldst be hanging !"

I cannot help feeling that here Ab Gwilym missed his opportunity. The idea in itself is a most original one, and we can easily picture what a grand poem Keats or Wordsworth would have made of it. The idea of the gigantic and seemingly supernatural shape dogging the poet,—his personified conscience, as it were, accusing him of his sins,—might have furnished the material for a splendid outburst of imaginative poetry ; but it should not have been treated in a ludicrous spirit. It is at such times as these that we feel the truth of Goronwy Owain's criticism in one of his letters :—" Ab Gwilym was perhaps the best Welshman that ever lived for ludicrous poetry ; but, though I admire and even dote upon the sweetness of his poetry, I have often wished he had raised his thoughts to something more grave and sublime."

The only poet, as far as I remember, who ever had the same conception come into his mind, is the great Spanish dramatist, Calderon ; but he has treated it in a very different way. The passage occurs in the *Purgatory of St. Patrick*.

Ludovico Ennio has been for some time watching to kill an enemy; a cloaked figure continually crosses his path, and calls him by name, but, on his following, constantly disappears. At last, Ennio resolves that this strange intruder shall himself fall a victim; when he next appears wrapped in a cloak as usual, and addresses him by name, Ennio strikes at him with his sword, but wounds only the air. The figure retreats; he pursues. At last they re-enter in a lonely spot, and Ennio thus addresses him:—

“Cavalier, the street already  
We have left; if aught prevented  
There our combat, here we stand,  
Man to man, with none beside us.

“Since against thy frame my weapon  
Strikes in vain, I dare to ask thee  
Who art thou, strange being? Speak!  
Art thou mortal, spectre, devil?  
Still no answer! thus I dare, then,  
Cast aside that cloak of thine,  
And discover—

*[He pulls open the cloak and discovers a skeleton.]*

“God protect me!  
What is this? oh, fearful image!  
Horrid vision! mortal terror!  
What art thou, gaunt corpse, that, crumbled  
Into dust and ashes, still  
Livest?”

*Voice from the Skeleton.* “Know'st thou not thyself?  
See in me thine own resemblance—  
I am Ludovico Ennio!”

*[Disappears.]*

*Ludovico.* “Aid me, heaven! what do I hear?  
Aid me, heaven! what do I see?”<sup>1</sup>

Compared with this scene of Calderon, Ab Gwilym's light and wayward playfulness

“Is as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine.”

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<sup>1</sup> I borrow this translation from an old article in the *Monthly Chronicle*.

I have been rather severe on Ab Gwilym for his unworthy treatment of the splendid subject of the dialogue with the shadow; it is only fair that I should conclude with an ode where he has worthily treated a good subject,—I mean his beautiful and thoroughly characteristic ode to the woodcock (No. LXXII). It has never been translated into English before, and I therefore venture to give a version of my own:—

“ Good morrow, bird of gentle throat,  
Though thine’s at times an angry note,  
Bold plunger in the river’s wave,  
Or shall I call thee falsely brave?  
Light slender woodcock, tell me now,  
Whitherward bound thus fliest thou?”

“ The cold is keen, the frost binds fast,  
I, by my faith, am off at last;  
Far from my summer haunts I flee;  
’Tis the wild snow that hurries me;  
Cold winter scares me with its gloom,  
Its snowdrifts drive me from my home.”

“ Say not a word, but bend thy flight  
Where yonder lives my lady bright;  
The fiercest winds shall pass thee by,  
Safe in that sheltered sanctuary,  
Where gleam the waves beneath the hill,  
And the warm sunshine lingers still.

“ Bird of long beak, yet even there  
Are deadly perils to beware;  
Thy life is lost, if near thee go  
The fowler with his bolt and bow;  
Heed not his call, nor close thine eye,  
But from his wiles thy fastest fly;  
Let every bough thy shelter be  
From bush to bush and tree to tree.  
And if by chance some snare, concealed  
Beneath the trees that skirt the field,  
Should catch thee in its prison light,  
Be not too flurried in thy flight,  
But with thy strong beak boldly draw  
The horsehairs out that bind thy claw.

" 'Tis the old bird of mournful mood,  
 Who roams the glens in solitude ;  
 Rather do thou, bright wing, to-day  
 To Rhinwallt's bower pursue thy way ;  
 Bear to the fair-haired lady there  
 My secret anguish and despair.  
 And by St. Cybi tell me sooth,  
 If she still keeps her plighted truth.  
 Stay near and watch beside her gate,  
 And on her every movement wait ;  
 And to assist thee, songster mine,  
 I will reveal to thee a sign ;  
 She is a lady white as snow,  
 But just a wife, the more the woe !

" I love her every feature still,  
 Her image on the old green hill,  
 As much as in that vanished time,  
 Yea, more than in her maiden prime ;  
 O, make her love her bard no less,  
 Poor victim of her faithlessness.

" I waited in the frost ; more wise,  
 Another carried off the prize ;  
 Cold o'er me blew the freezing wind,  
 As I stayed waiting, left behind.  
 That proverb now too well I know,  
 Some wrecked hope's utterance long ago ;  
 ' I marked a forest tree my own,  
 Another's axe has cut it down ! ' "

There is a charming series of similar poems addressed to different animals whom he thus sends as his *llattai* to the poetical mistress who, in Provençal fashion, rules his song, if not his heart. Birds, beasts, fishes, all interest him ; we have poems to the lark, the seagull, the salmon, the swallow, the eagle, the trout, the swan, and the wind ; and every poem has its own peculiar touch. Thus, in that to the seagull we have a remarkable couplet, where he says :—

" Lightly thou fliest over the wave of the deep,  
 Like a piece of the sun,—a gauntlet of the sea ! "

In that to the wind, we have the line,—

“ The world’s bold tyrant, without foot, without wing ;”

and again, in that to the swan,—

“ A gallant work is thy horsemanship of the wave,  
To lie in wait for the fish from the deep,  
Thy angling-rod, beautiful creature,  
Is in sooth thine own long fair neck !”

But the time warns me that I must draw these imperfect remarks to a close. It is impossible, in a single lecture, to do more than point out some of the more prominent characteristics of this remarkable author; and I have especially tried to look at him, not merely as a great Welsh poet, but as a member of the wider community of European poets, influenced, like his contemporaries, by the great currents of thought and feeling which stirred his age.

I cannot, however, close without one remark especially addressed to the scholars of Wales. It is surely incumbent on them to prepare a critical edition of Ab Gwilym’s works. The two editions which we have, are not edited with any critical care; and a scholarly edition of the text, with the various readings of the oldest MSS., would be indeed prized by all who are interested in mediæval Welsh literature. Ab Gwilym abounds with hard passages and obscure allusions; but the best of all commentaries is a carefully edited text; for every student knows, to his cost, what it is to spend his strength uselessly in attempting to solve some enigma which at last turns out to be no dark saying of the poet, but some dull blunder of a scribe!

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## ON SOME CUSTOMS STILL REMAINING IN WALES.

BY THE REV. ELIAS OWEN, M.A., of Ruthin.

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CUSTOMS that date from Homeric days still remain in Wales. I well remember when my own dear mother was lying in her coffin, and I was gazing for the last time upon all that was mortal of her that was so dear to us all, that I was desired by one of the women bystanders to touch her forehead and to give her a last kiss, which I did. I was afterwards told by these women, that by so doing I should not be troubled by the spirit of her, whose spirit, I may say, was ever with her children when she was alive. I was not then aware that touching the forehead of the dead had its origin in ages long, long ago. It was some time afterwards that I found an allusion to a similar custom in the *Iliad*. Thus, in Book XXIV, line 712, 'Απτόμεναι κεφαλῆς of the departed was a custom even in those early times, and it remains in Wales to our days.

Another custom that prevails in Montgomeryshire in reference to the dead and is observed there, but I have never heard of it in other parts of Wales, is the placing of salt on the body when it is in the coffin. I forget the meaning of this, or rather the reason for so doing.

The night before a funeral, in most parts of Wales, a religious service is held in the house of the deceased, which at present is conducted as follows: a hymn is sung, a portion of scripture read, and then a prayer is offered up which is followed by a hymn, and alternate prayer and hymn follow for about an hour. This is how the *wake*, or *wylnos*, as the



service is called, is conducted by the Nonconformists; but when the deceased belonged to the Church, and the service is conducted by the Vicar or other clergy of the parish, it is usual for the officiating clergyman to give out the hymns and expound a portion of scripture, as well as to offer up the prayers both while opening and at the end of the service. All the friends of the departed, and neighbours generally, attend this meeting, and the relations never fail being present on this solemn occasion. After the religious service is over, the parish clerk, should he happen to be present, or someone else, announces the hour of the departure of the funeral on the following day. I need hardly say that tears flow freely at this meeting upon every allusion, should any be made, to the deceased, or even the singing of the plaintive hymn is enough to open the flood-gates of pent-up sorrow. Before separating, the friends of the departed take a last look at the dead, and go quickly home. Thus is the *wylnos* now held. But it was differently conducted a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago. An old friend of mine, John Evans, Llanrwst, as he was called, told me some fifteen or twenty years ago, that it was customary to invite some well-known singer to the *wylnos*, and it was expected that he would come prepared with an elegy, of his own composing, upon the deceased. This information, John Evans, who was about sixty years old when he told me of it, had had from an old man named Edward Prichard; and Edward Prichard told John Evans that he remembered an old man in Llandegai parish, who was in the habit of frequenting *wylnosau*, as a hired, or at least specially invited, singer; and he was expected by his song to comfort the relatives upon the sad occasion. The song usually described the departed's personal appearance and his many worthy qualities. It was, in fact, a lamentation over the dead—an elegy. This is also a very ancient custom. We find such a custom prevailed in the

earliest times, and bards and poets have vied with each other in singing of the great departed. But in Wales, so late as the last century, everyone had some one to speak a kind word of him or her who was no more. The poetry possibly was not very striking, but, such as it was, it was often enshrined in the memory. John Evans, whom I have already mentioned, repeated a few lines to me which had been uttered by the hired singers. In these lines reference is made to "the curly hair, and the yellow, grizzled beard" of the dead. In later times, I have heard of some lines sung at a *wylnos*, which I give, as an example of these productions of local poets. I have been assured that the words were actually sung at a place in Anglesey, where mats were, if they are not now, made. The lines run thus:—

"Baban bach sy' wedi marw,  
A'i dad ai fam yn crio 'n arw,  
Gobeithio bod o'n well ei gartre  
Na bod yn N..... yn gwneud mattie."

These lines express a hope that the baby, after whom the father and mother were crying, was better off where he was than being in N.....ch making mats.

There are various kinds of funeral offerings in Wales. I will mention some that have come under my own notice. There is, first of all, the offering made to the nearest relative of the departed. The neighbours, friends, and relations, send what is necessary for the meal which is given before the funeral procession starts. The presents are sent the day before the funeral. Then, on the day of the funeral, all those present place a coin on the coffin as it stands on the bier. This money goes to the widow. I have seen the offerings given to the relict as she sits by the fire-side, with her head covered with a shawl. This is done when offerings are not made over the dead. This way of showing respect for departed friends has its origin in ancient days. From Thucy-

dides it appears that a similar custom prevailed in his days in Greece. When describing the preparation for the funeral of those who had first fallen in the war, he writes (Book II, chap. 34), *καὶ ἐπιφέρει τῷ αὐτοῦ ἕκαστος, ἣν τι βούληται*. Hence it seems that in Greece there was a custom of presenting something to relations on the occasion of a funeral, that each one gave what he pleased.

There are, besides the offering now referred to, two others: the one made to the clergyman, the other to the parish clerk. These offerings occasionally are very large. I have heard of cases in which they have amounted to several pounds, even so much as £15. But this is a very exceptionally large offering, and is given upon the occasion of a well-known, greatly respected gentleman, whose funeral is attended by a large number of rich friends. Usually, the amount offered depends upon the social position of the departed. It is, consequently, sometimes very small, not reaching more than a few shillings, or even less. The offering to the clergyman is made in the church. The first to offer are those that are by blood or marriage connected with the deceased. These walk up to the communion table, and place their offerings thereon, and when they have reached their seat, then those present at the funeral go up in a stream; maintaining, however, a kind of order, the returning body walk on one side the aisle, whilst those who go up walk along the other side. In this way, confusion is avoided. In some churches there is a small flap-table attached to the rails that surround the communion, on which the offerings are placed. The offering to the parish clerk is made in the porch as the funeral leaves the church. Generally, a penny is placed on the plate which he holds, and for which he thanks the giver. At the grave he receives the offering of the relations, who retain their money until there. In some parishes, the parish clerk receives the offerings over the grave, on a spade. I knew an

old clerk who, when the offerings were small, would exclaim, "Ah! love is cooling, love is cooling!" I have no doubt he received many a sixpenny bit, lest he should say "Love is cooling".

There was a curious custom, which has disappeared in the life-time of the middle-aged, at marriages. It may be called, "Running for the wedding-cake". This custom was common in Carnarvonshire. Marriages used formerly to be attended by a large number of young persons: twenty couples, or more, used to march to church, and the churches were generally well filled with well-wishers, or sight-seers. A good number of young men were also present, but they presented themselves for the purpose of competing in a race for the wedding-cake. When the clergyman pronounced the young couple man and wife, these young men rushed out of the church to the house of the bride, and the one who first arrived there received the wedding-cake, which became his own. Sometimes this race was a long one, and many started as competitors. My old friend, Mr. Richard Parry, Plasuchaf, Llanllechid, told me that he once ran four miles against thirty young men, and won the cake. My friend told me that he was dressed on the occasion in breeches and brown stockings, and that it was at that wedding that he met his wife, and, added he, "We all got our wives upon such occasions".

The marriage party in those days sang hymns in church, and a marriage was a festal day. It was quite a holiday for young men and young lasses, and lustily did they enjoy its festivities.

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## L E T T E R S

ADDRESSED BY

LEWIS MORRIS (LLEWELYN DDU) TO EDWARD  
RICHARD OF YSTRADMEURIG.

(Continued from page 81.)

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TO EDWARD RICHARD.

“ Penbryn, December 21st, 1760.

“ DEAR SIR,—I have yours which came with the boys, who, ever since they came home, have been hard at work in copying, etc. ; so that, if I am able to bridle them in till their return, they will improve considerably in writing and common sense. They seem to take a pride in outdoing lads of their standing. When I wrote to you last, it was like a lucid interval. I have been since very bad, the fever lurking in my blood, and my head quite muddled. But a letter from Mr. Pegge last post has given me some life. He has answered the Teutonic letter as well as I expected, and seems to be a fair candid man, and a sensible man, except in pronouncing me a scholar, who am no more than a glow-worm, and you know it, who are better acquainted with me. I here return your catalogue, and shall send you something by way of filling up, or, as the masons say, *Cerrig llanw*. I also here return you Mr. Pegge’s *Octavus Casus* and Dr. Philipps’ letters. I am quite crazy in body, and fit for nothing, having not yet been out of the house since the 14th of November. I must take physic, etc., and bring myself low, in order to rise.

“ I am, yours sincerely,

“ LEWIS MORRIS.”

“ Penbryn, Jan. 24th, 1761, to the 31st.

“ Dear Sir,—My wife tells me she must, one of these days, send the boys’ shirts, etc.; and I, like a faithful correspondent, looked out immediately for paper and ink to keep to my usual way of crefu am glod, nid oes neb arall ond y chwi a rydd imi ddim.

“ It is as good as a cordial to my drooping spirits. There is nobody but you that tells me to my face (I mean of my acquaintance) that I am somebody, and I wish your letter was legible that I might show it to my wife, that she might also think so. Your last letter was such a scrawl, that really if I had not known it was sense, I could hardly make it out. But such is the pride of all great men, that there is hardly one of them that writes a legible hand. There is your correspondent, Dr. Phillipps!! In your next letter write your best hand, and tell me plain downright that I am a very clever fellow, and a wonder of a man, that my wife may read it; for she will believe that it is really so. Lewis XIV used to say, that no man was thought an hero by the servants of his bed-chamber; for when a person is seen stark naked, he looks but like another man. And if you were to see me naked, you would not take me to be either Witherington or Dafydd ab Gwilym. Well, once more I beg of you for a translation in Latin verse of the *ymdrech rhwng Llywelyn a’r peswch*.

“ I know, and am sure you can do it, so as to give life to the original. My children, when you and I are dead and gone, will divert themselves by the fire-side, of a long winter’s night, with the production of their father and master. And why should you be against such innocent amusements? P’le mae ’r Caniad a addawsoch chwi?

“ This poetical immortality is not to be despised; it raises an ambition to do greater things. Wele hai mae ’n rhaid imi bellach roi eli ichwi wrth eich llaw ddrwg.

"My old friend, Mr. Ambrose Phillipps, the poet, used to say, that sound wit and sense need no embellishments, and that nonsense, though wrote by a writing-master, would be nonsense still. This is a truth that wanted no proof; my own assertion would have been sufficient; but I heard this of a certain preacher, who used to prove out of the scripture that we must all die. So far I have filled up this paper without anybody's assistance; but here I must call to my aid all the old women in the neighbourhood, and have not a word more of my own to say, but that I am in great truth,

"Your most humble servant,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"P.S.—When the old women come you shall know what they say."

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"Penbryn, February 11th, 1461.

"Dear Sir,—I had yours of Monday morning, query, what month or year. Yes, yes; and I have also received Canu 'r bont.

"I had a poet at my elbow when I opened it, who, after I had read it, gave his opinion, that it was either one of Hugh Morris's songs, or one that imitated his manner very strictly. I wish you joy of Hugh Morris's *Awen*, and may it break out in flashes like phosphorus, till you quench it with ale as he did. I am obliged to you for the Doctor's packet of letters; were not you bewitched, when you sent him all my foolish letters, which I had wrote to you as a successor of Hugh Morris, the bard, and which were not fit to be seen by learned doctors? However, I am exceedingly obliged to the Doctor for his concern for a poor mortal on the point of death. He shewed a great deal of good nature and humanity, an uncommon thing in the country of Ceredig ap Cunedda Wledig. I have wrote at last to Mr. Pegge; and have shewed my wife your letter with your best hand, where you call me a

clever fellow, but, to my great confusion, what do you think she said? 'This is only a contrivance between you; I am sure you are not clever, and this correspondent of yours is not Mr. Richard, for he never wrote so good a hand, for I can read this, and no woman can read his, for his is full of Latin and crooked letters.' It was in vain to contradict her, and there the matter is like to stand. Hark ye, you need not be made of iron, like the King of Prussia, to enable you to translate his Conflict with the Hector of France.

"Do, pray you, that I may have a little praise under the shadow of your wing, for I am sure my Welsh verses will live if you make a Latin version of them. No, no; I am not on the top of the hill above you; I am in the valley below on the other side. I do not know where Mr. Pegge is, perhaps on the top of the Peak of Derby. We shall see bye-and-bye. You see, I am not ashamed to shew you my weak productions (and to crave assistance), though you are possessed of the spirit of Hugh Morris. But it is that makes you so stiff. Imagine yourself Richards of Llanvyllin for once. Dr. Trapp says he was the best Latin poet since Horace's time. Who more likely to be possessed of his *Awen*—by transmigration than his name-sake? And where is the poor fatherless muse to be entertained, unless you give her a lodging? The old man is gone, and has left her to your care. I wish you would leave her to my son, when you have done with her. Pooh, pooh! all my matter is gone; I have not so much stuff in me as will finish this paper with any grace.

"I have been moidered here with poets, musicians, and antiquaries for some days past, who have drained my understanding, if I had any, and woe is me that I have ever studied these things. Farewell till I recruit again, and believe me to be yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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“ Penbryn, March 11th, 1761.

“ Dear Sir,—Chwedl y Bardd Cwse : ‘Ar fore teg o Fawrth rhywiog, a’r ddaear yn las feichiog mi gymmerais ben yn fy llaw i ysgrifennu at un or dynion tewaf yn Ghymru, os gwir a ddywaid y bobl. Ie, oedd gwreigdda deimladwy gyda mi ddoe yn ciniawa ac yn trugarhau wrthoch ac yn cwyno drostoch.’

“ It is an unwholesome fat, meddai un. He is bloated, meddai ’r llall ; fe fydd marw o eisiau gwynt, meddai ’r llall ; gresyn oedd, meddai gwraig o Aberystwyth na buasai yn dyfod attom ni i farw. Gwae fi na fuasai yn dyfod attoch chwi i fyw, meddwn innau.

“ However it is, I wish you would be so good as to step over here to undeceive a body, and shew that you are not such a monster with a Saracen’s head, like Sir Roger de Coverley. Mae agendor fawr rhyngof i a chwi, fal na allaf i ddyfod hyd yna, byddai ’n hawdd i chwi ddyfod yma gyda ’r goriwared.

“ I have nothing new or strange to tell you, but that I have a new correspondent in Oxford, who, I expect, will make a good Welch poet, being a man of fortune and a scholar, with a strong inclination to understand our ancients. This very day I was told you had a scholar from Llañ Gollen, who was born a poet, and can hardly speak in prose ; pray, send me some account of him. This account came from Aberystwyth. You will be as noted bye and bye for breeding of poets as Gruffudd Hiraethog was in Queen Elizabeth’s time, or as Mr. Williams of Pont-y-seiri is for breeding of sheep and wild horses. I have also some thoughts of taking the spawn of a poet into my service to keep the old British custom. These wild thoughts have led me I do not know where, and I had almost forgot the chief errand of this letter, which is to borrow the boys for the holidays, and I do hereby

covenant, promise, grant, and agree, that they shall return when their mother thinks it convenient. The fireside takes me up intirely. I am neither fit for grafting, planting, nor the desk. I am under the discipline of the fygydfa, night and day; in some parts of North Wales it is called, Y Minnau rhag gormod o hono.

"I have had a letter from Mr. John Jones of Hertfordshire, a sensible, ingenious man. A correspondent of mine is about publishing the natural history of the birds of Britain, and wants the Welch names of birds. If you will take the trouble of writing down the Welsh names of birds in your neighbourhood, I shall be obliged to you; I may possibly meet with an uncommon name among them.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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"Penbryn, 26th March, 1761.

I should reckon it a sin against the rules of correspondence to suffer these lads to return without their credentials along with them, and their mother tells me they must go in a few days; therefore I must set my letter in the stocks, so that it may be ready to be launched when they go. I have hardly time to talk with them this bout, so that I do not know whether they have improved anything since Christmas or not. I warrant you expect some fire or spirit in this letter, because it comes from a warm Dyffryn, and because you mistake our smoak and fog here for fire. But, alas! I know, to my sorrow, that fogs and mists are not warm, and when you consider that I am here encompassed with six of my own children, and having another in the loom just coming out, you cannot well expect either warmth of body or mind, for both are drained of their spirit. Do not you really long to be in my condition, capable of leaving this kind of immortality behind you? Well, I will tantalize you no more

(Talu tân),—but wish you a wife and six or seven children, though perhaps you choose the business of making poets, rather than making children. Your pupils made me very merry the other day; you know as well as I do, that they cannot express themselves in any language. I asked them about your poetical pupil, whether he made any verses, and whether they could recollect any of them? ‘Na fedrwn i (said they) ond fe fydd meistr ag yntau yn gwneuthur Prydyddin (meaning Prydyddiaeth) bob nos wrth y tân’.

“I asked if there were any women with them, ‘na fydd yno neb ond Modryb Gwen a’r forwyn’; well, this is excellent, ‘gwneuthur prydyddion heb help merched’. Now I am upon the subject of gwneuthur prydyddion, pray has your pupil the qualifications of a modern Welch poet, fel i gwypir a ellir prydydd o hono, chwedl Statut Gruffudd ap Cynan?

“Is he in raptures with a cup of good ale? Does he prefer his own works to any of the ancients or moderns? Doth he despise all other languages and learning? Doth he affect low company and greedily swallow the praises of tinkers and cobblers? Would he get out of bed to sing with the harp, as Gronwy used to do when with me? Is he naturally inclined to buffoonery, dirty language, and indecent expressions? These are the standing characteristics of a modern Welch poet, and are a kind of excrescences which must be lopped off in the mouthing of him. And then, perhaps, you may lead him on in the plan of Virgil, the great and modest. What have I been doing all this while? Teaching a master rider to ride the great horse. Dysgu i mam ferwi llymru. Wele hai! mi dawa finnau am heno, mae fy llygaid i yn ddarn-gauad, a’m pen i yn yscafn wrth besychu, felly nos da ’wch.

“Eich gwasanaethwr,

“LEWIS MORRIS.

“Tuesday, 31st March.—Last night I had a line from Evan

Williams of Gargoed, signifying that his son John is to be buried to-morrow. As very likely you will be going to the funeral, and as I should like my boys also to go, I would be glad if you would restrain them from going to the house, for such a violent fever may likely be epidemical, which tender youth are very apt to catch. However, their mother is very anxious on that head, whatever may be my opinion ; I long to see your poet in embryo, it is an uncommon bird."

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" Penbryn, April 17th, 1761.

" Dear Sir,—I received yours yesterday by way of Aberystwyth, though signed on Monday, the misfortune of cross posts. I am obliged to you for the Englynion by Simon Jones, which gives me a better notion of the person's parts and abilities than if whole volumes had been wrote by others to describe him. You do right to check his Welsh *Awen*. It should be tied down till he is a tolerable proficient in the Latin, for without Latin he cannot understand the great master of our language and poetry, John David Rhŷs—without he had the opportunity of reading abundance of our ancient poets in MSS., which would do as well. But he will never make any proficiency in our language or in our poetry without the help of John David Rhŷs, or those old MSS. from whence the old Doctor picked his flowers. I find the young man hath fire and good stuff in him, but, like a rough diamond, there are but few that can distinguish between him and *Carreg lwyd y rhych*, for want of being polished. A jeweller in London had a stone in his show-box which he took to be a pebble ; an ingenious Jew came by and asked him what he would take for that rough diamond. ' I will not dispose of it at present,' said the jeweller, and upon trying it on the wheel it turned out to be a diamond of immense

value. Even so your pupil will, when he is polished. He must not meddle with Welsh poetry till he is master of orthography, otherwise he will build upon sand. To convince him of this, I will insert here a few errors in orthography in his Englynion and title. Oudd should be wrote Oedd; ddaith read ddaeth; Chefrol read Chwefror; Canlin read Canlyn; Clowes read Clywais; Ieithodd, cenhedlodd, read Ieithoedd; a madrodd read ag ymadrodd, and that spoils the poetry; Clws read tlws, which spoils the jingle; Saesnaig, etc., read Saesneg, etc.; Bygeiliaid read Bugeiliaid; blain read blaen; Cynhwyllin read Cynhwyllyn; ddiwisgill read ddewiscall; Cyfnewydiog read Cyfnewidiog; escis read escus; Signo read Sugno; deliau read diliau; i gyredd read gyrraedd; Ame read Ammau; Caere read Caerau; drwi read drwy; llyfre read llyfrau; nau read na'u.

"As for errors in synwyr and cynganedd, I shall not touch upon them at present; it is sufficient to show that the foundation should be at least good upon which all the structure depends. With much to-do we drove off the ague from Jack, but it will return again if he catches cold. The quotidian which he had was of the worst kind, and hardest to fight with. I intend to-morrow for Cardigan, and hope they will send the boy with this to you on Sunday. Mr. Pegge is a fair and an honest correspondent; I cannot as yet spare his letters. I must have Lewis home to copy them, for fear of accidents, for they are valuable. We are gone no farther than Copenhagen, for some authors lately published there; dyna ddynion yn chwilotta! ni adawant gornel o'r byd heb ei hedrych.

"My service to the Eginyn Bardd, and you may tell him for his encouragement that he will make an excellent Welch poet by and bye, if he lays it entirely by for the present, and lets it take a nap. He need not fear its growing

rusty ; it will rise with fresh vigour, when it has dreamed a little about the ancients. I heartily wish you well,

“ And am, sincerely yours,

“ LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“ Penbryn, April 25th, 1761.

“ Dear Sir,—Though I cough without ceasing, and can hardly hold my pen, and have not one perfect idea of anything in my head, owing to this excessive flux on my lungs, I cannot help striving to write to you, in hopes to squeeze from you an answer, which will give me some relief, which is a kind of food to a relaxed spirit. Besides, I am like a cask filled with new liquor, ready to burst for want of vent. Who is fittest to hear my complaints and to administer relief but the guardian of my family, or the tutelar God of my chimney. I told you in my last, which I sent by Jack, that I intended to go to Cardigan. I did so, in order to appear for my friend, and with a view of meeting with a person perchance of my own taste. Adar o'r unlliw a ymgasclant i'r unlle.

“ I knew that about half the gentry in these parts of Wales were to assemble there at the election, and I had a good chance of picking up either a mathematician, a naturalist, or an antiquary. These arts are in England reckoned the necessary qualifications of a gentleman. But, O my countrymen, how are we fallen! You are a curious man, and want to know the event of my researches. I will tell you. After the strictest enquiry, and now and then dropping my bait, I met with nothing in the world but Bambalio, Clango, Stridor, tarantara, murmur, not so much as a piece of a Welch poet to be seen or heard of, no manner of relief to a weather-beaten muse, except I had been a duck, everybody's view seems to have been the wetting his bill. Much offended with

the men and place, I returned homewards, and took leisure enough to observe the country, a shocking prospect of poverty and idleness, neglect and ignorance. What have I now to say, but God deliver us from all this veil of darkness.

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

“The letter-carrier sets out, or else I would have told you what I met with, as well as what I did not meet with. I hear nothing of our friend Evans’s success or otherwise; let me know if you have any account of him.”

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“Penbryn y Barcut, May 1st, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—You are always in my debt a letter or two, though you have an army of writers at your back to assist you. Cannot you tell or command one of the meanest of them to answer my trifling letters, since you cannot spare time yourself? If it had not been for the coldness of the weather you should have been pestered with more of them. But I am so chilly that I cannot sit above three or four minutes together, so you may thank the weather for that. Why did not you let me know whether it was proper to send a horse for the bard? Perhaps you expected a Cywydd, as that from William Cynwal to Sion Tudur i geisio benthyg Rhys Gryther. But my vein for Cywydds is all spent, digon o waith imi yw gwneuthur pennill trwscl gwirion.

“Naturalists, when they meet in their travels with a scarce or curious plant, especially a nondescript, immediately send to all their correspondents an account of it; in like manner I cannot help letting you know that in my road to Cardigan I met at Llannarth a thing in the shape of a man, designed for a poet, and containing very good stuff, if he had fallen into good hands to be remodelled. He hath travelled, he hath seen St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey, and hath sung to

the King, God stand with his Grace (Duw safo gyda 'i Ras), though he never saw him. He hath read our polemical writers, he hath Stackhouse and Tillotson at his fingers' ends, and he showed me a printed paper, called by some a ballad, wherein he answers the queries of a certain Welch clergyman about predestination and free will. The poetry is tolerable, and the matter excellent. When I showed him some incorrectness in the style, and some faults in orthography, he immediately swallowed it by wholesale, O nid rhaid i chwi ddywedyd gair ychwaneg; mi a'i gwelaf fy hun.

"He would stand a quarter of an hour in one posture, like the statue of the gladiator at Mr. Sylvanus Bevan's, and make an excellent figure, though by trade but a little slender shoemaker; he is not above fifty years of age, and his intellect's very strong, therefore may be licked up into the form of a poet with little trouble; he is known by the name of Evan Thomas, y Crydd a Phrydydd. So much for this piece of curiosity. How long am I to keep the boys at Whitsuntide? I have heard nothing yet from our old friend Evans; dyma hwb etto, gwedi bod yn peswch ag yn heppian uwch ben fy mhappur.

"Sleep is not only a resemblance of death, but is real death, and hath its resurrection, like the other. Who knows how often we are to transmigrate after this manner? We are no eternal beings, and I suppose immortal no farther than we are upheld by our Maker. But we shall know more of these things when we are stripped of this body of flesh. Now I think of it, I send you enclosed Evan Thomas's ballad; pray return it me when you have perused it. My garden calls me out; it wants seeds of flowering plants, etc. So farewell at present.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS."

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“ Penbryn, May 20th, 1761.

“ Dear Sir,—I sit down with my pen and ink in hand, not because I have anything to write to you, but because these young chaps are like to set out to-morrow for Ystrad Meurig, where they long to be, since they are not allowed to play ball here, and because they are obliged to run on errands, and are often told they are fit for nothing but to make shepherds and miners. Pray, have you heard anything of our friend E. Evans? I wonder Llan Badarn is not supplied with a vicar before this. From this paper I was called to dinner, where I acted the glutton on a rock-fawn (*alias* pastai myn gafr), a dish which few of the greatest men of England ever see on their tables, and, in my opinion, excelling all their dainties. This continent is the great chain that holds the world together. Llyn Teivy trout, and some sauce out of Horace, is, with you, the most savoury dish in the world. Our constitutions are fitted for the food the country affords. The Hudson Bay Indian, with the same goust, drew the bladder through his teeth, which had held his train oil, as a Londoner would devour an Ortolan. I have no news to give you. I am sure I am not to live long, for even scribbling is become a pain to me; several times have I been obliged to get from my desk since I began this scrawl. Old age and infirmities of several kinds have laid a siege to me, and it is probable that even the capital must surrender soon; then, farewell. I wish you all the happiness that the climate affords, and I wish for a little warm weather to make my cough easier. Here is an old Pennill full of nature; pray, turn it into the same verse in Latin:—

‘ Blodau ’r flwyddyn yw f’ anwylyd,  
Ebrill, Mai, Mehefin hefyd;  
Llewyrch haul yn t’ wynnu ar gyscod,  
A gwenithen y genethod.’

"This is but a small boon I ask ; and yet I see you shrug your shoulders, and endeavour to find an excuse for your laziness. Good night to you ; God be with you.

"I am, yours sincerely,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"I was favoured lately with the company of a mountain poet, who prided himself on being a wanderer like the ancients. He is known by the name of Hugh Jones of Llangwm ; he is truly an original of the first order, and worth seeing, hath a natural aversion to Saxons and Normans, and to all languages but his own. 21st. My journal (diurnal) continues ; a windy day, inclining to be stormy. The mother will not suffer the sons of her youth to go to-day, lest they should be lost in Rheidiol, on which a bridge is wanted more than at Rhyd Vendigaid. Besides that, she wants them to go and fetch home some geese and goslings, which are better eating than Ovid's *Epistles*, and such dry food. 22nd. A very stormy day, as variable as wind can make it,—as changeable as a woman, except in this case there is more bad than good. I have this day got from Ireland a curious treatise on the *Ancient State of Ireland*. The author nameless ; nor can I guess who it might be. He strikes out several new lights on the history of the British Isles. Why have not we a dissertation of that kind ? We have ten times more matter than the Irish have ; but we are all lazy like you, that pretends to be dead.

"Yours once more.

"Dublin : Printed by James Hoey for the Editor, Mr. Michael Reilly. 1753.

"23rd. This, I hope, is the last codicil to this letter ; for, notwithstanding all our resolution, it was carried by a great majority of the house, that the expedition should be put off

till to-morrow, when, by general consent, the Castle of Ystrad Meurig should be beseiged in form, and battering engines are provided accordingly.

“Yours again and again.”

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“Penbryn, June the 5th, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—I thank you for yours, which, like all your letters, is full of life, wit, and spirits, and you shew more in denying that you have any, than others when they stretch their utmost to shew you it. Let a fine girl affect to wear a dish-clout for a handkerchief,—she will still be a fine girl; but let me and others of the low species of mortals plume ourselves as much as we can, we are still but common stuff, without life, without energy, without edge. Well, since I know you expect some matter in this letter to keep up a correspondence, and for you to work upon, I herewith send you a packet of as much sense, wit, and humour, as I have been able to find in North Wales. It is a Ca . . . up . . . on a dark grey horse, by the name and title of Evan Evans or Ieuan Fardd ag Offeiriad. Make much of him, and take as much out of him as is necessary for you, to save me the trouble hereafter to pretend to write anything like wit or sense to you. Cannot you take a bellyfull that will last you a twelve month? perhaps I may not live longer than that. Then, between you be it. I have not a syllable more to say. All my store is drained; but, however,

“I remain, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, June 13th, 1761.

“Dear Sir,—I have been struck with the palsy some time ago, and am in a very bad way. The fever hath left me; but, as I gather strength, the bad symptoms increase. It is a doubt with me, whether ever I shall recover. God’s will

be done; He hath given, and he takes away, and doth as He pleases with His own creatures. I wish you health and happiness.

"Yours,

"LEWIS MORRIS.

"If I grow worse, I shall send for the boys."

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"Penbryn, August 3rd, 1761.

"Dear Sir,—The great shock that I had lately from a fit of the palsy, hath brought me so low that I recover but very slowly, and another stroke like this would finish me. God knows how soon that may happen, as I am on the decline as well in years as constitution. The situation of my poor children has given me a good deal of uneasiness, and under these circumstances the method I have taken in the education of my boys that are with you, will by no means do hereafter; for I can never foresee that classical learning will bring them in this country any livelihood under their mother's management after my decease. But some insight into accounts and the arts requisite in the busy scenes of life, may make them, with the assistance of their friends, fit to be clerks in offices, or something that may get them a bit of bread under the tyrants of this world. I am, therefore, determined to send them immediately to some school to attempt to learn writing and accounts, and, if I recover this stroke, I intend to bring them afterwards to you, to ground them in the Latin tongue, which may be of use to them. But all our schemes are wild, and have no solid foundation, for God disposes of works as he pleases, after a most surprising manner. I send by the bearer £12, to pay for the boys; their year is up, I think, about this time, or will be soon; and if there be anything remaining for books, let me know, and I will send it you. Let them come home with the bearer, that I may fit them out for their intended journey, which must be where the

mother chooses. The frequent returns of some of the symptoms which the palsy hath left behind it, makes me expect a relapse, so that I am, in the language of this world, within a clearer view of Eternity and those glorious, glorious regions of immortality, than those whose eyes are dazzled with the lustre of temporal things; and it is impossible for me to express to you the satisfaction I had in a late glimpse of it, which I am certain was far from enthusiasm. God be with you and yours.

“ I am, yours sincerely,

“ LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“ Penbryn, Nov. 7th, 1761.

“ Dear Sir,—The accounts you have, that the folks at Penbryn are in health and high spirits, are far from truth. Here is neither health nor spirits, nor any thoughts or hopes of ever tasting of either of them. My constitution is not only broken, but ruined. A ride I took lately in order to defend my property against the attacks of a tyrant, hath, instead of helping my health, shattered it. I cannot sit to my pen a quarter of an hour together, nor can I fix my eyes on a book for half that time, but am taken with a vertigo; so that the dread of an apoplectic fit gives me some uneasiness, and would drive me distracted, if I was not thoroughly convinced of the goodness of my great Preserver and Maker, who best knows when to dispose of me. The whole world seems to me a well-regulated family, governed by its great Father, and though we are not sharp-sighted enough to see the use of what we call evils, yet they have certainly their proper places in the management of the whole, and the day will come that we shall see that plainly, which we see now but faintly. Some beings are placed low in the scale of felicity, for what reason we do not know; and some are seemingly near the top of the ladder. Are those below placed there, that they

may have the more pleasure to climb up? These things are too deep for my weak understanding. You inquire after the progress your quondam scholars make. Very little, I am afraid, in the languages; but they have improved greatly in their writing. No; not so able an instructor in languages as yourself, nor to be compared; but if I have an inclination to make my children chimney-sweepers, they have no chance to learn that art in your school, and they must learn it when they are young. I am glad you have read Camden's *Britannia*, which will enable you upon a second reading to open his wounds to the quick, and they should be seared with hot irons. This is the great oracle of the English, and is swallowed without chewing, because the pill is gilt. Take off the gilding and you will find sad stuff under it. The design was great, the structure magnificent, but the performance or execution poor and shabby, notwithstanding that it was covered with great learning and industry. But the case is, the foundation was bad, and truth has suffered to serve a national pride. The memory of the ancient inhabitants is endeavoured to be darkened, and their names obscured, and every shadow of occasion is taken to revile them and their writers and noble actions in war, while the conquerors and rulers are cried up when there is scarce a colour for it. It will be better if you can come at Gibson's translation of Camden's Edition in 1607 (I think), for there he has flourished much more than in the first edition, 1586, which you have. I long to hear from my friend Evan Evans, how he goes on with Nennius, and how he stands with the Barrington family. I hope they will give him a lift at last to some purpose. There is a new edition of Nennius made at Copenhagen. I want to send him an account of it. But I am not sure my direction to him is right. My memory is prodigiously impaired since my being attacked with the palsy, and since my cough and asthma have gathered strength. The messenger

goes, and I must close my letter, and defer what I intended to say to another opportunity, and can only tell you that

“I am, yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, March 27th, 1762.

“Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 16th, which came to my hands just now, gives me a great deal of pleasure, when I reflect that one worthy man of uncommon sense and understanding covets my correspondence. Surely, says I, there is something in me which others see, and I do not. Upon my word, I cannot find what it is that is worth notice. I look back and see nothing in all my actions but vanity of vanities, not a solid act or deed among them. Trifles, flights, and wild vagaries, owing to a superabundance of spirits that kept no bounds. In the body’s evening, the soul perceives the dawning of common sense, and as one weakens the other grows stronger. I have done thus far half asleep, and just escaped a fall. Why do not you say something about my song and hymn (quoth he)? I will give you my opinion frankly, but do not shew it to anybody, or else we shall fall out, for there are people wicked enough to persuade you that my remarks are owing to ill-nature, because you write better than me; keep it to yourself, and we shall agree well enough. Both your *Songs on the Bridge* are excellent South Wales songs, exceeding everything I ever saw done in that country, had they but one ingredient, which is purity of diction. The misfortune is, and a great loss to the world, that you understand the ancient Greeks and Romans better than the ancient Celts and Britons. The *Songs of the Bridge* would have outdone the best things of Hugh Morris, if you had been correct in the language; but still, I say, for South Wales songs, they bear the laurel. I am not so nice as to measure all poetry

by North Wales rules and grammatical exactness. I know that these countries, which were formerly different Principalities, had also different dialects, industriously kept up, to know the natives by. If South Wales men had wrote grammar, we should have proper plural terminations instead of, an, etc., etc., and abundances of licences of the like kind. But now, in strict writing, it is otherwise, because in South Wales they busied themselves in fighting more than writing. Besides, the British of South Wales is notoriously mixed with English, and, as the children learn it of their mothers, they transmit it to their children. Who can help all this? This has given their poets a language distinct from North Wales and Powysland, which in Prydydd y Bont hath outshined everything. A surly critic would ask how *dyn athrist* could be *dyn didrist*. I confess it staggered me a little at first, until Tom Pryse, who was better versed in the South Wales dialect than I was, told me that *tristo* was to trust, as *belongo* to belong, etc., etc. It is true that in this dialect the poet has a greater scope for rhymes than Hugh Morris took; but the pictures here are stronger and far better drawn than any of Hugh Morris's; but so much as the South Wales poet was better acquainted with the learning of the Greeks and Romans, who certainly were the greatest masters that way. I took off my pen and found myself, unawares, launched into the sea of criticism, and now let me go out of it as well as I can. I need not tell you that song writing is a modern thing, in imitation of the English and French, and Hugh Morris is the only writer of ours that ever shone in it. He has taken some liberties with the language which the writers of the 24 *Mesurau*, did not dare to broach, for fear of an excommunication, and, as he is the standard of song writing, being born before us, so, like Homer, he will keep his ground with all those little blemishes. But, certainly a man may possibly write even a good song in good language; and you would have



done it had you studied your mother's tongue more, by reading the ancients that excelled in that knowledge. Some of the blemishes in your song are these: Tanbed, for tanbaid; lli, for llif; adre, for adref; pentref, made to rhyme to crysau; cafan and dafan, for cafn and dafn; causay Angl., causey; gefel, for gefail—the plural is gefeiliau; eiff, for â; hynny, made to rhyme with Teifi; trwscwl, for trwscl; dafan, for dafn; co, for cof; carnedd and mwynedd, for carnaidd and mwynaidd; cregin, for cregyn; diwedd ar y gân gyntaf; yr ail gân; clywed, made to rhyme with ochenaid; crynnu and Teifi, made to rhyme; bennydd and cywilydd, made to rhyme with deurudd and cystudd, in strictness should not be, though Hugh Morris shews the way; pentref and eistedd, rhyme with hossanau; pantane, for pentanau; dolau and cartref, eithin and eirin, with aderyn and brigyn—an excellent pennill for all that; cegin and cardottyn; bonheddig and tebyg; cafan, for cafn; pared and llymmaid; gweiniaid and arbed; trwyddi and i foru—excepting these little blemishes in dialect, I give it as my opinion, that I know no songs equal to these two. The boys are well, and I send for them to-morrow or next day. I am obliged to you for your kind enquiry after them; the post (an old woman) is very surly and will not stay; so farewell.

“Yours sincerely,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

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“Penbryn, May 29th, 1762.

“Dear Sir,—Yours of the 12th hath given me infinite pleasure, for I always thought you above writing criticisms, and that you looked on our authors as not worth looking into, when, in the meantime, you are better acquainted with the prince of song-writers (Hugh Morris), than ever I was in my life, and can see his imperfections as well as his excellencies, which few men can do. You have taken more pains with him than ever I did, though you are pleased to attribute

much to me ; and no wonder you shine so much in *Caniadau'r Bont*, when you had such a pattern in your eye. I am still of opinion, as far as I can trust my memory, that Hugh Morris is the first song-writer in our language that copied Nature, or that wrote anything tolerable. Sion Tudur, William Cynwal, William Llŷn, and the rest of the writers of Queen Elizabeth's age, were, in a manner, strangers to it. And I do not remember to have seen anything in the shape of a song till the merry reign of Charles 2nd, about which time song-writing began to sprout, in imitation of the English and French, and all good, substantial Cywydds and Awdlau (Odes) about that time hid their heads. It is true Hugh Morris wrote a little in the time of Charles 1st and Oliver, but it was very loose and incorrect, and I suppose you have hit upon some of his youthful pieces in the picture you drew of him. There is also an allowance to be made to merry, jocose, light subjects, in which a prudent mixture of languages looks pretty enough. I admit song-writing to be of very ancient date in all languages, and I do not except the ancient Celtæ, whose bards did certainly make use of it. But the Britons fell into a kind of heroic poetry when we came to be Roman provincials, which was new modelled by Gruffudd ap Cynan, and, as it were, religiously followed till the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it began to dwindle, and song-writing occupied its place soon after, much in the taste we have it now, though not in that perfection. This is the light I see things in ; perhaps you see them through better glasses, and I am sure you have better eyes. Now, since I see you allow of great liberties in song-writing, nay, even claim them as your own undoubted right, not only as an ancient nation, but as descendants from Troy, I will venture to lay one of these funny songs before you for your approbation, and in expectation, I warrant you, of a little perfume. The subject is a particular friend of mine, a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxon., who,

according to the laws of the College, durst not marry without losing the benefit of his Fellowship, and also losing the chance of having a fat College living, which he has waited for these 30 years. At last, about two years ago, a rich benefice fell to him at Nutfield, in Surrey, and he soon took to him a wife in that neighbourhood, which action of his, in his old age, produced the inclosed song. The loss of him in Anglesea is a very heavy one, for he was a real good man, gave freely to the poor, and shined in good works. I never ventured upon Hugh Morris's long, heavy measures; they are too laborious for me. A little Triban, or short-winded double couplet, is the utmost of my ambition in song-writing. I hate slavery and imitation. The D——l owed me a grudge, as well as Parson Ellis, and he, or somebody, inveigled me to suffer Hugh Jones of Llangwm to publish my foolish productions in verse, which he is now doing in London by subscription for his own benefit, together with the works of Gronow Owen and Hugh Hughes. When that wise affair comes public, O! how I shall be torn to pieces by critics! then will be the time for such a strenuous assertor of *Licentia Poetica* (poetical licence) as you are, for I am sure I shall want a defender. Was I not a weak fellow for running the gauntlet for the diversion of the public, when I might have died in peace with some little character in poetry, had I kept the fool within? O! fie upon it! how happened this weakness? Dear Sir, if you knew how troublesome it is to me for to write, you would excuse me, and not expect a long letter, and there are few men in the world (I do assure you) that I would take pains to write so much for their diversion, for what is all this but to raise your spirits, and to make you laugh heartily, to see a man without the gifts of nature or art in any perfection, endeavour to please one of the most accomplished scholars in his country; but, for all this, believe me to be, your obliged friend and servant,

“LEWIS MORRIS.”

## THE EISTEDDFODAU OF 1878.

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EISTEDDFODAU are multiplying and becoming ubiquitous. Two have been held during the present year, and with fair success: one at Porthaethwy (Menai Bridge) in August, and one on English ground at Birkenhead in the month of September. We would we could record improvement in the conduct of the business of the several days; but that consummation, though devoutly wished for, has yet to come. The adjudications were, perhaps, more condensed, and consequently less wearisome than heretofore. But the great evil of too many prizes of a trifling value, not only exhausted the patience of the audience, but aided to increase the already too abundant worthless compositions which the Eisteddfod fosters.

There was a decided improvement in the choral singing at both places. The competitions for the great prize at Birkenhead were marvellous feats—almost perfect. If literature has not advanced, music and song have made rapid strides towards the highest excellence. We except, of course, from this roll the higher literary prizes, such as that of the Chair Prize at Birkenhead, which produced a poem worthy of the occasion.

To chronicle the whole work of the Eisteddfod would be little more than the reiteration of what has been said of previous gatherings. It is amazing how determinedly the bards keep to the old ways. As we look back on the several Eisteddfodau held at Pwllheli, Wrexham, Carnarfon, Menai Bridge, and Birkenhead, they seem, as in a dissolving view, to blend or rather melt into one another, so that no distinct

impression of any one is left on the retina of the mind. This sameness of character and of action offers no high promise of continuing success. In fact, it points out a want, the supply of which can alone make the Eisteddfod prosperous and enduring—an elected governing body to control its operations. This was admirably pointed out in an earlier number of *Y Cymmrodor* by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Until it is done, the Eisteddfod will be held here and there at random; obsolete performances will be continued *usque ad nauseam*; and the most devoted patriot and lover of the institution grow weary of its horse-in-the-mill iterations.

The Chairs at both places were efficiently filled—at Menai Bridge by Richard Davies, Esq., M.P.; Morgan Lloyd, Esq., M.P.; Lewis Morris, Esq. (the author of the *Epic of Hades*); and the Lord Bishop of Bangor. The several addresses by the Presidents were worthy of themselves, and of the Eisteddfod.

We have no room for them in *Y Cymmrodor*. But there are circumstances connected with the appearance of Mr. Lewis Morris that must not be passed by.

The great-grandson of Llewelyn Ddu o Fon, whose bardic compositions have become almost household words on the lips of the Welsh people, and whose antiquarian and philological researches were positively marvellous in a century when neither of these sciences had as yet emerged out of its early and rudimentary state, Mr. Morris's presence at the Eisteddfod bespoke for it a new life. We could almost fancy that the shade of his honoured ancestor hovered over the chair on which his descendant sat, to cheer and to welcome him. But this is not all; Mr. Morris has already raised himself to fame by his own brilliant exercises in the arena of song. As the Poet Laureate, in increasing splendour and glory, descends toward the horizon, Mr. Morris's achievements point him out as the light which rises in the eastern sky to illumine

and cheer us in the coming time. For the honour of Wales we pray that it may be so.

Mr. Morris was enthusiastically cheered on rising to address the audience. Having thanked them for the kind manner in which he had been received, he said there were a great many reasons why he should not come to the present Eisteddfod. He was conscious that he had never attended an Eisteddfod before, and this, together with the fact that he was but partially acquainted with the Welsh language, were some reasons why he should not attend. On the other hand, there seemed to him very good reasons why he should put aside all such objections, and come amongst them that day. One reason was, that great honour had been done him by requesting him to take the chair; though this might not have been a sufficient one to win him from habits of seclusion. He came there, feeling that honour was done to his great ancestor, Llewelyn Ddu o Von, and his great friend the illustrious poet, Goronwy Owain. If this be the true view of the reason why he came there, perhaps it might not be out of place for him to give a short sketch of the Morrises of Von. They were, in the beginning, in comparatively humble circumstances, and had but few educational advantages offered them; but yet they all attained very considerable eminence. William Morris, who was Comptroller of customs at Holyhead, was a very true friend of all Welsh poets, and had a very large collection of Welsh manuscripts; and any appeals made to him for literary support, were, he believed, never refused. Richard Morris, his brother, was a more distinguished man. It was he who revised the Welsh Bible and Prayer Book. As regards the Welsh version of the Bible, he was well aware that it formed the main literature of their country; and apart from its sacred character, he thought there was no Welsh book more admirable as a literary work than the Welsh Bible. He was also the founder and president of the

Cymmrodorion Society in London, of which he (the president) saw before him a most active member in the person of the Rev. Robert Jones of Rotherhithe, a Society, which he was glad to learn, had recently revived. In coming to Lewis Morris, he thought he might say, without exaggeration, that he was one of the most thoroughly accomplished men that Wales had ever seen. They, no doubt, had heard how varied his attainments were. They also knew that, as a hydrographer, he was very eminent indeed, and it was only yesterday that he (the speaker) was informed that the charts made by Lewis Morris for the Admiralty were now in use on these shores. As a mineralogist, he was one of the most eminent men of the day, and succeeded in accumulating a very great fortune for others, although he (the President) was sorry to say that he accumulated no fortune for himself and descendants. It was Lewis Morris who discovered, and worked under the Crown, the great lead mines of Cardiganshire. Another fact, perhaps not generally known, was this,—he should not have known it himself had he not read an essay on his life, which obtained a prize in the Eisteddfod of 1874,—that Lewis Morris was the first to set up a press for printing Welsh books; and although, perhaps, such an undertaking did not pay in those days, it was a very noble effort on his part in the cause of Welsh literature. There was another very interesting fact connected with this matter. The Rev. John Wesley—a name dear to many there, and who, he had no hesitation in saying, was a saint, if there ever was one—was once passing through Holyhead, but was there detained by contrary winds, and could not get to Ireland. That reverend gentleman, therefore, utilised his time by writing two tracts, for the purpose of benefiting the Welsh people, and these were probably printed at Lewis Morris's place at Holyhead. Again, in the principles of natural science, Lewis Morris was one of the best teachers of the day, and not only that, he

was also a very eminent philologist, and corresponded with many of the leading philologists in Europe. But, of course, all these things did not give him the claim for that honour which he possessed. He was a bard, and a popular bard—who might be called the “Burns of Wales”—and his songs were all remembered up to the present day. He (the speaker) did not know of anyone who did not remember the song, *Morwynion Glân Meirionydd*. Having read the first stanza, the President went on to say that it bore all the characteristics of a good popular song, and as such it was well known and sung everywhere where Welshmen congregated. But even this, he thought, did not give to him the great and one claim to honour which endeared him to his countrymen. It was because he and his brothers were, through their lives, patrons and helpers to the unhappy Goronwy Owain, who was, beyond doubt, the greatest poet of Wales. He (the President) was familiar with the fact that Lewis Morris and his brothers had been of very great assistance to Goronwy Owain; but he never knew until he read the life of Goronwy Owain, now being issued by the Rev. Robert Jones, of the great generosity and constant care which those three brothers seemed to manifest towards him during his chequered and gloomy career. It was a remarkable fact, that Goronwy Owain appears to have corresponded but rarely with anyone except these brothers. When Goronwy wanted advice or assistance, he seems to have resorted immediately to them. What he asked of them that day was to draw the moral from the fact that those men, who have been dead this last century and a half, were still living influences in this Wales of ours. As a descendant of one of these men, he felt as if he were coming home on visiting Anglesey. He felt familiar here. His small reputation had preceded him there. What did this really mean? It meant this—that a true and strong feeling of patriotism and national unity still existed. It pleased



him to think that there still existed a nation which was full of patriotism. He ridiculed the conclusion arrived at by some classes that the Welsh nation and its language were rapidly declining. What he advised them to do was to make the best out of their language in its connection with the Eisteddfod. He thought this Eisteddfod of theirs was a most entertaining festival. There were two sides, of course, to the Eisteddfod. The one was the recreative side, and the other the educational side. The recreative side was very well carried out, and he had thoroughly enjoyed it on that and the previous day. Every nation had its own way of amusing its people. The Greeks had their Olympian games, and he was tempted to think they must have been very much like the Eisteddfod. The English also had their games. Having entertained the audience by reading an account of the manner in which a section of the population of London enjoyed themselves on Bank Holiday, the President said he was very glad that the hardworking people of London had thus enjoyed themselves by witnessing the performances of clowns, and others; but would anyone say that this was a more rational amusement than the amusement afforded in the Eisteddfod? Looking at the educational aspect of the question, he ventured to suggest the advisability, as was referred to on the previous day, of connecting it with the educational system of the country, by offering prizes in the elementary schools. This, no doubt, would produce very good results. There was one thing which he thought ought to be, and could be done. It was his great privilege to attend a meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, when a lecture was delivered by Mr. Gladstone—whom he was sure all there respected—it was his privilege, he said, to listen to a lecture by him on the history of pottery in Wales. Mr. Gladstone had described to them a particular manufacture of pottery called “Swansea Pottery”, which was some years ago in great favour, but had now become quite extinct. The

most curious thing was, that the Swansea plates were bought in London for ten guineas. He asked why this art had been allowed to decay? It would be a very fair question for the promoters of their Eisteddfodau to appoint a committee, or something of the sort, to try and find out whether there were in Wales the possibilities of reviving this neglected art. He advocated the affiliation to the Eisteddfod of a Social Science Department, and expressed his belief that, if this were done, a greater future would await that institution. In concluding, he again begged to thank all for the exceedingly kind reception accorded him, and for the honour conferred upon him by inviting him to preside that day; and if they asked him to come at any future time, he would come again (loud and prolonged cheers).

It was to-day that Professor Rhŷs of Oxford delivered an address full of practical good sense, commingled with keen criticism on many Eisteddfodic proceedings. Severe as some of his strictures were, the audience, as well as the persons against whom his fulminations were hurled, received them with becoming approval. Mr. Rhŷs spoke with fervour and eloquence.

“Mr. Llywydd, Boneddigesau, a Boneddigion,—Y mae wedi bod yn beth lled gyffredin i ddyn wrth gyfodi i anerch y Cymry mewn Eisteddfod ymgymeryd â seboni ei wrandawyr a gwneuthur a allo i feddalu eu penau a'u gyru i feddwi o hunanfodddhad. Yn ol pob ymddangosiad, barn y cyfryw ydyw mai gwirioniaid ydym, ac mai gwastraff amser fyddai ymresymu â ni fel pobl yn eu hiawn bwyll; a gellid meddwl mai eu harwyddair ydyw geiriau y Saeson ar y dydd cyntaf o Ebrill: ‘Send the fool further.’ Yr wyf fi yn benderfynol o'r farn mai anmharch ar y Cymry yw hyn, ac nid wyf yn teimlo unrhyw rwymanau arnaf i osgoi llwybrau pwyll a synywr cyffredin wrth ymdrechu eich anerch. Dygwyddodd i mi ychyd-

ig amser yn ol gyfarfod un o brif haneswyr a beirniaid y Saeson, a thrôdd yr ymddiddan ar y Cymry a'r Eisteddfod, pan ofynodd i mi paham yr oeddwn mor ffol a gwastraffu amser i fyned i Eisteddfod, a pha ddiben oedd i mi ddyfod o flaen pobl na wrandawent ar ddim ond canmoliaeth wag iddynt eu hunain. Felly cefais gyfle i'w argyhoeddi fod y bobl gyffredin yn Nghymru yn llawer mwy deallgar a hoff o lenyddiaeth na'r un dosbarth o Saeson; ac mai bai y gaubrophwydi sydd yn ein plith ydyw fod llif-ddyfroedd gweniaith a ffolineb yn ymdywallt ambell dro oddiar lwyfan yr Eisteddfod; ond, ar y llaw arall, fod pob gwrandawriad mewn Eisteddfod i bob un sydd yn amcanu gwneuthur lles i'w wrandawyr, hyd y nod pe na byddai ei eiriau yn felus a hyfryd iddynt ar y pryd ai peidio. 'A phaham,' meddwn, 'y soniwch am ffolineb Eisteddfodol: nid oes amser maith er pan ddygwyddodd i mi fod yn bresenol mewn cyfarfod a gynhelid yn mhentref prydferth Llangollen gan gymdeithas henafiaethol o Lundain oedd wedi dyfod i lawr i lewyrchu yn nhywyllwch Cymru, ac ar air a chydwybod nid wyf yn meddwl ddarfod i neb o archynfydion yr Orsedd Eisteddfodol lefaru nac ysgrifenu dim yn ystod yr ugain mlynedd diweddaf a ddaliai ei gymharu o ran ffolineb âg un o'r traethodau a wrandawyd yn astud gan y gymdeithas ddoeth a dysgedig hono. Bernwch drosoch eich hunan,' meddwn, gan fy mod yn dygwydd gwybod fod y chwinc Sais-Iuddewig sydd yn ymledaenu yn Lloegr yn poeni ei ysbryd er's blynyddau—'bernwch drosoch eich hunan: y testun ydoedd tarddiad cenedl y Cymry o offeiriaid eilunaddolgar y brenhin Omri, un o olynwyr Jereboam fab Nebat, yr hwn a wnaeth i Israel bechu.' 'Rhaid', eb efe, 'fod Cymry glanau y Dyfrdwy yn ddynion gwahanol iawn i Owain Glyndwr a'i gydoeswyr i fedru ymatal rhag llabyddio â meini y fath nythed o loerigion haner Iuddewig'.

“Ond nid dyna ddiwedd yr ymddiddan, canys aethum yn

mlaen i ddangos iddo fod yr Eisteddfod yn rhan o hanes y Cymry, ac yn dal perthynas agos âg addysg lenyddol y genedl : a dyna y pynciau y carwn siarad ychydig am danynt wrthy ch ar hyn o bryd. Un o brif nodweddion yr oes neu y ganrif hon ydyw, mai ynnddi y darganfyddwyd neu y gosodwyd seiliau amryw o'r gwyddonau mwyaf pwysig a blodeuog, yn enwedig y rhai cymhariaethol sydd yn ymwneyd â hanes yr hil ddynol, neu ryw ganghenau o'i hanes, megys ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol, a'r dull cymhariaethol o efrydu chwedloniaeth, deddfau, ac arferion gwahanol genhedloedd. O'r rhai hyn, y bwysicaf â'r flaenaf ar y maes ydyw ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol, ac un o brif gasgliadau ieithyddwyr yr oes ydyw y ffaith fawr a gydnabyddir gan holl ddysgedigion y byd fel y cyfryw, y gellir, y tu yma yn mhell o ran amser i ddechreuad yr hil ddynol olrhain gwahanol genhedloedd y byd i nifer bychan, mewn cymhariaeth, o darddiadau neu gyffiau. Un o'r rhai hyn yw y cyff Semitaidd, i'r hwn y perthyn yr Iuddewon a'r Arabiaid. Un arall yw y cyff Ariaidd, neu Ind-Ewropaidd, i'r hwn yr ydym ni yn perthyn : y cenhedloedd sydd yn perthyn agosaf i ni ydyw y Llydawiaid, y Gwyddelod, a Gaeliaid Ucheldiroedd yr Alban—perthynasau go dlodion, fel y gwelwch ydyw y rhai hyn, ac o ganlyniadd bydd ar rai gywilydd eu harddel. Ond y mae genym ni berthynasau eraill sydd yn well arnynt yn y byd, canys brodyr i ni o'r un cyff Ind-Ewropaidd ydyw y Saeson, er nad mynych y crybwyllir hyny mewn Eisteddfod, gan mai arfer rhai ydyw cymeryd arnynt mai gelynion i ni yw y Saeson, yr hyn sydd wedi rhoddi achlysur i'n cydgenedl y tu arall i Glawdd Offa i ddychymygu mai lle ydyw yr Eisteddfod i feithrin bradwriaeth ac anfoddogrwydd. Brodyr i ni hefyd ydyw prif genhedloedd y Cyfandir, megys y Ffrancod, yr Italiaid, y Groegiaid, a'r Sclafoniaid ; ac y mae i ni frodyr yn y Dwyrain, sef yr Armeniaid, y Persiaid, a'r llwythau mwyaf gwareiddiedig o'r Hindwaid.

“Ar ol i ieithyddwyr brofi mai i'r un cyff cyntefig y perthyn y'cenhedloedd a enwais, a bod eu hieithoedd, er gwaethaf eu holl amrywiaeth, yn dwyn olion diymwad o'u tarddiad cyffredin, awd yn mlaen i chwilio am olion cyffelyb yn eu chwedlau, eu harferion, a'u deddfau, a buwyd mor llwyddiannus yn y cyfeiriad hwn fel y gellir erbyn hyn ddywedyd fod y fath ganghenau o wybodaeth yn bodoli a chwedloniaeth gymhariaethol a deddfyddiaeth neu arferiaeth gymhariaethol. Ceir, er engraifft, fod yr un elfenau yn treiddio drwy chwedlau a chwedloniaethau y cenhedloedd Ind-Ewropaidd o ddyfroedd y Ganges hyd lynoedd yr Iwerddon. Yn yr un modd ceir fod yr un pethau yn nodweddu deddfau ac arferion cymdeithasol yr hen Gymry, y Gwyddelod, y Saeson, y Sclafoniaid, ac eraill o'r un cyff, a bod hyn i'w olrhain i'r un ffynhonell batriarchaidd yn y cynfyd pell.

“Ond heb fyned i fanylu ar y pynciau yna, deuaif i lawr at yr hen Gymry o fewn y cyfnod hanesyddol: gellir dywedyd am danynt y byddai eu llysoedd yn cyfarfod, nid yn unig i gospi troseddwyr, neu i benderfynu materion arianol, ond y byddai eu tywysogion yn arferol hefyd, o bryd i bryd, o gynal math o sesiwn, ar ol rhybudd digonol, i benderfynu pwy oedd yn addas i'w hystyried yn addysgwyr y genedl yn y gwahanol ganghenau o wybodaeth oedd mewn bri yn eu plith: yr enw wrth ba un yr adwaenom y sefydliad hwn ydyw yr Eisteddfod. Gyda golwg ar gyfansoddiad y llys trwyddedol hwn, yr oedd ei gyfansoddiad yn bur syml: y tywysog oedd â hawl ganddo i'w alw yn nghyd neu i gyhoeddi Eisteddfod, oedd y pen, ond cai ei gynorthwyo gan bersonau cymwys a phrofedig yn y gwahanol bethau yr ymorchestid ynddynt. Nid wyf fi, wrth hynny, am awgrymu y dylasai pobl y Borth yma aros a disgwyl heb Eisteddfod nes y buasai i Ardalydd Mon weled yn dda gyhoeddi un a llywyddu ynddi. Y mae yr Eisteddfod, fel pob sefydliad arall er gwell neu er gwaeth, wedi ymwerinoli yn ddirfawr er yr amseroedd niwliog â eilw anfoddogion yr

oes hon yn 'good old times;' pa fodd bynag, gwelwch ei bod yn rhan o hanes y Cymry, er y canlyn o hyn nad gwiw disgwyl am fawr o wybodaeth na hysbysrwydd am ei dechreuad. Ond heblaw traddodiadau lled hen, y mae genym hanes gweddol gyflawn am yr Eisteddfod a gynhaliwyd yn Aberteifi yn y ddeuddegfed ganrif, dan nawdd yr Arglwydd Rhŷs. Hwyrach nad hysbys i bawb o honoch fod yn yr Eisteddfod hono ddwy gadair—un i'r bardd buddugol ac un i'r cerddor goreu. Pa bryd a phaham y deuwyd i'r penderfyniad y gallai y cerddor wneuthur heb gadair, nis gwn; ond digon tebyg fod rhywbeth a fynai cythraul y canu â'r mater. Hwyrach mai gyru y cerddor i syrthio allan â'r bardd a wnaeth, ac i hwnw, dan nawdd Ceridwen, ddymchwelyd ei gadair am byth.

"Er hyny, mae yn lled anhawdd gwneyd allan i drwch y blewyn pa faint o farddoniaeth a pha faint o gerddoriaeth oedd yn Eisteddfod Aberteifi, o herwydd fod y gair 'canu' yn ein gadael mewn amheuaeth. Y rheswm am hyny, yn ddiau, ydyw mai peth diweddar, mewn cymhariaeth, yn mhlith y Celtiaid ydoedd canu neu gerddoriaeth leisiol, fel peth ar wahan oddiwrth lefaru, neu ganu yn yr ystyr farddonol o'r gair: ceir awgrymiad o'r un peth yn mysg y cenhedloedd Germanaidd, gan mai yr un ydyw tarddiad y geiriau *Seisnig say* a *sing*. Nis gall fod amheuaeth nad offerynol ydoedd y gerddoriaeth gyntaf yn mysg y cenhedloedd o'r cyff Ind-Ewropaidd, gan y gwyddis oddiar seiliau ieithyddol fod tânau yn cael eu defnyddio gan y llwyth o'r hwn y deilliant a hyny ar adeg foreuol pan nad oedd eto na Chymro na Sais, na Groegwr na Hindw. Ond am y math o offeryn tânau a elwir genym ni yn delyn, nid oes genym lawer o'i hanes, llai mewn gwirionedd nag am y crwth. Eto y mae lle cryf i gasglu fod y delyn yn hen iawn yn mysg y cenhedloedd Celtaidd, gan y gellir cyfeirio yn ddiddadl at air o'r un tarddiad â'n gair ni, telyn, yn iaith rhai o'r cenhedloedd Sclafonaidd y clywsom

gymaint am danynt mewn cysylltiad â'r rhyfel diweddar: os felly, mae yn bur debyg fod rhyw fath o delyn yn cael ei defnyddio yn mhlith ein cyndeidiau ni amser maith cyn iddynt gyrhaedd i'r gorllewin i olwg Ynysoedd y Cenhedloedd.

“I ddychwelyd at Eisteddfod Aberteifi, yr ydys yn cael fod talentau Cymru, yn y ddeuddegfed ganrif, yn gorwedd yn debyg fel y maent yn y bedwaredd ar bymtheg; gŵr o'r Deheu a farnwyd yn fuddugol fel cerddor, a Gogleddwr a gafodd y gadair farddol. Llawn o fiwsig a chanu yw bechgyn y Deheu o hyd, a hwyrach eu bod yn tueddu i redeg yn ormodol ar ol cerddoriaeth, ac i esgeuluso pethau eraill, ond nid wyf yn bwriadu ymhelaethu ar y pen yna, gan mai wrth Ogleddwyr y mae genyf yr anrhydedd o siarad ar hyn o bryd. Eu perygl hwy, y Gogleddwyr ydyw addoli yr awen yn rhy fynych, ond teimlaf fod hwn yn bwnc sydd yn gofyn medrusder mawr i'w drin. Ar y naill law, ni fynwn er dim ddywedyd gair o duedd i ddigaloni neu ddigio unrhyw lanc a fyddai yn debyg o dyfu i fyny i brofi ei hun yn olynnydd teilwng i Oronwy Owain ac yn un o brif feirdd Cymru, ag y byddai yn golled i'n llenyddiaeth fod heb gynyrchion ei athrylith. Ar y llaw arall, mae yn berygl na bydd yma yn fuan nac afon na nant, na mynydd na thwmpath, wedi eu gadael i feirdd y ganrif nesaf i gymeryd eu henwau oddiwrthynt gan gymaint y gofyn sydd am danynt i ddiwallu uchelgais beirddion bychain dirifedi yr oes hon. Ac ymddengys i mi y gallai geifr, ceiliogod, llwynogod, a lloi Cymru benbaladr ymdaro yn lled gyfforddus am oes yr iaith Gymraeg ar a gawsant eisoes o englynion; a gobeithio fod englyn deg a chwech y Wiwer ddoe yn gorphen y rhestr. Nid yn unig mae lle i ofni fod llawer o'r mân bethau milodaidd hyn heb ryw lawer o deilyngdod barddonol, ond fod llawer o'u cyfansoddwyr yn rhy brysur yn hannos a hela cydseiniaid i gael amser i ddarllen a diwyllio eu meddyliau; gormod o awydd sydd arnynt i osod

ar gân yr hyn a wyddant i gael hamddeu i ddysgu yr hyn na wyddant ac felly parhant drwy eu hoes, fel ceffyl mewn chwimsi, yn troi byth a hefyd yn yr un man. Hwyrach fod pob Cymro yn brydydd ar un adeg yn ei oes, sef pan fydd yn teimlo 'yr iasau byw sy 'n dyrysu'r bardd,' a phan fydd ei galon yn dechreu agor yn y cyfeiriad carwriaethol. Ond bydd gan rai ddigon o synwyr cyffredin i ganfod nad ydynt yn debyg o ragori fel beirdd, a byddant yn cael nerth i anghofio yr awen gyda'u cariad cyntaf; ond y mae yn eglur fod eraill yn aros yn y cyflwr bachgenaidd a difarf yna drwy gydol eu bywyd, er mawr benbleth i feirniaid eisteddfodol a golygwyr newyddiaduron a chylchgronau Cymreig. Nid oes dim, efallai yn peri mwy o ddigalondid i ewyllyswyr da yr eisteddfod na gweled cyn lleied, mewn cymhariaeth, o ymgeiswyr fydd yn ymafael yn y testynau rhyddieithol sydd yn gofyn darllen ac ymchwiliad. Y mae yn gystal genyf i a neb weled awdl neu bryddest dda, ond ymddengys y mân farddoni diddiwedd yma yn beth mor ddigrifol a chwithig i mi a gweled llawws tref yn troi allan i chwythu *soap bubbles* neu i bysgota penbyliaid.

"Ond hwyrach fod ar law yr Eisteddfod wneyd rhywbeth i ddwyn oddiamgylch agwedd wahanol ar bethau yn y cyfeiriad yma, ac ymddengys i mi fod pwyllgor yr eisteddfod hon yn haeddu llawer o glod am yr amrywiaeth sydd yn eu testynau; un o'r rhai sydd genyf yn neillduol mewn golwg ydyw y traethawd ar 'Olion a thraddodiadau henafol Ynys Mon.' Eisiau mwy o destynau fel yna y sydd, a mwy o amser i gyfansoddi arnynt, ac i'r wlad gael ei pherswadio na wobrwyr oni bydd teilyngdod, neu ôl ymchwiliad a llafur ar y traethodau. Os rhyw ddeg neu ddeuddeng mis o amser a roddir, dylid peidio rhoddi gormod o faich i'r un cystadleuwyr.

"Er engraifft, gellid gwneuthur amryw destynau o'r un hwn, megis (1) Traethawd ar gromlechydd a henafiaethau



cyffelyb Mon; (2) Un arall ar gaerydd ac olion amddiffynfeydd yr ynys; (3) Traethawd ar hanes eglwysi Mon; (4) Casgliad o enwau lleol rhyw ran o Fon; ac y mae hwn yn destyn o natur y busai yn ddymunol ei gefnogi yn mhob eisteddfod nes dihybyddu y defnyddiau; (5) Casgliad o chwedlau a hen goelion sydd heb fyned ar ddifancoll o'r ynys: mae eu hanes yn rhan o hanes yr hil ddynol, ac nid rhaid i neb edrych yn gilwgus ar y sawl sydd yn cofnodi pethau o'r fath, gan na bydd hyny, cyn belled ag y cyrhaedd, ond moddion i wneyd i'r rhai sydd yn credu ynddynt gywilyddio, os oes pobl o'r fath i'w cael yn Mon heddyw; (6) purion hefyd fuasai gwobr am Ddesgrifiad o feddfeini henafol yr ynys: hwyrach nad oes un o bob cant yn y gynnulleidfa hon wedi clywed erioed son am gareg bedd y brenhin Cadfan yn Llangadwaladr, ger Aberffraw, ac nid yw hono ond un. Nid oes ond ychydig fisoedd er pan ysgrifennodd un o'r hynafiaethwyr sydd yma yn beirniadu ar y testyn y soniais am dano, hanes darganfyddiad arch a gafwyd yn y Rhuddgaer, gyferbyn a Chaernarfon, yn dwyn enw rhyw un o'n cenedl ni oedd yn gynefin yn amser y Rhufeiniaid, neu yn fuan ar ol eu hymadawiad oddiyma, ag ymddangosiad gwyneb 'Mon a'i thirionwch'. Pe byddai angen am destynau y tu allan i'r cylch dan sylw, purion peth fyddai cynyg gwobr am Draethawd ar neillduolion y Gymraeg fel y siaredir hi yn Mon, a buasai yn ddymunol iawn pe dewisid testynau o'r fath yn fwy cyffredin yn rhanau eraill o Gymru.

"Yr wyf yn crybwyll y pethau hyn fel yn perthyn i ddosparth o bynciau cymhwys iawn i gael lle go fawr yn ein heisteddfodau. Y mae pob modfedd o wybodaeth leol o'r fath y gellir ei chasglu yn Mon, neu unrhyw ran arall o Gymru, o ddefnydd a dyddordeb neillduol i efrydydd y gwyddonau cymhariaethol y cyfeiriais atynt eisoes, a gwaith da fyddai dwyn yr eisteddfod i gysylltiad byw ag un o symudiadau mwyaf pwysig yr oes, sef yr ymgais a wneir o bob cyfeiriad i daflu goleuni ar hanes boreuol gwareiddiad yn y rhan hon o'r

byd. Byddai hyny yn foddion i roddi bywyd newydd yn yr hen sefydliad drwy greu mwy o ddyddordeb yn yr ieuenctyd yn haues eu gwlad. Arwynebol iawn ydyw llawer o'r sel y bydd rhai yn cymeryd arnynt ei deimlo mewn pethan yn dâl perthynas â Chymru; pa faint, er engraifft, o'r bobl sydd yn arfer crochlefain, 'Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg', sydd yn barod i wneyd rhywbeth tuag at goledd yr iaith ac at gyflwyno i oesoedd i ddyfod allweddau llenyddiaeth y Cymry? Hwyrach y cawn weled cyn hir, canys yr ydys yn deall fod y Cymro hybarch a dysgedig Daniel Silvan Evans wedi cysegru rhan fawr o'i oes i gasglu ynghyd ddefnyddiau at wneuthur geiriadur cyflawn o'r iaith a theilwng o'i roddi yn nwylaw ieithyddwyr y wlad hon a'r Cyfandir; y mae y gwaith ar ben, a'r peth nesaf yw ei gyhoeddi, ac y mae yn debyg gan fod hyny yn gostus y byddir yn apelio at y Cymry am eu henwau fel tanysgrifwyr. Gobeithio fod rhif y rhai sydd yn caru y Gymraeg mewn gwirionedd, ac nid ar air yn unig, yn ddigon lluosog i alluogi yr awdwr llafurus i ddwyn ei waith mawr drwy y wasg, onide bydd yn rhaid iddo, mae yn ddigon tebyg, aros heb weled goleuni dydd hyd nes y cyfodo oes mwy goleuedig a hoffach o weithio na gwneuthur trwst a lluchio llwch i'r awyr.

"Ond cyn y gellir disgwyl rhyw lawer o les o'r eisteddfod, bydd yn rhaid cael diwygiad mewn amryw bethau; yn mhlith eraill rhaid cael mwy o drefn ar gynhal eisteddfodau a mwy o gysylltiad rhyngddynt â'u gilydd, modd y galler cyhoeddi'r testynau mwyaf pwysig yn nghynt nag y gwneir yn awr. Gyda'r eithriad o Eisteddfod Gadeiriol Mon sydd yn cael ei chynnal yn rheolaidd bob blwyddyn, ac un neu ddwy arall hwyrach, nid oes na threfn na chylch ar y cyfarfodydd hyn, ond eisteddfod y fan yma ac eisteddfod y fan draw ar draws eu gilydd, nes y mae yr hen sefydliad mewn perygl o gael ei wneyd yn fath o geffyl pren i gwacyddion lleol. Bydd pobl o bell yn synu yn aml pwy a ddichon fod wedi

deor y meddylddrych fod yn angenrheidiol cynhal eisteddfod yn y lle a'r lle, yn y mis a'r mis, ond byddir yn fynych yn cael lle i gasglu mai nid prif bwnc y pwyllgor fydd cefnogi llenyddiaeth a dwyn allan dalent, yn gymaint a hudo pobl at eu gilydd er clod a gogoniant i lenor dimai a bardd cocos y lle, ac er lles i dafarnwyr yr ardal a pherchenogion gwelyau gweigion. Naturiol i rai felly feddwl mwy o gael rhyw reffyn o Sais i ddifyru y llawws & rhigymau y mae segurwyr *Music Halls* y brif ddinas wedi alaru arnynt, na gweled gwynebau y Cymry sydd wedi bod drwy eu hoes yn llafurio er dyrchafu eu cenedl mewn llenyddiaeth, cerddoriaeth, a phethau eraill sydd yn addurn i genhedloedd o wareiddiad uchel.

“Ond pa fodd y gellir gwneyd pen am rith eisteddfodau o'r fath? A pha fodd y mae rhwystro y neb a fyno i gychwyn Eisteddfod? Y mae y feddyginiaeth yn bur syml ac yn hollol yn llaw y wlad, o herwydd anaml yn y rhan hon o Gymru y byddai i neb anturio cyhoeddi eisteddfod, oni fyddai iddo yn gyntaf gael gan foneddigion y gymydogiaeth addaw swm digonol o arian i warantu dygiad yr amcan i ben. O ganlyniad dylai y rhai a fyddont yn myned i danysgrifio chwilio i foddolourwydd pa beth yw diben yr Eisteddfod a'r perwyl yr amcenir yr elw a all ddeillio o honi iddo. Ond y mae yn hollol wybyddus nad yw hyn yn ddigon, canys pa beth sydd i rwystro ffurfiad pwyllgor, y byddo pobl ddiegwyddor yn y mwyafrif ynddo, ac iddynt ranu arian y cyhoedd rhyngddynt eu hunain yn rhith talu am amrywiaeth o wasanaeth i'r genedl nes y byddo cynyrch arianol yr anturiaeth wedi myned yn ddim neu y nesaf peth i ddim. Nid son yr wyf, deallwch, am bethau posibl ond anhebyg o ddigwydd, er na byddai yn ddymunol blino pobl Mon sydd yn arfer dwyn eu heisteddfod yn mlaen mor anrhydeddus a llwyddianus, a hanes pechodau pobl eraill. Y ffordd i ragflaenu y drwg y cyfeiriaf ato ydyw, i'r wlad beidio tanysgrifio heb gael sicrwydd digonol ar y penau canlynol. Yn gyntaf, mai amcan yr Eis-

teddfod y bwriedir ei chynnal yw cefnogi llenyddiaeth a phethau eraill o duedd i ddyrchafu y genedl. Yn ail, fod y dibenion y bwriedir defnyddio cynyrch arianol yr Eisteddfod atynt yn hysbysedig rhagllaw. Yn drydydd, fod personau cymhwys wedi eu penodi i edrych drwy gyfrifon y pwyllgor ac i chwilio i briodoldeb eu treuliadau. Yn bedwerydd, ei bod yn ddealliedig fod y pwyllgor yn rhwym o ddychwelyd eu harian i'r tanysgrifwyr os ceir na bydd y cyfrifon y fath ag y gall yr *auditors* eu pasio. Rhyw delerau fel yna, ond wedi eu gosod allan mewn dull cyfreithiol a diamwys, a fuaswn i yn gynyg, ac os na cheid gan bwyllgorau Eisteddfodol eu derbyn, yna bod iddynt hwythau fod heb ddimai goch o arian tanysgrifwyr. Wrth gwrs ni byddid felly yn gosod un rhwystr ar ffordd y neb a ewyllysiai danysgrifio heb delerau yn y byd i wneyd hyny, os byddai arno awydd i ddangos ei gymwynasgarwch i bobl dda Tref y Cacwn, neu pa le bynag y dygwyddo yr yspryd rhith-eisteddfodol fod yn trwbllo, fel y dywedir; yn unig, bydded yn amlwg iddo na bydd drwy hyny yn gwneuthur dim yn uniongyrchol i gefnogi llenyddiaeth y genedl, a bydded yn ddealliedig i bawb mai Eisteddfod Bara a Chaws trigolion Tref y Cacwn ydyw, ac nid Eisteddfod Genhedlaethol y Cymry. Oni cheir rhyw drefn fel hyn ar gylch yr Eisteddfod yn Nghymru bydd i oreugwyr y genedl droi eu cefnau arni a'i gadael i suddo i ddirmyg ac anfri.

“Ond hwyrach y dannodir i mi nad ydyw yn werth y drafferth i ni ddiwygio yr Eisteddfod er mwyn creu mwy o ddyddordeb yn y genedl mewn efrydiau o natur henafiaethol, gan nad oes iddynt bris arianol na marchnadol; ond dyna yn union y rheswm eu bod mewn perygl o gael eu diystyru a'u hanghofio, er ei bod yn anwadadwy fod diffyg dyddordeb ynddynt yn brawf o safle isel cenedl mewn gwareiddiad—dyna oedd barn yr ysgrifenydd Rhufeinig Tacitus, dyna farn pob dyn o ddiwylliad eto; ac nis gallaf feddwl am arwyddair mwy cymhwys a destlus i'r ganghen hon o'r Eisteddfod na'r

geiriau a ganodd ein hybarch fardd Gwilym Hiraethog flynyddau yn ol:—

“ ‘Olrheiniaf, holaf helynt  
Hanes a gwaith hen oes gynt.’

“Ond addefaf yn rhwydd nad wyf wedi cyffwrdd ond megys âg un gongl fechan o’r pwnc o gysylltiad yr Eisteddfod âg addysg yn Nghymru, ond nis gallaf anghofio fod pwyllgor yr Eisteddfod hon wedi gweled yn dda gysylltu ei hun âg achos addysg yn flurfiol a llythyrenol drwy addaw rhan o’i chynyrch arianol i gynorthwyo y coleg yn Aberystwyth, y sydd, fel y gwyddoch, wedi ei sefydlu gan ddyrnaid o fonddigion haelionus a llafarus dan arweiniad Mr. Hugh Owen, gwr o Fon, y gall gwyr Mon anturio dywedyd yn unllais o Borth Euthwy i Ben Caergybi am dano, na fagodd Mon mam Gymru erioed wladgarwr mwy, neu fwy dirodres a didroi yn ol. Ond hwyrach y gellid cysylltu yr Eisteddfod yn agosach fyth ag addysg y genedl, sef drwy ei gwneuthur yn foddion effeithiol i lenwi rhieni Cymru â brwdfrydedd ac awydd i yru eu plant i gael addysg yn y coleg hwnw a’r colegau a’r ysgolion ereill rhagorol sydd genym yn ein gwlad ar hyn o bryd. Pe buasai amser yn caniatáu buaswn yn anturio eich anerch ar y pen hwn, er fod yn anhawdd dros ben cael dim newydd i’w ddywedyd ar bwnc mor adnabyddus. Yn mhlith pethau ereill nid anmhriodol fuasai dwyn ar gof i chwi y byddai rhai o honoch gynt yn gwneyd esgus eich bod yn drwg-dybio dylanwad Eglwys Loegr yn ysgolion gwaddoledig Cymru, ond er pan sefydlwyd y Coleg yn Aberystwyth yr ydych wedi colli yr esgus hwnw, pa sail bynag oedd iddo; a’ch dyledswydd yn awr ydyw dyfod allan yn unfrydol i lenwi sefydliadau ein gwlad â’ch plant mor foreu ag sydd bosibl; ac os bydd awydd a gallu ganddynt i fyned rhagddynt gyrwch hwy i Rydychain, ac na ofelwch pa un a fyddo genych aur ac arian i rod-di yn eu llogellau os gellir rhoddi dysg yn eu penau. Nid rhyw fynych iawn mewn cymhariaeth y bydd yr hen

athrofa hono yn cael llawer o glod na gogoniant ar ddwyllaw plant cyfoethogion y deyrnas. Ei hoff waith gan hyny ydyw cynorthwyo bechgyn tlodion i gyrhaedd enwogrwydd. A chofiwch nad oes gan neb yno hawl erbyn hyn i ofyn gair iddynt yn nghylch eu golygiadau crefyddol.

“Ond pe dygwyddai i ambell un o honynt ddewis yn y diwedd fyned yn offeiriad, peidied neb a ffromi yn aruthr: y mae yn ddiddadl fod yn well i'r genedl gael offeiriaid dysgedig na rhai anwybodus o wehilion y bobl yn coled a meithrin arferion isel a drwg anwydau gwehilion y bobl; a chofiwch o ba le y daeth Charles y Bala a chanwyllau eraill y Cymry. Gwnewch, ynteu, bob aberth i roddi i'ch plant yr addysg goreu a mwyaf trwyadl sydd i'w gael yn y deyrnas, gan adael iddynt yn y diwedd farnu drostynt eu hunain ar bynciau crefyddol. Nid oes genyf i un hawl i'ch anerch mewn capel nac eglwys, ond teimlaf fy mod yma yn sefyll ar dir canolog uwchlaw holl fariaeth yr ymraniadau crefyddol sydd yn ein plith, a chymeraf yr hyfdra o alw eich sylw at yr hyn a ddysgir gan Darwin ac ereill sydd wedi ymglydnabyddu yn fanwl â deddfau natur yn y byd anianyddol, sef mai ei harwyddair mawr a gwastadol ydyw 'The survival of the fittest', neu Oruchafiaeth i'r Cymhwysaf. Felly hefyd y mae, yn ôl fy marn i, yn y byd moesol a chrefyddol; ac nis gall neb sydd yn credu yn Rhagluniaeth lai na chydsynio â mi yn ddifloesgni, y bydd yn y diwedd i'r ffurf hono o'r grefydd Gristionogol a brofo ei hun y fwyaf effeithiol i wneuthur lles i ddynolryw gael yr oruchafiaeth ar bob ffurf arall yn Nghymru a phob man arall o'r byd. Byddwch gan hyny yn esmwyth ar y pen hwnw, meddyliwch fwy am lwyddiant a dedwyddwch y genedl fel cyfangorph nag am fri a gogoniant unrhyw ran neu enwad neillduol o honi, ac ymwrolwch heb betrusder yn y byd i osod eich plant ar y ffordd i enwogrwydd; ond i chwi wneyd hyny ni bydd arnaf ofn na bydd i gynifer o honynt ei gyrhaedd fel na byddo angen byth mwy i neb sydd yn teimlo eiddigedd

dros ei genedl ymwregysu, dan amgylchiadau lled anffafriol, i wrthbrofi haeriadau anghariadus rhai o'r newyddiaduron Seisnig am ein distadled, gan y byddai y Cymry yn fuan yn debyg o dori eu nod a'u hargraph yn ddwfn ar lenyddiaeth y byd, ac yn abl i herio gwaethaf tonau amser i ddileu oddiar dywod hanesyddiaeth ein hen arwyddair a dyhewyd ein henaid—

“ ‘Tra mor tra Brython!’ ”

We regret, we repeat, our inability to give a full account of the many excellent speeches delivered at this Eisteddfod. On the last day Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. Henry Richard acquitted themselves admirably and to the great satisfaction of the audience.

We must not, however, close without presenting to our readers the following graceful tribute to the Eisteddfod by Mr. Lewis Morris :—

### PRESIDENT'S CHAIR, MENAI BRIDGE,

AUGUST 8TH, 1878.

The close-ranked faces rise  
With their watching eager eyes,  
And the banners and the mottoes flare above ;  
And without, on either hand,  
The eternal mountains stand ;  
And the salt sea-river ebbs and flows again,  
And thro' the thin-drawn bridge the wandering winds complain.

Here is the congress met,  
The bardic senate set,  
And young hearts flutter at the voice of fate ;  
All the fair August day  
Song echoes, harpers play ;  
And on the accustomed ear the strange  
Pennillion rise and fall through change and counterchange.

Oh, Mona, land of song !  
Oh, mother of Wales ! how long  
From thy dear shores an exile have I been !

Still from thy lonely plains,  
 Ascend the old sweet strains,  
 And by the mine, or plough, or humble home,  
 The dreaming peasant hears diviner music come.

'This innocent, peaceful strife,  
 'This struggle to fuller life,  
 Is still the one delight of Cymric souls.  
 Swell blended rhythms still  
 The gay pavilions fill!  
 Soar, oh, young voices, resonant and fair!  
 Still let the sheathed sword gleam o'er the bardic chair!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Menai ebbs and flows;  
 And the song-tide wanes and goes,  
 And the singers and the harp-players are dumb:  
 The eternal mountains rise  
 Like a cloud upon the skies,  
 And my heart is full of joy for the songs that are still:  
 The deep sea, and the soaring hills, and the steadfast Omnipotent  
 will.

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## EPIGRAMS FROM THE OLD POETS.

No. 3.

C R A F F D E R.

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A wna angall o ddengair,  
 Llunier i gall haner gair.

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## ADDRESS OF LORD ABERDARE AT THE BIRKENHEAD EISTEDDFOD, 1878.<sup>1</sup>

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I beg to thank the committee very heartily for the kind, the only too kind and flattering language that they have addressed towards me. When I look at this vast building and see the audience, many of whom are so far removed from me, I cannot but wish that, like the hero in one of Dryden's poems, I had a voice like a silver trumpet. Unfortunately the change of weather we have had has visited me, and affected even those small natural powers of voice which I possess. I must ask, therefore, the consideration of those who have got one of the most difficult tasks I know of, and that is to listen patiently to a public speaker without being able to hear one word he says.

I am happy to have heard from all quarters how entirely successful the visit of this great Welsh institution to your English neighbours has been. The Welsh have descended, as they used to do a hundred years ago, from their mountains, and carried off the Saxon spoil in large quantities. On this occasion, I am happy to think that

<sup>1</sup> Several motives have urged us to give an enduring place to this speech in *Y Cymmrodor*; not the least of which has been the practical good sense it brings to bear on the Eisteddfod. Lord Aberdare speaks from a standpoint whence English prejudice and Welsh laudations are equally excluded. He holds and adjusts the scale with impartiality. It is well, occasionally, to have our weaknesses laid bare; and we, of all people, may well say with Burns:—

“O, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as others see us!”

the spoil has been willingly surrendered—(laughter)—and that it will be a satisfaction to the Saxon if they hear that it has been ample and in all respects remunerative. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I feel that in the language addressed to me just now there was, amongst other qualities, a great deal of Christian charity, because it is well known that some twenty years ago I took upon myself to utter rash and, perhaps, presumptuous words of advice to the conductors of Eisteddfodau—words that have not been, on the whole I think, very accurately represented, but which I spoke at that time with the most sincere desire that these Eisteddfodau might be, even more than in the past, a means of educating and elevating the people of Wales. (Applause.) At that time a great controversy was waging in the press, and whilst some persons fastened entirely upon the merits of the institution, others, with even less of justice, fastened entirely on its defects. I could not but admit that there were defects in Eisteddfodau. There are still, probably the most judicious supporters of this institution will admit, defects in the institution, but it is an institution full of life and growth; and being full of life and growth, it needs constant attention, in order to develop its full usefulness. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I think it may be said of all the amusements of our people that they are, I am sorry to say, brutal, or innocent, or instructive, or even elevating. The brutal amusements, I am happy to think, are becoming less and less in their number. Bull-baiting and bear-baiting are things of the past, and if cock-fighting is practised—as I am afraid it is, not far from Birkenhead occasionally—it is done surreptitiously. I speak at any rate from official knowledge, which came to me as to practices in the county of Chester some years ago, when, I think, they were patronised not only by the common people, but even by a magistrate or two—(laughter)—who had given into the irre-

sistible attractions of what had been the amusement of his early youth. Well, they are disappearing. I am sorry to say some amusements of a brutal character still remain. We have still among us a good deal of dog-fighting, and we have still what I suppose must be considered a popular diversion amongst the most degraded of our classes, and that is, a little wife-beating. (Laughter.) As to pleasures in general, to my mind they are absolutely necessary to mankind. Life, in my opinion, would be intolerable if it were not relieved from time to time by its pleasures ; and it is the duty of those who are more happily situated to do all they can to promote and to extend innocent amusements for the people. I know that perhaps the very greatest of modern Welshmen—who, however, had the misfortune to be born on the wrong side of the Wye—I mean Sir George Cornewall Lewis—once said that “life would be very tolerable if it were not for its amusements”; but when he said that, he had in his eye the frivolous amusements of fashionable life, in which he found but little pleasure. He had his own amusements and diversions, which were to him what an Eisteddfod, no doubt, is to a Welshman, or what an occasional game of cricket is to a country rector, who wishes to recall the happy days of Eton and of Oxford. It was during the time that he held the seals of the Home Office that he roused himself by writing a work upon the astronomy of the ancients, and it is reported that within a fortnight of the time that he took the seals of the War Office, some friend of his, on calling at the office, found on his desk a treatise on the “Defensive Armour of the Lycaonians”—a treatise which it must be presumed he was studying rather for amusement and diversion than for any assistance it might render him in providing proper arms for the English forces. But with respect to the Eisteddfod, it does not seem to me to fall within the third category I have mentioned, as an amusement which can be

turned into an instruction, and also into an elevation of the national character, especially if properly used. Now, if there is one expression in that very kind address to which I have listened with which I find fault, it is, perhaps, that I think the educational side of the Eisteddfodau is rather too much dwelt upon. It has its educational side; but let us be bold and manly, and say that it has also, and to a very great extent, and perhaps principally, the object of popular amusement. But we want to make even our amusements instructive and educational. No doubt it may be said that music is much more than an amusement; that, if properly followed, it may be made, like poetry or anything else, an instrument of education; but, on the whole, music as practised is a refining amusement, and I am happy to say that in my day I have seen a most extraordinary advance in the cultivation of music, and that advance throughout Wales has been very largely due to the Eisteddfodau, to the competitions, and to the means they afford to each choir of seeing what progress other choirs have made, and, above all, to the judicious and often courageous advice, such as has been tendered to the various choirs during this meeting by Professor Macfarren, and by other distinguished members of the musical world. I wish to say most emphatically that, living as I do in a thick population of the working classes, I have found the cultivation of music to have a most admirable effect on the people. In the village of Mountain Ash, which is a creation of yesterday you may say, we have a very considerable number of choirs, and I think I should hardly be exaggerating if I said that in a population of some 8,000 people there are at least 800 who devote themselves steadily to their improvement in the knowledge of music. I would also say that among those eight hundred there are hardly any who might not be considered as most excellent and credit-

able specimens of the working classes. It used to be supposed that the practice of music led to effeminacy, or occasionally to profligacy; that it conducted almost immediately to the public-house. But we find exactly the contrary, and that there are no persons more self-respecting than those who belong to the various choirs. And I may also add—and I think it will not be without interest to some of my hearers—that my family, being extremely fond of music, have been within the last year or two honoured by the visits of two of the most eminent professors of music in this country—I mean Signor Randegger and Mr. John Farmer of Harrow. On each occasion I invited the neighbouring choirs to come and perform before them, and they had in private assured me, not only of the pleasure with which they had listened to them, but of the admiration and surprise they had experienced in seeing so much progress made against so many difficulties and with so few advantages. In one of the competing choirs the other day—the Aberdare choir—out of one hundred and fifty members some fifty-six came from this village of Mountain Ash. Well, I am sorry they were beaten. But I am told, for the credit of Wales, that there was a choir who could beat so good a choir. I felt something like the Spartan lady of old, who, when her son was brought home dead to her on his shield, said she thanked God there were in Sparta still remaining five hundred at least as good as he. And if the Aberdare choir (with the Mountain Ash choir) has attained, as it justly has attained, a very considerable reputation in South as I believe in North Wales, it is a credit to the Principality that there has been one found to give them a sound beating. And I may add, what perhaps may be considered presumptuous in me to add, that I most entirely concurred with the criticisms offered by Professor Macfarren on that occasion. The defects that he

observed were just the defects that I had observed ; and I have no doubt that they will derive a useful lesson from the advice which he so kindly tendered to them.

Now with respect to the literary side of Eisteddfodau, about that I know opinions vary very much. Some say that so much effort is made in all directions to obtain prizes—the various literary prizes offered—that it cannot but have a good effect upon the national character ; and, upon the whole, I must say I am inclined to that view of the question. But then it is of the utmost importance that a high and correct standard of excellence should be constantly maintained, and it was with reference to that that I ventured to make some observations which were then very much misunderstood. The two points on which I objected to Eisteddfodau, as I understood them, were that there was too much a habit of self-laudation. Like Addison, all we Welshmen were expected to sit and attend to our own plaudits. We heard that it was quite true that England had produced very great men ; there was Shakespeare, there was Milton, there was Cromwell, and there was the Duke of Wellington ; but in all of these there was a trace of Welsh blood in their veins, without which they would not have been the men they were. (Laughter.) And although I have a strong feeling myself for the heroes that our country has produced, it is to me a matter of congratulation and pleasure that I have not in the speeches which I have read during the last three days observed one single reference to Caractacus or Sir Thomas Picton. Nor, again, have I seen or heard—what I have often read and heard—a comparison, very unjust in itself, between the popular amusements of the Welsh and those of the English. On the one side you took the Eisteddfod in its most elevating aspect, and on the other you took dog-fighting and cock-fighting, and said, “There is the amusement of the English.” (Laughter.) Now, I

think all those sort of disparaging comparisons are most injurious. No doubt a Welshman may be fairly proud of the Eisteddfod, but let him be proud without disparaging his neighbours. Let us be modest, and remember whatever natural gifts the Welsh may have, at this time Wales, perhaps from no fault of her own, does not hold a very distinguished place in the educational statistics of this country. Taking such means as we have of comparing the educational advancement of different parts of the country—I mean the signing of the marriage register, which is one, almost the only test we can apply—it appears that Wales and Lancashire, who are now brought together in this room, are at the very bottom of the list. A very eminent friend of mine suggested to me the reason why the Welsh showed so badly was on account of the intense national modesty of the brides and bridegrooms, who were well able to sign their names, but shrank from doing so in the excitement of that particular moment; and also because they were afraid of not doing it well, and therefore preferred not doing it at all. I have never observed among the defects of my countrymen any exaggerated sense of modesty. It seems to me they have always had a great deal of self-possession, much more so than the English; and I should say most Welshmen were more self-possessed than Englishmen. Englishmen have a more robust mind, but it is more slow. I cannot, therefore, accept that solution. I believe that in matters of education England, on the whole, is considerably in advance of Wales, and that these are comparisons which it is useful to make. It is not for us to exalt ourselves for the possession of certain advantages, but to institute a natural comparison, in order to see in what points we are wanting, and to see that those points are reduced to the lowest limit; and I have no doubt myself that the progress which will be made during the next ten or

twenty years in national education, under the Elementary Education Act of 1870, will soon place the people of Wales in a creditable position, as compared with other parts of the country. I wish I could say as much for our higher education, because there arise difficulties which we have been able to overcome with respect to popular elementary education. The country, rich and all alike, have generously put their hands in their pockets to provide a system of national education for the poorer classes, for those who needed assistance. But we cannot expect them to do so, except perhaps in a very limited degree, to provide education for the richer and easier classes. What has been the result in England? Enormous sums have been left by generous persons from time to time for endowing grammar schools; and the result has been that the country is pretty well covered with a network of schools, many of which have fallen into neglect, but which, by the judicious legislation of past years, have been reformed. Wales has its share, but a much smaller share, and the provision made for what are called the middle classes of the country are very inadequate. Our higher classes have no difficulty in going to the best public schools in England, but you cannot expect the children of our struggling middle classes to cross the border in the same manner as the children of the richer classes. If we want to have an effective system of middle class education, we must provide it for ourselves; and remembering that after all that is the class that on the whole directs the industry of the country, and even directs the morality of the country—for we look to that class for the supply of all our most energetic business men, and we look to that class for the main supply of our ministers of religion—it is of the highest importance that those men should have the means of an excellent education. But not only have we no means of educating them in our schools or preparing them for a higher



education, but the means of higher educating themselves have up to this time been most lamentably wanting. It is quite true that primarily for the benefit of the Church of England in Wales the college of St. David's, Lampeter, was founded by Mr. Harford, an Englishman, but that was for young clergymen. It is also quite true the trustees of that establishment have nobly and generously thrown open their college to all who go there, whether they wish to enter the church or not, and they are enabled to do so without any interference with their religious belief; but we know that it has received the stamp of a Church of England college, and practically I believe three or four at the outside go to St. David's, Lampeter, for the purpose of receiving a good lay education. Then an attempt has been made, which I hope will be a successful attempt, and I hope that a second will soon be made, to found a good secular college at Aberystwith. It is by the extension of such colleges as that at Aberystwith that I look for the intellectual elevation of my countrymen, and for full justice being done to our natural abilities. Let me put before you, as a question which is only one among many—what are the difficulties that the Nonconformist ministers of our country have to go through who wish to provide themselves with a good education, in order that they may command influence with their flocks? What can they do? Few of them can afford to go to the good schools in England. In Wales, the schools are by no means sufficient to give them a good education up to the time they enter a university. They do as they can. They struggle on, and present themselves to a theological college, go through three or four years of such instruction as they receive there, and are then entered on the ministry. A certain proportion of them, at least generally the most distinguished of them, strive by winning scholarships founded by generous persons to obtain the means of going to a Scotch

university, and you will find that a large proportion of the educated clergy in Wales have received their education at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Why? Because in Scotland there are eminently popular institutions. They are made to take those up who have been educated at the national schools of the country, to receive them at the early age of fifteen or thereabouts, and to complete their education by nineteen. Now at the English universities, on the contrary, the position is quite different. The education begins in the English universities at nineteen and finishes at about twenty-three, and no man has the slightest chance of obtaining the honours, the distinctions, and the rewards of the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who up to the age of nineteen has not received the very best education which this country is capable of giving him. Well, how can we expect the poorer classes, out of whom so many of our Dissenting ministers are drawn, to find the means of an excellent education up to nineteen, and then to send them all to universities like those of England? There is nothing more striking—and I say it has occurred to me long ago, but I was glad to see the other day that the point had again been referred to in the interesting controversy that is now going on with respect to the future of Jesus College—there is nothing more interesting, and at the same time more distressing, than the comparison between the literary position of Wales two hundred years ago and its present one. There is a book well known in the literary world, Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, which I think was published about one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago, which contains an account of the men who had distinguished themselves at the university of Oxford. Turn over the pages of that book and you will hardly turn over one in which you will not find the name of one or two or three Welshmen. The preparation of Welshmen who attained distinction at Oxford in those times is truly astonish-

ing, and very difficult of explanation. But one advantage, at any rate, they had then which they have not now, and that is that education, not being so prolonged as it is at present at the universities, they were enabled to go from the country grammar schools to Oxford at the age of fifteen, and to complete their education at nineteen. All those means of education are now withheld, and there is probably at this moment not only in the whole Dissenting community of North and South Wales hardly a single minister who has availed himself of the advantages of those great institutions, while a very large proportion of the clergy of the Church of England in Wales have also been unable to pursue their studies there. Well, now, this is a great national misfortune so far as Wales is concerned, and it behoves us, it seems to me, to bring home to our people the means of a cheap education, one suited to their present position and to their future objects in life. And that can only be by providing them with a higher education, which shall cease, so far as the public teaching is concerned, at the time when the teaching at the English universities begins. That has been the object of the excellent men who bestirred themselves to found the college at Aberystwith; and when I use that epithet you will at once understand that I am not taking any credit for being one of those men, because I joined the movement after it had already attained considerable success. But it seemed to me a wise and excellent plan, and I hope, old as I am, to live to see the time when, not only the college of Aberystwith shall have received a very large extension, but when similar colleges shall have been founded in various parts of Wales. Is it not monstrous—does it not reflect disgrace upon the Principality which, once poor, has become almost as wealthy as any other part of the empire—that Scotland has its four universities, each of which contains many schools, whilst Wales has only one college set aside for general

teaching in secular knowledge, unless we also include Lampeter, which to a certain extent now fulfils those conditions, but it is subject to the observations I have ventured to make upon it. This matter having been brought fairly before the Welsh people, will they allow it to remain where it is? I have seen predictions, I cannot understand why, that even this first attempt at Aberystwith is about to fail. Ladies and gentlemen, do not believe it. It will not fail. (Applause.) It shall not fail. (Renewed applause.) On all sides we are receiving marks of sympathy—practical marks of sympathy. Every year we are receiving benefactions of generous persons; every week almost we are receiving some notice that at some future time there will be something for this struggling institution in South Wales. I believe all we want to do is to understand what our objects are; that we are not supplanting Oxford or Cambridge, not preventing Welshmen from going to Oxford or Cambridge to get an education; that we throw no impediment in the way of enjoying the advantages of Oxford and Cambridge; but that what we are doing is to bring home to the hearths and homes of our own people the means of possessing an education equal to that which is given to the people of Scotland and Ireland. There is sometimes a danger that institutions like these Eisteddfodau should divert the mind from the really serious and hard work of education. We are apt to think that because we have this sort of literary institution among us we are doing great things; but, ladies and gentlemen, much as I sympathise with all these efforts, believe me, the amount of work and the amount of talent required for winning a prize at Eisteddfodau is not that which will qualify a man for the arduous work of life. One likes to see the effort made; one likes to see the exhibition of talent; but we know very well that real education implies heavy, long, steady, and continuous labour, and without that nothing can be done; and

it is just the means of that steady continuous labour in higher education in which Wales is entirely wanting. Now I confess that I rose fully prepared to pass from the subject of Eisteddfodau into the subject of national education in Wales; but I did not intend to divert your attention so long from the proper objects of the Eisteddfod, in which amusement is joined with instruction, to these more serious subjects. The reason why, after the long interval of twenty years, I have consented once more to preside at an Eisteddfod, was my sentiment of gratitude to the people of Wales for the feeling they have shown at recent Eisteddfodau towards this effort we are making to improve education in Wales. (Hear, hear.) The Carnarvon Eisteddfod forwarded to us a sum of no less than £600. (Applause.) At other great Eisteddfodau—I forget at this moment the names—similar sympathy and liberality has been shown. I say nothing about the present Eisteddfod. Let those who conduct it act as they think right. I hope it will be a profitable one. I have no doubt that the money, whichever way it is employed, will be useful for the benefit of the people of Wales; but, having seen at these Eisteddfodau marks of sympathy with a true liberal education in Wales, I could not, when my friend Mr. Robert Jones and other gentlemen asked me to preside at this Eisteddfod, refuse to show my respect for an institution to which I am so much beholden. (Loud applause.)

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## Reviews of Books.

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LECTURES ON WELSH PHILOLOGY. By PROFESSOR RHYS.  
2nd Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

ITS great publishing houses are some of the marvels of London. The intelligence they bring to bear on the conduct of their business is such as the outer world has little conception of. Experience, it is true, aids them in avoiding rocks and shoals; but without a keen insight into the future, its tastes and requirements, they would but ill discharge their duty to themselves or to the innumerable readers of their publications. Through their extraordinary acumen certain houses have acquired the confidence of the public; and the value of a book is enhanced or depreciated by the name of the firm on its title-page. In the first half of the present century, the name of *Pickering* stamped a book with high value, and it still continues to do so. Auctioneers of literary property and second-hand booksellers record it in their catalogues almost as they do that of *Elzivir* or *Aldus*. In the present day the names of publishers such as the Longmans and John Murray, not only give an additional value to a publication, but greatly increase its circulation.

We doubt, however, that among them all there can be found a more enterprising publisher than Mr. Trübner. While the larger houses consult the prevailing taste, and sail down with the popular current, responding to the exigencies of the million, Mr. Trübner, as though he looked with indifference on both profit and popularity, confines his energies to the exigencies of science, literature, and language. Would the philologist, ethnologist, antiquary, or scientific scholar find the works essential to his craft, he wends his

way to Mr. Trübner, almost without fear of disappointment. As a proof of our statement, we have now on our table three works of high character, but which must necessarily be confined in their circulation to the class for whom they are specially intended—Mr. Rhys's *Lectures, Letters and Papers on Philology* by Lord Strangford, and a *Dictionary of English Etymology* by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Of Mr. Rhys's *Lectures* we have already spoken when his first edition appeared. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this work to every Cymric student. Like a subtle key, despite innumerable and intricate wards through which it turns, it unlocks the mysteries of Celtic philology and reveals the rich treasures of etymology hidden in our grand old tongue. But we must refrain, that we may notice some of the peculiarities and additions contained in this new edition.

The larger extracts from Latin, without expunging the original text, are translated into English.

Mr. Rhys had been challenged by M. d'Arbois de Jubainville on the subject of ancient British numismatics, on the supposition that they made against his theory of the classification of the Celts; but, as far at least as the coins are concerned, Mr. Rhys has turned the tables on his opponent, following very much in the direction of Dr. John Evans's book on the coins of the Ancient Britons.

But as we begin to enumerate the changes and improvements in the present edition, we find we are overwhelmed with their number. They occur on almost every page. Though in themselves small and sometimes of a trifling character, they form a whole of considerable importance. Most advance has perhaps been made in the early Brythonic inscriptions. The number of epitaphs has been increased—several of them are quite new—while the readings of others have been completed. Mr. Rhys seems to have been very anxious to render the minutiae of his book as perfect as

its more important parts. These, while costing perhaps an infinity of trouble, will be appreciated only by the exact philological student. We trust that many an edition will be called for, when this second one shall have been exhausted.

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A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. By HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD, with an Introduction on the Origin of Language. 3rd Edition. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

THIS is an excellent edition of a very valuable book, which has been carefully revised and enlarged. We notice it, however, for its Celtic, and more especially for its Cymric etymologies. Mr. Wedgwood has made considerable advance in this particular field of enquiry; though, in common with all English etymologists, he has still much fallow ground to break up. The want of a more thorough knowledge of the Celtic family of languages keeps our lexicographers in continual thralldom. They search for roots anywhere rather than where they would be patent to them. Space precludes us from giving instances; but we must mention one as a testimony of our indictment. We turn, in Mr. Wedgwood's *Dictionary*, to *Bastard*, of which he speaks as follows: "Apparently of Celtic origin from Gael—*baos*, lust, fornication." But there he stops. Of the latter syllable, *tard*, he gives no explanation; but a mere tyro in Celtic etymology would see at once that it is nothing else than an Anglified form of the Cymric *bas*, base, and *tarddu*, to spring from. *Bastard* being simply base-born.

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ORIGINAL LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE LATE VISCOUNT STRANGFORD UPON PHILOLOGICAL AND KINDRED SUBJECTS. Edited by VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD. London: Trübner and Co. 1878.

THESE papers are very interesting; and in some parts touch upon Cymric philology and phonology. In a letter addressed



to Mr. Freeman, which will be found at page 160, Lord Strangford makes some original remarks on the terms Cymric, Gwyddyl, Gael, etc. We can only call our readers' attention to the book itself, which, like everything else that comes from the pen of Lord Strangford, is worthy of a careful study.

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**THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH: A HISTORICAL ESSAY.** By JOHN PRYCE, M.A., Vicar of Bangor. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1878.

THIS is an excellent History of the Early Church in Britain, and written in a broad loving spirit. We congratulate Mr. Pryce, not only on the lucid, masterly style in which his history is couched, but on the admirable arrangement of his facts and dates. He has been not only industrious, but painstaking in dealing with the subject, and we trust his reward will be a very numerous class of readers. The notes, which are as extensive as the text, are very interesting, and will repay a careful perusal.

But what strikes us as most admirable in the book is the care with which the author refers almost every incident he relates to the source whence he has derived it. He leaves nothing unproved. And what a host of witnesses has he summoned to bear testimony to his narrative. They are almost a legion. We trust to recur to this book again.

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**JEREMIAH: AN ORATORIO.** By JOHN OWEN (OWAIN ALAW). London: C. Jefferys, Berners Street.

THIS work is interesting as a duoglott; the words are in both Welsh and English. The oratorio—and some of the melodies are very beautiful—testifies to the hand of a master. The rhapsodies of the old Hebrew prophet are excellently expounded by the music of Mr. Owen.

THE ART JOURNAL for January 1856, June 1856, January 1864, January 1867, and January 1870.

IN a work like the *Cymmrodor*, dedicated to Art as well as to Literature, it would be unpardonable not to give prominence to the many high-class works of art that have sprung into life under the chisel of our national artist—Joseph Edwards. And yet we feel that we are treading on delicate if not dangerous ground,—such is our love for the man, for his high character and noble, loving heart, and more especially for his self-sacrifice in the cause of some whom he deems it a sacred duty to assist, though not bound by either ties of relationship or gratitude.

Our review must necessarily be of a retrospective character; but it is with no little pride that we draw attention to three or four beautiful examples that have been fitly represented by exquisite engravings in the *Art Journal*. Two of these appeared in the year 1856—"Religion Consoling Justice", and "The Last Dream". These pictures are full of pathos, which is again enhanced by the delicacy wherewith they have been worked out. A delightful tenderness floats about them. His "Vision", which appeared in the same journal in 1864, is remarkable for the grace of its figures and their artistic grouping. The "Angel of Light"—January 1870—is, however, our ideal of the genius of the sculptor.

We are afraid, we repeat, of being deemed too eulogistic of a national artist. Let the *Art Journal*, then, speak for us. The following paragraph, to which our attention has been called just as we were going to press, appeared but a few weeks ago, and will be found at page 174:—

"A Bust by Joseph Edwards, although a work of considerable merit, will be little noticed among the crowd in the sculpture passages at the Royal Academy. It will not be so when it reaches its destination in South Wales. It is the

bust of an eminent and largely-gifted Welsh scholar, Thomas Stephens, and is produced as a compliment from his countrymen, admirers as well as friends of the author of *The Literature of the Cymry*. The Welsh are proverbially clan-ish—we cannot say what word they would use to denote the resolution with which they help one another—and that is surely not a fault. They may well be proud of their countryman, Joseph Edwards. There are artists who will make as good busts, but there is no living sculptor who can produce monumental work so pure, so refined, so essentially holy. There seems to be in his mind and soul a natural piety that manifests itself in his work; an out-pouring of a lofty religious sentiment; a true conception of what is just and right. There is no one to whom we would so instantly assign the task of perpetuating in marble what is lovely and of good report; he gives a sweet repose to death, and makes the change a sure indication of happiness. Perhaps that is the highest, as it is certainly the holiest achievement of the sculptor's art. If we desired evidence to confirm our opinion as to the genius of Mr. Edwards in this especial and most important branch of art, we should refer to several engravings given in the *Art Journal* during years past. The artist is in the prime of life. Yes; Wales may well be proud of the Welshman, Joseph Edwards."

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### Notice of forthcoming Book.

It is with no little pleasure that we announce a new work by our talented countryman, Mr. Lewis Morris. What gives us peculiar satisfaction is, that it will be a Drama on a *Welsh* subject. Its title is GWEN, and it will be dedicated to the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P. If we mistake not, our readers will find that Mr. Morris has, in this new poem, excelled all his previous achievements.

VOL. II, PART III.

DECEMBER 1878.

SUPPLEMENT TO  
**D**  
**Commodor**

Embodying the

**Transactions**

of the Honourable

**Society of Commorodion**

FOR 1878.

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EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT JONES, B.A.,

VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', ROTHERMITHE.

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PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY

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# Report

OF THE

## COUNCIL OF THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION,

*For the Year ending the 9th of November, 1878.*

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DURING the year ten new members have been admitted.

By the lamented death of Mr. John Griffith (Gohebydd), the Society has suffered a loss they can hardly hope to repair. The proposal to revive the Society in 1873 was made by him. He also rendered valuable assistance in organising the revived Society; and ever maintained a deep interest in its welfare and progress.

Reference was made in our last Annual Report to a decision to obtain a Medal for the Society, which might be awarded for the encouragement of certain objects coming within the scope of the Society's aim. The Council have the gratification of announcing that one of their Members, Mr. Joseph Edwards, has designed a Medal of singular merit and appropriateness, which the Council have unanimously adopted. A full description of this design will, in due time, be communicated to the Members.

Four Papers, of great interest, were read before the Society during the past year, namely:—

1. By Professor McKenny Hughes, M.A., "On the Prehistoric Races of Britain." Chairman, J. Ignatius Williams, Esq.

2. By Professor Rudler, F.G.S., "On the Mineral

Wealth of Wales." Chairman, the Rev. Robert Jones, B.A., Vicar of All Saints', Rotherhithe.

3. By John Thomas, Esq. (Pencerdd Gwalia), Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen, "On the National Music of Wales." Chairman, Major W. Cornwallis West, Lord Lieutenant of Denbighshire.

4. By Professor Cowell of Cambridge, "On Dafydd ab Gwilym." Chairman, B. T. Williams, Esq., Q.C., M.P.

With *Y Cymmrodor* for the past year there were issued to the Members the remaining portion of the reprint of Wyllyam Salesbury's *Dictionary*, and a large selection of the *Works of Iolo Goch*, Poet Laureate of Owain Glyndwr, as well as a continuation of the *History of the Cymmrodorion Society*.

Arrangements were made with the Committee of the Birkenhead Eisteddfod for attaching to that Eisteddfod a "Cymmrodorion Section", in connection with which Meetings were to be held, and Papers read on subjects embraced by the objects of this Society. The management of the Section was delegated by the Council to a Committee composed of the following gentlemen:—Professor T. McKenny Hughes, M.A. (Chairman); Mr. Stephen Evans; Mr. Ivor James; Rev. Robert Jones, B.A.; Mr. Lewis Morris, M.A.; Mr. Hugh Owen; Mr. T. M. Williams, B.A.; and Mr. Howel Thomas, who acted as the Honorary Secretary of the Section.

At the first meeting of the Section, Sedley Taylor, Esq., M.A. of Cambridge, delivered a Lecture "On the Acoustics of Music." This Meeting was fairly attended; but the attendance subsequently was not such as to encourage the holding of further Meetings during that Eisteddfod. The Council do not, however, doubt that the work of the Section may be resumed at the next National Eisteddfod with the confident hope of success.

The Council desire to express their strong sympathy with

the efforts which are being made to oppose the proposed alienation from Wales of those Scholarships and Exhibitions at Jesus College, Oxford, which, in accordance with the Wills of the Founders, have hitherto been restricted to natives of the Principality; and they have pleasure in stating that a Meeting of the Members of this Society will shortly be convened to consider the subject, and to determine on the best measures to be adopted for protecting the rightful heritage of the Welsh in connection with the College in question.

A Statement is appended to this Report, shewing the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society during the past year. The total Receipts (with the balance brought forward from the previous year) amounted to £206 13s. 8d., and the Expenditure to £197 0s. 4d. There is, therefore, a balance of £9 13s. 4d. standing to the credit of the Society.

Signed, on behalf of the Council,

STEPHEN EVANS,

7, *Queen Victoria Street,*

9th November, 1878.

*Chairman.*

---



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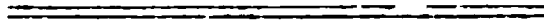
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THE HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION.

*Statement of Receipts and Expenditure,*

FROM 9TH NOVEMBER, 1877, TO 9TH NOVEMBER, 1878.

<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.	<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.
To Balance from last				By <i>Y Cymmrodor</i> ...	112	6	6
year ...	16	4	2	„ Printing & Station-			
„ Subscriptions ...	190	9	6	ery ...	16	16	6
				„ Hire of Rooms and			
				other Expenses of			
				Lectures ...	16	18	0
				„ Secretary's Salary			
				and Expenses, in-			
				cluding Arrears for			
				1877 ...	35	0	0
				„ Postages and Petty			
				Expenses ...	15	19	4
					197	0	4
				„ Balance in hand ...	9	13	4
					£206	13	8
	£206	13	8		£206	13	8

Examined and found correct.

*Nov. 20th, 1878.*

HOWEL THOMAS.





VOL. IV, PART I.

JANUARY 1881.

**D**  
**Commodor**

Embodying the

**Transactions**

of the Honourable

**Society of Commodorion**

etc.

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EDITED BY

THOMAS POWELL, M.A. (OXON.)

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PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY

BY

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

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**JANUARY 1881.**

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CYMMRODOR,  
EMBODYING THE  
TRANSACTIONS  
OF THE HONOURABLE  
SOCIETY OF CYMMRODORION  
OF LONDON,  
ETC.

EDITED BY  
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VOL. IV.

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1881.



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# **D Cymrodor.**

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**J A N U A R Y 1881.**

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## **OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE SASSARESE DIALECT OF SARDINIA,**

**AND ON VARIOUS POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE WHICH IT PRESENTS  
WITH THE CELTIC LANGUAGES.**

**By H.I.H. PRINCE LOUIS LUCIEN BONAPARTE.<sup>1</sup>**

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HAVING made a prolonged study of the singular pronunciation of this important dialect, I venture to assert that it involves at least thirty-seven simple sounds. In the orthography followed by Canon Spano, in his version of St. Matthew's Gospel, these are represented by thirty-five characters, whether simple, as *c*, *d*, etc., or compound,—genuine digrams—such as *ch*, *gli*, *gn*, and the like.

In entering on a discussion of these characters, I must say at the outset that they are, unfortunately, by no means in harmony with the number of the sounds; or even, in some instances, with their nature. Thus *dd*, by way of example, seems but ill-adapted to give us a clear idea either of the palatal *d*, unknown to classical Italian, or of the strong *d*, which is incorrectly spoken of as a double letter, in the same

<sup>1</sup> The following observations were printed in Italian in the year 1866, accompanying a version of St. Matthew's Gospel into Sassarese by the Rev. Canon Spano. The present translation has been made from a revised copy of the original issue, at the instance of the illustrious author, by Dr. Isambard Owen.

way as that term is improperly applied to the other digrams of the Italian language, *bb*, *ff*, *ll*, etc.

That our ears perceive no reduplication in the case of these so-called double letters when they are spoken correctly, was said, and not merely said, but proved, by that acute author, Lionardo Salviati,<sup>(1)</sup> nearly three centuries ago. Such sounds should accordingly be regarded as additional modifications, strong, but nevertheless simple, of the other sounds usually <sup>(2)</sup> represented by single consonants, and thus augment their number.

The thirty-five characters are the following:—*a*, *b*, *c*, *ch*, *ci*, *d*, *dd*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *gh*, *gi*, *gl*, *gli*, *gn*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *sc*, *sci*, *sg*, *sgi*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *z*, *zz*; and the thirty-seven sounds:—

1. <i>a</i>	14. <i>i</i>	27. <i>p</i>
2. <i>b</i>	15. <i>j</i>	28. <i>r</i>
3. <i>c</i> hard.	16. <i>l</i>	29. <i>s</i> voiceless.
4. <i>c</i> sibilant	17. <i>l</i> voiceless guttural.	30. <i>s</i> voiced.
5. <i>d</i>	18. <i>l</i> voiced guttural.	31. <i>sc</i> sibilant.
6. <i>d</i> palatal.	19. <i>l</i> voiceless dental.	32. <i>sg</i> (French <i>j</i> ).
7. <i>e</i> open.	20. <i>l</i> voiced dental.	33. <i>t</i>
8. <i>e</i> closed.	21. <i>l</i> sibilant.	34. <i>u</i>
9. <i>f</i>	22. <i>m</i>	35. <i>v</i>
10. <i>g</i> hard.	23. <i>n</i>	36. <i>z</i> voiceless.
11. <i>g</i> sibilant.	24. <i>n</i> guttural.	37. <i>z</i> voiced.
12. <i>gl</i> liquid.	25. <i>o</i> open.	
13. <i>gn</i>	26. <i>o</i> closed.	

#### EXAMINATION OF THE CHARACTERS AND OF THE SOUNDS REPRESENTED BY THEM.

1. *a*.—Is pronounced as in Italian.

2. *b*.—When, as in Italian, it should take the sound of *bb* (see Note 2), it is pronounced precisely as in that language; but when the weak modification is required, the Sassarese pronunciation of this letter seems to me of a Spanish character; that is to say, less labial than the Tuscan *b*, the lips being approximated without actually touching. Thus

when I got a native of Sassari to repeat several times over the words "bozi", *voce*, "a bozi manna", *ad alta voce*, "la bozi", *la voce*, "dabboi", *dipoi*, I invariably heard in the first, second and fourth examples, the strong *b*, incorrectly called double, of the Italian language, while in the third the sound of the Spanish *b* appeared to me most manifest.

The same may be said of initial *v*, when by the influence of the preceding word it has to be pronounced as *b*. In this case also, it is the Spanish *b* that is heard. Thus, *cun vinu*; *lu vinu*;—the former is pronounced with the Italian *v*, the latter with a weak *b*, but a *b* of Spanish sound. (See under letter *v*).

In the Logudorese dialect, as the Rev. Canon Spano observes in his Grammar, initial *b*, in circumstances which should call for its weak sound (the sound that is of *b* single) is generally absorbed. Thus, "unu boe", *un bue*, "su bentu", *il vento*, are pronounced *unu oe*, *su entu*, while "sos boes" "sos ventos", *i buoi*, *i venti*, are sounded with the strong *b*.

In the languages of the Gaelic and Welsh families, suppression of the initial consonants by the influence of the preceding word holds a very frequent place, as will be seen further on.

3. *c*.—This letter is pronounced with the hard sound when standing before the vowels *a*, *o*, or *u*, or before any consonant, or as a terminal in proper names. "Cabà", *cavare*, "cori", *cuore*, "Crltu" *Cristo*, "Sadoc", are pronounced, as far as regards *c*, precisely as in Italian, as long as the strong form of that letter is required in Sassarese. If, on the other hand, its sound is weakened, Sassarese follows the practice of Celtic tongues, and changes the hard *c* into an equally hard *g*. Thus the word *cori*, and its Welsh equivalent *calon*, pronounced, if isolated, with *c*, are transformed into *gori* in spoken Sassarese, and *galon*, in both spoken and written Welsh, when the preceding words possess the property of

producing the initial change of *c* into *g*, as, for instance, in “lu do’ gori”, *dy galon*.

It will be useful to note here, that the Latin or Italian hard *c*, which is mostly found in the middle of a word between two vowels, is very often rendered in Sassarese (never in Tempiese) by *gg*; i.e., by a hard strong *g*, as in the words *poco*, *dico*, *fuoco*, which in Sassarese are written and spoken *poggu*, *diggu*, *foggu*, in Tempiese *pocu*, *dicu*, *focu*. The same exchange of the voiceless sound for the voiced occurs in the case of *p* and *t*, as can be observed in the Sassarese words, “cabbu”, “daddu”, corresponding to the Italian *capo*, *dato*, and the Tempiese *capu*, *datu*.

*C* takes the Italian sibilant sound before *e* and *i*, as in “ceggu” *cieco*. In the Cagliariitan dialect only this sound is susceptible of initial mutation in pronunciation. *Celu*, in fact, is spoken in Cagliariitan with the Italian *c* aspirate when the sound of that letter should be strong, while in “su celu” *il cielo*, though unseen by the eye, the ear distinctly perceives *sgelu*, with the French *j*, or Cagliariitan *x*.

The Italian *c* sibilant is very often rendered in Sassarese by *z*, as well in pronunciation as in the orthography followed in the version of St. Matthew. The Italian words *cielo*, *il cielo*, *pace*, *croce*, *luce*, corresponding to the Tempiese *celi*, *lu celi*, *paci*, *gruci*, *luci*, appear in Sassarese as *zelu*, *lu zelu*, *pazi*, *crozi*, *luzi*, a strong sound being given to the *z* in the first instance, a weak one in the four last. (See under letter *z*.)

The letter *c*, of hard sound, when preceded by *l*, enjoys the singular property of transforming both that sound and its own into the German guttural *ch*;—otherwise the Spanish *j*, or, if preferred, the modern Greek *χ*; as heard in *nacht*, *hijo*, and *χαλκός*, but not as in *nicht* and *χήρα*, which have the *ch* and *χ* palatalized. Thus the word “balca” *barca*, will be pronounced as if it were written *bachcha*. (See under letter *l*.)

4. *ch*.—This digram in Italian represents two sounds. The first is that of hard *c* before *e* and *i*, and the second the palatalized sound, as heard in the plural *occhi*, written by many *occhj* and even *occhii*. This sound, which the French would call “*un son mouillé*,” and which modern phoneticism represents by “*k'*”, is expressed in Italian, before any other vowel than *i*, by *chi*, as in *occhio*, *vecchia*, *vecchie*, *orecchiuto*. In these words, contrary to what is seen in the plural *occhi*, the *i* exists only as a phonetic sign forming part of a trigram. Neither Sassarese nor Tempiese possesses the sound alluded to. In the former it is replaced by *c* sibilant, and in the latter by the peculiar sound *sui generis*, which is treated of in the remarks prefixed to the Tempiese version of St. Matthew. Thus the Italian *occhi* gives place to the Sassarese *occi* and the Tempiese *okci*.

In the Sassarese dialect *ch* may take not only the sound of hard *c*, but even those of hard *g* and *χ*, in the circumstances which require *c* to assume them, provided the vowels *e* and *i* follow. Thus “chedda” (*chita* in Tempiese) *settimana*, “la chedda”, “alchi” *archi*, “molchi”, *mosche*, are sounded *chedda*, *la ghedda*, *oxxi*, *moxxi*.

5. *ci*.—To represent the *c* sibilant sound before the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*, in Italian is adopted the digram *ci*, in which the *i* has no proper sound of its own, but merely serves, as an inseparable part of the digram, to express, in union with the *c*, the sounds heard in the words *bracia*, *cacia*, *cucio*, for which in *cenere* and *ciglio* the *c* alone suffices. The same use is made of this digram in Sassarese and Tempiese, as may be readily perceived in the words “faccia” and “cucciucciu”, *cagnolino*, of the former, and in “cioccia”, *chioccia*, of the latter. In Tempiese the peculiar *kci* sound often corresponds with the Italian sibilant *cc* and *cci*, and sometimes in Sassarese the rough *z*; though in the latter dialect *cc* generally survives unchanged. Thus *buccia*, Italian and Sassarese, is *bukcia* in

Tempiese; and *zozza* in Sassarese corresponds to the Italian *chioccia*.

6. *d*.—Has always the Italian pronunciation in Sassarese, at least unless it be reduplicated or preceded by *l*. In the latter case it has the property of transforming the ordinary *l*, and itself at the same time, into the voiced dental *l*, which will be treated of further on. Supposing therefore that we employ the underdotted character “*ḷ*” as the equivalent of the sound alluded to in all places where it is to be heard, the words found written “*caldu*” *caldo*, “*laldu*” *lardo*, “*ildintiggaddu*” *sdentato*, will have to be pronounced “*callu*”, “*lallu*”, “*illintiggaddu*”. This sound, a recognised one in the Gaelic dialect of the Isle of Man, is known neither to Tempiese, nor to Cagliariitan, nor even to Logudorese, except, as Spano tells us, in some varieties of this last bordering on Sassarese and not admitted into the common literary dialect of Logudoro. (See under letter *l*.)

Although in the Sassarese dialect, the single *d* not preceded by *l* never has other than the Italian pronunciation, it will be well to recall what Spano tells us of the pronunciation of the single *d* preceded by *n* in such Logudorese words as “*nde*” *ne*, “*ando*” *vado*, “*cumandu*” *comando*, “*mundu*” *mondo*, and all the gerunds, “*mandigande*” *mandigando*, “*factende*” or “*faghinde*” *facendo*, etc. In all these words *d* has a palatal sound, as though it were written *dd*. (See just below under *dd*.) The three other dialects of Sardinia never give the palatal pronunciation to the single *d*.

In the Logudorese dialect (see Spano’s *Grammar*, vol. i, p. 15) initial *d* is susceptible of absorption, i.e., of being suppressed in the Celtic fashion, by the influence of the preceding word; but this actually occurs only in the single word “*dinari*” *denaro*. *Meda dinari* will be pronounced *meda inari*; as opposed to *quantos dinaris*, where the *d* not only asserts itself but demands the strong sound of the double *d* for the reasons already explained in note 2.

7. *dd*.—This digram may convey two sounds, that of the strong or double Italian *d*, and the special palatal sound of the Cagliaritan, Logudorese, Sassarese, Sicilian, and in part of the Corsican dialects also. The latter sound I have already spoken of in the remarks prefixed to the Sicilian Version of St. Matthew; and I shall confine myself here to reminding my readers that it almost always corresponds to an Italian or Latin double *l*, “calteddu” *castello*, “beddu” *bello*, “eddu” *egli*, *ille*, “chiddu” *quello*.

The former sound, that of double *d* Italian, has an entirely different origin, since it corresponds nearly always to an Italian or Latin weak *t*, as may be perceived in “andaddu” *andato*, “daddu” *dato*, “rizzibiddu” *ricevuto*, “laddru” *ladro*, *latro*. The word “fraddeddu” *fratello*, presents both sounds; first the strong dental, and then the strong palatal; the one derived from *t*, the other from *ll*. The palatal sound may be indicated phonetically by “*ḍḍ*”, when strong, and by “*ḍ*” when weak, as in the Logudorese *nde*, pronounced “*nde*”.

8. *e*.—The Sassarese *e*, like the Italian, is sometimes open and sometimes closed. In this particular, the Sassarese dialect follows the Logudorese pronunciation, in preference to the Italian; while the Tempiese more often agrees with the latter. Thus *mela*, in Italian and Tempiese, is spoken with *e* closed, while the open *e* is heard in the same word, both in Sassarese and in Logudorese. (See Spano’s *Grammar*, vol. i, p. 7.) When *e* loses the tonic accent, by reason of inflexion or other etymological change, it is, as a rule, converted into *i* in Sassarese, in Tempiese, and in other southern dialects. Thus “*vèni*” *viene*, gives “*vinùddu*” *venuto*, in speaking as well as in writing; and “*fabèdda*” *parla*, “*vèlti*” *veste*, “*vèdi*” *vede*, give *fabiddàddu*, *viltìri*, and *vidèndi*.

9. *f*.—The strong pronunciation of this letter in no respect differs from that known in Italian; but when the weak sound is required, it is no longer spoken as *f*, but as *v*. The



words “figliolu” *figliuolo*, “figga” *fico*, “faccia”, which, when isolated, are pronounced as written, viz., with *f*, are expressed in speech, though never in writing, as *lu vigliolu*, *la vigga*, *la vaccia*.

The initial mutation of *f* into *v* occurs also in the Celtic tongues, but only in Irish and Manx of the Gaelic group, and Cornish among the Cymric. The Scottish Gaelic among the former class, and Welsh and Armorican of the latter, are without it. Thus, exactly in the same way as the Sassarese, *figliolu* may be converted into *vigliolu* in speaking, the Irish “fuil” (*blood*), may become *vuil* (written *bhfuil*), the Manx “feanish” (*witness*) *veanish*, and the Cornish “for” (*road*), *vor*.

10. *g*.—This letter takes the hard Italian sound before the vowels *a*, *o*, or *u*; or any consonant not forming part of the digrams *gl*, and *gn*, of which a word presently; and the hard sound also, as the terminal of a proper name: e.g., “gudimentu” *godimento*, “gràbidda” *gravida*, “Magog”.

Before the vowels *e* and *i*, it has the sibilant pronunciation that Italian gives to it in the syllables *ge*, *gi*, as long as these are pronounced strong;—as if written double, that is; but if the influence of the preceding word weakens its sound, initial mutation occurs. This mutation, peculiar to Sassarese, consists in the transformation of the sibilant sound of *g* into that of a *j*, pronounced as a true consonant with a palatalized sound; not, namely, as we hear it in correct Tuscan speech in the words *aio*, *baio*, etc.; but just as it is (improperly) pronounced by the Romans, and the majority of Italians, viz., *ajo*, *bajo*, etc. Thus the word “gesgia” *chiesa*, will be sounded *jesia*, if a word capable of producing the initial mutation precede, as it does in the case of *la gesgia*. This is pronounced *la jesgia*, though never written so.

The Manx and Scottish Gaelic also change the sound of *g*

aspirate into that of *j*. Thus, in the former Jee, *God* (pronounced as Italian *Gi*) is converted into Yee (pronounced as Roman *Ji*) in dty Yee, *Thy God*.

The hard *g*, preceded by *l*, is converted, in pronunciation, into the hard guttural Greek  $\gamma$ , as heard in  $\gamma\acute{\alpha}\lambda\alpha$ , not as in  $\gamma\acute{\epsilon}\nu\omicron\varsigma$ , while the antecedent *l* undergoes the same transformation. Thus, the words “alga” *spazzatura*, “lalgū” *largo*, “ilgabbaddu” *sgarbato*, are spoken as *αγγα*, *λαγγυ*, *ιγγαββδδου*. (See under letter *l*.)

11. *gh*.—Receives no other sounds in Sassarese than those of which the hard *g* is susceptible. Thus, “alghi”, *spazzature*, “lalghi”, *larghi*, “inghirià”, *andare in giro*, are pronounced, the last as written, the two first as *λαγγι*, *αγγι*.

*Gh*, in Italian, serves to express a sound called “schiacciato”, (palatalized) which is wanting in Sassarese and Tempiese, and which would be termed *mouillé* in French. It is, in fact, nothing else than the voiced sound corresponding to the *ch* in *occhi*, which modern phoneticism usually represents by “g’”. It is indicated in Italian, sometimes by the digram *gh*, and sometimes by the trigram *ghi*, as in *ragghi* and *ghianda*. In the latter word it is easy to see that the three letters *g*, *h*, *i*, all concur to form the single palatalized sound, the *i* having no existence apart; while, in the former, the same effect is produced by *gh* alone, and the *i* pronounced separately.

12. *gi*.—*Gi* represents the sound of *g* sibilant before the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*, in Sassarese as in Italian, in all cases where the initial mutation into *j* does not take place. “Giaddu” *gallo*, is spoken with the Italian *gi*, while “lu giaddu” *il gallo*, sounds as *lu jaddu*.

To the Italian and Sassarese aspirate *g*, *gg*, *gi*, *ggi*, corresponds in Tempiese a sound, *sui generis*, which is treated of in the remarks prefixed to the version of the Gospel in that dialect. This sound in the middle of a word is always represented by *gh*, or *ghi*, in the beginning sometimes by one of these

characters, sometimes, rather illogically (as is shown) by *g* alone. The following words, however they are found printed, receive the said peculiar sound, for which it might be well to employ a phonetic sign “*g̃*”, or the like; “*ogghi*” *oggi*, “*ghiaddu*” *gallo*, “*ghittà*” *gettare*, “*viagghiu*” *viaggio*, “*già*” *gid*, “*Gesù*” *Gesù*, “*Gerusalemmi*” *Gerusalemme*, “*Giuseppa*” *Giuseppe*, etc. In all these words, Sassarese presents to the ear the Italian sibilant *g* or *gi*, and it writes them *oggi*, *giaddu*, *gittà*, *viaggin*, *gid*, *Gesu*, *Gerusalemmi*, *Giuseppi*, etc. Some simple phonetic sign or other should in the same way be substituted for the *kci* sound, which in the Tempiese version referred to, is always represented by *cch* or *cchi*.

13. *gl*.—Before an *i* which is not succeeded by another vowel, *gl* is a true digram, and represents the sound called by the French “*l mouillé*”. Before all the other vowels, the *g* has its hard sound, as in Italian in the words *glaciale*, *gleba*, *gloria*, *glutine*, and in the few in which *gli* occurs followed by another consonant, as *negligenza*. In this particular, Sassarese follows the Italian pronunciation, sounding *figliolu* with liquid *gl*, and *gloria* with hard *g*.

In Tempiese, this liquid sound, as well as the Italian double *l*, is often rendered by a palatal *d*, written as *dd*. This is not the case in Sassarese. Thus, while the latter says “*vogliu*” *voglio*, “*megliu*” *meglio*, “*figliolu*” *figliuolo*, the former both writes and pronounces, *meddu*, *fiddolu* and *voddu*.

15. *gn* is pronounced as in Italian.

16. *h*.—The same use is made of this letter as in the Italian language, where, as well as in Sassarese, it has no proper value.

17. *i*.—Italian pronunciation.

18. *j*.—A true palatalized consonant; as already said under letter *g*. Under Spanish rule, this sound was expressed by *y*, according to Spanish practice. Thus, *Deyu* for *Deju*.

*k*.—In the Logudorese dialect this letter is made use of, as

in French, by those who like an orthography half etymological and half not.

19. *l*.—This letter in Sassarese bears at least six quite distinct sounds, which I will call the natural, the voiceless guttural, the voiced guttural, the voiceless dental, the voiced dental, and the sibilant.

The natural sound, that, namely, of the Italian *l*, obtains when this letter comes between two vowels, or occurs as an initial; with the strong form if the letter be doubled, the weak modification in contrary case. Thus, “*lu*”, *il*, *lo*, “*milli*” *mille*, “*solu*” *solo*, “*laddru*” *ladro*, are pronounced with the Italian *l* or *ll*. It obtains, equally as in Italian, before *z*, whether the *z* correspond to the *z*, the *c* aspirate, or the *s*, and whether the *l* represent the *l* or the *r* of that tongue. Thus “*alzà*” *alzare*, “*calzina*” *calce*, “*salza*” *salsa*, “*malzu*”, *marzo*.

The voiceless guttural  $\chi$  sound, spoken of above under letter *c*, is given to *l* whenever a hard *c* sound follows in the Italian form of the word; and the latter, too, is converted into  $\chi$ , whatever be the origin of the *l* in question, or the character by which the sound of hard *c* is expressed. “*Solcu*” *solco*, “*solchi*” *solchi*, “*alcu*” *arco*, “*molca*” *mosca*, “*molchi*” *mosche*, “*palca*” *pasqua*, are all pronounced with  $\chi\chi$ ; *soxxu*, *soxxi*, *axxi*, *moxxa*, *moxxi*, *paxxa*.

The voiced guttural sound, which I will represent by  $\gamma$ , obtains in analogous cases, namely, when *l*, be it derived from *r* or from *s*, is found followed by any character whatever meant to represent hard *g*, while the latter undergoes the same metamorphosis, and becomes  $\gamma$  likewise. “*Alga*” *spazzatura*, “*alghi*” *spazzature*, “*lalgo*” *largo*, “*lalghi*” *larghi*, “*ilgabbaddu*” *sgarbato*, are all spoken with  $\gamma\gamma$  (strong  $\gamma$ ) *ayya*, *ayyi*, *layyo*, *layyi*, *iygabbaddu*.

The voiceless dental sound occurs when *l*, be it derived from *r* or from *s*, is found preceding *t*, which latter also submits to

a transformation into a voiceless dental *l*. For the sake of clearness, I will indicate this sound by an over-dotted “*l̇*”. The words “*altu*” *alto*, “*palti*”, *parte*, “*baltoni*”, *bastone*, will accordingly be pronounced with a double “*l̇*” (“*l̇*” strong) “*allu*”, “*palli*”, “*balloni*” (\*). The sound of this “*l̇*” though decidedly dental, differs hardly, if at all, from that of the letter *ll*, belonging to the Welsh alone among the Celtic tongues; the sound that occurs twice in the name *Llangollen*, and is heard in every word in that language in which the character *ll* is found. And true though it is, that the Welsh produce this sound by striking the upper jaw with the tongue to the right of the middle line, it is no less true that this is done simply as a matter of choice, and that they can produce with very little effort the selfsame sound, by striking the jaw either to the left, or, just as the Sassarese do, at the insertion of the incisor teeth.

The voiced dental, which might be called the Manx pronunciation, appears in *l* followed by *d*, the latter being itself changed at the same time into “*l̇*” (*i.e.*, *l̇* underdotted, a character employed here phonetically). “*Caldu*” *caldo*, “*laldu*” *lardo*, “*ildintiggaddu*” *sdentato*, are all pronounced with double “*l̇*”; “*callu*”, “*lallu*”, “*illintiggaddu*.”

This sound I call Manx, because in Irish and Scottish Gaelic it is heard in a much more lingual and exaggerated form than in the Isle of Man. In those dialects it seems to me that a greater part of the tongue is concerned in its production, while in the latter attractive island I have always heard it enunciated in such a manner as to leave no doubt in my mind of its conformity with the Sassarese soft dental *l*. Nor had Sig. Cauglia, a Sassarese gentleman introduced to me by the Rev. Canon Spano, any more doubt of this conformity, when he heard the Rev. Mr. Drury, a Manx clergyman, pronounce the said Sassarese words *caldu*, *laldu*, etc., in my house in London. This “*l̇*” sound appears also

when an *n* follows, but the *n* is not itself changed into “l̥”. Thus, *ilnaturaddu* is spoken “ilnaturaddu”, not “illaturaddu”.

The sound of *l* sibilant, which I will represent by a Greek λ, cannot be better defined linguistically than as a Welsh *ll* palatalized or “*mouillée*”. Welsh itself does not possess such a modification of its peculiar *ll*, which belongs specially to Sassarese. Such a connection at least appears to me to be that which exists between the Welsh *ll* sound (voiceless dental *l* of Sassarese, or “l̥”) and this sibilant *l* or λ, though less decisively so than that which is apparent between the *ll* in *Filli* and the *gl* in *figli*. This sound, more sibilant than that of “l̥”, though it originate also from *r*, or from *s*, is noticed when the labials *p*, *b*, *m*, or the semi-labials *f*, *v*, immediately follow. Be it noted, however, that in this case the said consonants are not themselves transformed, as we saw happen with χ, with γ, with l̥, and with l̥, into the sound that precedes them, but are properly pronounced after that sound. The words “palpà” *palpare*, “colpu” *corpo*, “ilpina” *spina*, “sulfaru” *solfo*, “fulfaru” *crusca*, “ilfattu” *sfatto*, “alburu” *albero*, “balba” *barba*, “ilbirru” *birro*, “malvasia”, “zelvu” *cervo*, “ilviaddu” *sviato*, “calmà” *calmare*, “velmu” *verme*, “ilmuzzaddu” *smozzato*, are all pronounced with λ: *palpà colpu, ilpina, suλfaru, fuλfaru, ilfattu, alburu, balba, ilbirru, malvasia, zelvū, ilviaddu, calmà, velmu, ilmuzzaddu*.

When the preceding word ends with *l*, the initial consonant of that which follows determines the sound to be given to such final *l*. So the words “pal basgià” *per baciare*, “pal cadì” *per cadere*, “pal ceggu” *per cieco*, “pal chiltu” *per questo*, “pal ciamà” *per chiamare*, “pal dà” *per dare*, “pal fà” *per fare*, “pal gudì” *per godere*, “pal gittà” *per gettare*, “pal ghettu” *per ghetto*, “pal giaddu” *per gallo*, “pal magnà” *per mangiare*, “pal pudè” *per potere*, “pal quattoldizi” *per quat-*

*tordici*, “pal te” *per te*, “pal vidè” *per vedere*, “pal zilcà” *per cercare*, “pal zurradda” *per giornata*, are pronounced, some with *l* Italian, some with  $\chi$  (voiceless guttural), some with  $\gamma$  (voiced guttural), some with “l̥” (voiceless dental *l*), some with “ḷ” (voiced dental *l*), and finally, some with  $\lambda$  (sibilant *l*), as phonetically expressed here: *palbasgià*, *paχχadḷ*, *palceggū*, *paχχillū*, *palciamà*, *pallà*, *puλfà*, *paγγudḷ*, *palgittà*, *paγγettu*, *palgiaddū*, *palmaghà*, *puλpudé*, *paχχuattoldizi*, *pallé*, *palvidé*, *palziχχà*, *palzurradda*.

It would seem to me, after mature reflection on these various forms of the Sassarese *l*, that the sound of the voiced sibilant *l* should also be admitted, as I have included the two dental and the two guttural sounds, of which one is voiceless and the other voiced.

A somewhat delicate and attentive ear may by chance notice a slight difference between the sound of *l* before the voiceless consonants *p* and *f*, in the words *palpà*, *colpu*, *ilpina*, *sulfaru*, *fulfaru*, *ilfattu*, and that which the same letter takes when followed by a voiced consonant, as in *alburu*, *balba*, *ilbirru*, *malvasia*, *zelvu*, *ilviaddu*, *calmà*, *velmu*, *ilmuzzaddu*. Another very slight difference the Rev. Canon Spano points out between the sound of *l* derived from *s* and that of *l* originating from *r*, or corresponding to *l* in Italian, it being more prolonged in the former case than in the latter. These last distinctions must not be denied, but as they are not such as are generally perceived even by a fairly acute ear, I do not think I ought to admit either a phonetic representation or an increase in the number of the thirty-seven sounds. Enough that I have noticed them, confining myself to the sole remark that if such minute differences of sound are to be treated as of importance, the Sassarese *l* would be capable of expressing, not six, but thirteen more or less different sounds, and that these might be methodically arranged thus—

SOUNDS CORRESPONDING TO *l* AND *r*.    SOUNDS CORRESPONDING TO *s*.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. <i>l</i> Italian; <i>solu</i> , <i>laddru</i> , <i>milli</i> .          |  |
| 2. <i>l</i> voiceless guttural; <i>solcu</i> , <i>alcu</i> .               | 8. <i>molca</i> .  |
| 3. <i>l</i> voiced guttural; <i>alga</i> , <i>lalgù</i> .                  | 9. <i>ilgabbaddu</i> .                                     |
| 4. <i>l</i> voiceless dental; <i>altu</i> , <i>palti</i> .                 | 10. <i>baltoni</i> .                                       |
| 5. <i>l</i> voiced dental; <i>caldù</i> , <i>laldù</i> .                   | 11. <i>ildintiggaddu</i> .                                 |
| 6. <i>l</i> voiceless sibilant; <i>palpà</i> , <i>fulfaru</i> .            | 12. <i>ilpina</i> , <i>ilfattu</i> .                       |
| 7. <i>l</i> voiced sibilant; <i>alburu</i> , <i>zelvu</i> , <i>velmu</i> . | 13. <i>ilbirru</i> , <i>ilviaddu</i> , <i>ilmuzzaddu</i> . |

Be it noted that neither the Tempiese dialect, nor the Cagliaritan, nor even the Logudorese, in its literary form at least, is capable of any but the first of all these *l*'s; and that in them the character *l*, whenever it occurs, is invariably so pronounced.

In Tempiese, indeed, the conversion of *r* (never that of *s*) into *l* takes place before gutturals, dentals, and labials, as in the words "*balca*" *barca*, "*molti*" *morte*, "*colpu*" *corpo*, etc.; but such words are spoken as written, with *l* Italian, and not as *baxxa*, *molli*, *colpu*.

20. *m*.—Italian pronunciation.

21. *n*.—Italian pronunciation; *i.e.*, as dental *n*, when it is not followed by *b* or *p*, or by hard *g* or *c*; as *m*, when *b* or *p* follows; and as guttural *n* ("n" of the linguists) when a hard *c* or *g* succeeds. Thus *pane*, *pan bianco*, *vengo*, are pronounced "*pane*", "*panbianco*", "*veŋgo*".

22. *o*.—Italian pronunciation; *i.e.*, sometimes open, sometimes closed. In this particular Sassarese follows rather the Logudorese practice, while Tempiese agrees more with the Italian. (See Spano's *Grammar*, vol. i, p. 7). Thus *amòri* in Sassarese, and *amóri* in Tempiese.

*O* is very often converted into *u* by the agency of inflexion or other etymological change, when it has lost the tonic accent; as is observed in Tempiese, and other southern dialects. Thus, while we write and say "*mòri*" *muore*, "*pòni*", *pone*, "*dròmmi*", *dorme*, we have to speak and write: "*murì*" *morire*, "*punarà*" *porrà*, "*drummi*" *dormire*.



23. *p*.—This letter, though it is always written as *p*, represents two sounds, that of *p*, and that of *b*. The initial change of *p* into *b* takes place in Sassarese as in the Celtic tongues, but only when the weak pronunciation should obtain, as has been observed already under letter *c*. Thus, “pobbulu” *popolo*, “lu pobbulu” *il popolo*:—the former is pronounced *pobbulu*, the latter *lu bobbulu*, exactly as happens in Welsh in this very same word “pobl” *people*, “y bobl” *the people*.

*P* is often transformed into double *b*, both in writing and speaking, as the same word *pobbulu* shows us.

24. *q*.—Has the same force as in Italian, save in those cases in which the sound of hard *c* is susceptible of change, after the Celtic fashion, into that of hard *g*; or by the assimilative influence of *l*, into that of *χ*.

Thus, in “quattoldizi” *quattordici*, it has the Italian pronunciation; in *li quattoldizi*, *li quattoldizi* is heard, and in *pal quattoldizi* the pronunciation is as *paχχquattoldizi*.

25. *r*.—This letter is given with the sound of *rr* when the strong pronunciation is required, and as single *r* when the weak. “Rezza” *rete*, “la rezza” *la rete*. In Welsh, the aspirated *rh* is converted into *r*, in an analogous manner: “rhwyd” *net*, “dy rwyd” *thy net*. *R*, moreover, as we have seen under letter *l*, is very often converted into *l*, *χ*, *γ*, “*l̃*”, “*l̄*”, or *λ*, according to the letter that follows. It will be well to add, that in speaking as well as in writing, it frequently undergoes still other changes. *Rn* is generally rendered by *rr*, as in “carri” *carne*, “inferru” *inferno*, “zur-radda”, *giornata* (4). *R* preceding *p*, though, as a rule, transformed into sibilant *l* (*λ*), becomes in “ilcappi” *scarpe*, a *p*, by assimilation. Followed by *s*, it is itself transformed by the same assimilative process into an *s* also (5), as in “pessu” *perduto*, *perso*; and whenever it is found in Italian, with an *l* succeeding, their union, seemingly little in accord with

Sassarese notions, is ruthlessly severed. “Tarulu” *tarlo*, “perula” *perla*, etc.

26. *s*.—Is pronounced with a strong voiceless sound in all cases in which other consonants receive a strong pronunciation, and with a weak voiced sound in contrary cases. Thus, between two vowels, or at the beginning of a word preceded by another that demands the initial mutation from voiceless to voiced (in “casa”, “cosa”, “lu santu” *il santo*, for instance), the Sassarese *s* will be voiced, as in the word *sposa* in Italian; and not as it is given in the first three examples in correct Tuscan speech, viz., voiceless. In the isolated word, *santu*, on the other hand, or in *a santu*, *e santu*, *cun santu*, the *s* is voiceless in Sassarese also. *S* reduplicated, further, bears not merely the ordinary voiceless sound, but one still more forcible, as in the Italian *cassa*;—“fossu” *fosso*, “cussì” *così*. The Armorican alone among the Celtic languages (perhaps the Cornish also), offers us this initial mutation of the voiceless into the voiced *s* by the influence of the word preceding. Thus, giving to the *z* the sound, which that character bears in Armorican, of the Italian voiced *s*, “sac’h” *sack* is written and pronounced “zac’h” in “da zac’h” *thy sack*, exactly as, in Sassarese, the strong *s* of the word *saccu* is converted into the voiced form in *lu to’ saccu*; *lu do’ zaccu*, with the French or Armorican *z*, being the pronunciation required.

*S*, as has been seen already under letter *l*, may give place to the sounds  $\chi$ ,  $\gamma$ , “*l*”, “*l*”, and  $\lambda$ , always represented in writing by *l*. Be it added here that this letter is regularly converted into *l* Italian before another *l*, as in “illoggià” *sloggiare*, which is written and pronounced with two *l*’s. It is converted also into *r* before another *r*, as in *irradizinà* “*sradicare*” (<sup>6</sup>), and is written so as well as pronounced. In the word “eddis” *eglino* or *elleno*, a synonym of *eddi*, the *s*, when it comes at the end of a period or phrase, presents to the ear,

after the Logudorese fashion, a very faint subsequent repetition of the preceding *i*; as it were *eddisi*. This word *eddis*, and *lis*, in the sense of *a eddis*, are, I believe, the only ones in Sassarese that end in *s*.

27. *sc*.—These two letters do not, either more or less than in Italian, form a digram, or, in other words, represent a simple sound, unless followed by *e* or *i*. Before the remaining vowels they are expressed separately; the *s*, that is, is converted into  $\chi$  (voiceless guttural), and the *c* assumes that sound likewise. Thus “cunniscì” *conoscere*, “molca” *mosca*, pronounced *mo $\chi\chi$ a*.

28. *sci*.—This is a trigram; since the *i* is not pronounced as such (<sup>7</sup>), but only co-operates with the *s* and *c* in the formation of the conventional character by which in Italian and Sassarese orthography it has been chosen to represent the “š” sound of the linguists before the vowels *a*, *o*, *u*, as in “asciuttu” *asciutto*.

29. *sg*.—The sound of the French *j*, known by the linguists under the form “ž”, is in Sassarese expressed by this digram before *e* and *i*. The Cagliarians make use of *x* or else of *c*, as in *su celu*, which they pronounce *su xelu*, the *x* having the force of the Sassarese *sg*: “basgi” *baci*. Before the other vowels the *s* is changed, as was seen under letter *l*, into  $\gamma$  (voiced guttural), and the *g* takes that sound as well. This occurs in “ilgabbaddu” *sgarbato*, which will be pronounced *i $\gamma\gamma$ abbaddu*.

30. *sgi*.—Represents the preceding sound, the *i* having no proper force, when the vowels *a*, *o*, *u* follow: “basgia” *bacia*, “basgiu” *bacio*.

31. *t*.—Sounds as in Italian when the strong form is demanded, but when the pronunciation has to be weak it is converted into *d*. Thus *terra* is given with *t* Italian, and so are *a terra*, *e terra*, *cun terra*, while *la terra*, *la noltra terra*, are heard as *la derra*, *la noltra derra*. The same thing occurs

in the Celtic tongues, except in the Scottish Gaelic, which never admits the initial mutation of a voiceless into a voiced consonant. Thus in Irish, “*tír*” *country*, gives “*ár dír*” *our country*; though it is written *ár d-tír*, by force of the rule called *eclipsis*, which requires, in Irish orthography, the consonant sounded to be succeeded by the one which is no longer heard in the pronunciation, but retained for etymological reasons.

So also the Welsh, which, preferring phonetic to etymological orthography, of “*tad*” *father*, makes “*dy dad*” *thy father*, and writes it with *t* or with *d*, according to the pronunciation.

The Sassarese *t* is susceptible of a third sound yet, viz., of becoming a voiceless dental *l* in pronunciation, when it is preceded by “*l*” a sound of like character. (See under letter *l*.)

This letter, finally, may be converted into a non-palatal *dd*, as has been said already in the section relating to *dd*.

32. *u*.—Italian pronunciation.

33. *v*.—Is pronounced as in Italian when of strong sound; but when corresponding to the weak pronunciation of other consonants, is converted into a soft *b* of Spanish character. (See under letter *b*.) Thus in *vinu*, *avvizina*, *lu vinu*; the two first have the Italian *v*, as in *vino*, *avvicina*, but the third is pronounced *lu binu*, with, however, a Spanish *b*, less labial than the Italian.

In the Celtic tongues, *v* does not undergo initial change; but even here, the Tempiese dialect, which knows nothing of the other mutations which occur in Sassarese, Cagliaritan, Logudorese, and the Celtic languages—the Tempiese dialect, I repeat, offers the linguist a point of encounter with the last named, in the elimination to which the letter in question is there subject. This suppression takes place in every case in which Sassarese transforms it into *b*, and Logudorese into *h* aspirate; as in *su vinu*, *pro vendere*, which, in the latter

dialect, as Spano shows us (*Grammar*, vol. i, p. 12), are pronounced, though never written, “su hinu” *il vino*, “pro hendere” *per vendere*. Though *v*, in the Celtic tongues, is never subject to such elimination, it is no less true that this process is observed in the case of the Welsh and Armorican hard *g*; “gwr” *man*, and “gwerzid” *spindle*, being reduced to *wr* <sup>(8)</sup>, and *werzid*, by the force of the preceding word <sup>(9)</sup>; precisely as occurs in Tempiese in the word *vinu*, which, isolated, or in *a vinu*, *e vinu*, etc., is spoken with a *v*; while *lu vinu*, *chistu vinu*, on the other hand, are heard, though not written, as *lu innu*, *chistu innu*.

In the three Gaelic dialects, too, the letter *f*, which bears so close a relation to *v*, is similarly affected. “Fuill” *blood*, is converted into *uill* in “dty uill” *thy blood*, in the Manx dialect; and though the word in Irish and Scottish Gaelic is written *fuil* when the *f* is to be sounded; and *fhuil* when it is to be suppressed, its pronunciation is always the same as in Manx.

In Bitti, further (see Spano’s *Grammar*, vol. i, p. 12), the *f* in the word *fizu* presents an absolute conformity with the three Gaelic dialects; for, while pronounced *sos fizos* in the plural, in the singular it is heard as *su izu*, and not as *su vizu*, as in Logudorese in general. In Manx, finally, initial suppression of *b*, *d*, and *m*, may take place in words where these consonants are followed by *w*, as in “mwyllar” *miller*, “bwinnican” *yolk*, “dwoaie” *hatred*, which are pronounced and written accordingly, “yn wyllar” *the miller*, “yn winnican” *the yolk*, “e woaie” *his hatred*. Precisely similar is the Logudorese practice (see under *b* and *d*) with regard to the *d* of *dinari*, and the *b* of *boe*, which are transformed in pronunciation, though not in writing, into *su inari*, *su oe*.

Nor should the similarity be overlooked between the changes that affect the letters *s* and *t* in the three Gaelic dialects and *f* in Cornish alone of the Cambrian group; and the

initial mutation into *h* aspirate to which the Logudorese *v* is subject; for, just as in Logudorese, *vendere* and *vinu* are converted into *hendere* and *hinu*; “*sál*” *heel*, in Irish, and “*flôh*” *boy*, in Cornish give place to “*a shál*” (pron. *a hál*) *his heel*, and “*gen hlô*” *with a boy*. So also, to give an example of the change of *t* into *h* aspirate, I will take the Manx dialect, in which “*towse*” *measure*, becomes “*e howse*” *his measure*.

*x*.—The letter *x* is not used either in Sassarese or in Tempiese. In Cagliaritan it is pronounced as the French *j*, i.e., as the Sassarese, Logudorese, and Tempiese digram *sg*. In Logudorese it is used, for etymological reasons, with the force of *cs*.

*y*.—The same may be said of *y*, which is used in Logudorese alone, with the force of *i*, for the sake of etymology.

*z*.—According to the use that has been made of it in the Sassarese version of St. Matthew, a single *z*, as an initial, will have, as in Italian, sometimes a voiceless and sometimes a voiced sound. When of strong voiceless sound, it will become weak voiced in all cases in which the initial changes of voiceless sound into voiced take place. Thus in “*zelu*” *cielo*, it will be voiceless, and in “*lu zelu*” *il cielo*, voiced. In the middle of words it will always be voiced between two vowels, as in “*giultizia*” *giustizia*. After another consonant it will be, as in Italian, sometimes voiced and sometimes voiceless; but I believe that of all the words that occur in the version of St. Matthew the only ones which have a voiced *z* after a consonant are “*franza*” *frangia*, where the *z* corresponds to the Italian sibilant *g*; and “*pazienzia*”, with both the *z*'s voiced.

In “*Franza*” *Francia*, *z* is voiceless, as it corresponds to the Italian sibilant *c*; in “*monza*” *monaca*, it is voiced; but, speaking generally, it will be almost always voiceless after a consonant, as in “*malzu*” *marzo*, “*folza*” *forza*, “*piniddenzia*” *penitenza*, etc.

35. *zz*.—This digram, according to the orthography adopted in the Version of St. Matthew, will have a constantly voiceless sound. Thus, “*rizzibì*” *ricevere*, “*ozziu*” *ozio*, “*nigozziu*” *negozio*; while words such as *rozu*, *muzu*, *profetizà*, etc., having, unlike their Italian correlatives, only a single *z* between two vowels, will be pronounced with that letter of voiced sound. And be it here noted, that the sound of *zz* does not differ from that of single *z* of voiced pronunciation, merely as any strong letter may differ from its weak counterpart; that is to say, as Italian *t* from *tt*, etc. The sounds of *zz*, and of “*đđ*” (*dd* palatal), are totally distinct from those of the voiced *z*, and of the non-palatal *dd*; as distinct as *p* and *b*, *t* and *d*, *f* and *v*, voiceless *s* and voiced *s*, are from each other; and as to the Italian *dd*, it stands to the Sassarese “*đđ*”, as the Italian *l* to the Polish palatal *ł*, or almost as the natural *n* of *vano* stands to the guttural *n* of *vango*, in sounding which the point of the tongue does not meet the upper teeth, as it does in pronouncing the former.

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## NOTES.

1. Degli avvertimenti della lingua sopra'l Decamerone. Venice, 1584. Vol. i, p. 261.

2. "Usually" I say, because in Italian as well as in Sassarese, a single consonant is pronounced as if written double, as it falls under the following general rules:—

*a.* If, being initial and not followed by a consonant, it stands at the beginning of a sentence, whether commencing a period or clause (long or short) or following a comma.

*b.* If the preceding word, though ending in a vowel, be an oxytone, or a monosyllable derived from a Latin word which has dropped its final consonant, or final syllable beginning with a consonant, in becoming Italian or Sassarese.

Thus the preposition *a*<sup>1</sup>, derived from the Latin *ad*, the conjunction *e*, corresponding to *et*, *sì* derived from *sic*, "*uè*" *nec*, and truncated words like "*amò*" *amavit*, "*potè*" *potuit*, have all the property of giving a strong sound to the initial consonant of the word following; and though one sees written *a Pietro, e voi, sì grande, nè questo nè quello, amò molto potè poco*, one always hears *appietro, evvoi, siggrande, necquesto necquello, amommolto, poteppoco*.

The weak sound of the consonants, on the other hand, will obtain in every case, other than those noted in the above rules, in which the preceding word ends in a vowel. Thus in each of the following examples:—*di Maria, i doni, la mente, le donne, mi dice, ti lascia, si gode ama molto, pote' poco, molto largo*, the initial consonant of the second word is pronounced as written, weak; for either the Latin form of the preceding word (*de, illi, illa, illæ, me, te, se, potui*) ends in a vowel, or else, as *ama* and *molto* in *ama molto* and *molto largo*, the preceding word has not the tonic accent on its last syllable.

The property which many oxytones and monosyllables possess of giving a strong sound to succeeding initial consonants, does not then depend, as Salviati would have it, on their oxytonic or monosyllabic nature, but as I think I have sufficiently shown, on the final consonant of the original Latin form. This Latin final consonant, though it has disappeared in the derived dialects, retains its effect through the process

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<sup>1</sup> In Sassarese this preposition gives the strong sound to the *l* of the article only when the following word commences with a vowel:—*a lu babbu, all'anima, all'ilcribi, a la peddra*.



called assimilation, by virtue of which it is transformed into an Italian or Sassarese initial.

This being admitted, the oxytones and monosyllables which do not enjoy the property of giving a strong sound to initial consonants, and which are cited by Salviati as exceptions, cease to be such, and fall in with my general rules.

3. The word "altru" *altro*, is an exception, being pronounced with *l* Italian.

4. Except in "eternu" *eterno*, "eterniddai" *eternità*, "urna", "ternu" *terno*, "incarnaddu" *incarnato*, "incarnazioni" *incarnazione*, "turnu" (the "turning-box" of a monks' parlour) and some others.

5. Except in "forsi" *forse* (also pronounced vulgarly *fossi*), "cum-parsu" *comparsa*, and some others.

6. Except in *Israeli*.

7. Except in those words in which *i* receives the tonic accent. In these the trigram is resolved into the digram *sc*, and the vowel *i*, which last is given its proper value; as in "pascia" *pasceva*. The same may be said of any other trigram into which *i* enters as its third element, the Sassarese *sgi* and the Sassarese and Italian *gli* for instance. And just as the trigrams are resolved into digrams and vowels by reason of the tonic accent falling on the latter, the digrams themselves, such as *ci* and *gi*, are, under similar circumstances, split up into simple characters followed by a fully sounded vowel *i*. Thus, while in the Italian *bambagia*, *gi* exists as a digram possessing altogether merely the sound of *g* sibilant; in *albagia*, the same purpose is served, not by the digram *gi*, but by the single letter *g* preceding the *i*, which latter is distinctly pronounced with its own proper sound.

8. In Cornish, *gwr* gives place to *wur* by mutation of *g* into *w*.

9. I will remark here that one would need to be, if not blind, at least deaf, to be able to deny the identity in some cases, and the strong analogy in some others, between the Sardinian and the Celtic initial mutations, as far as concerns material points; though one should not for all that assume with absolute certainty the identity of the causes which produced these changes.

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# WELSH BOOKS PRINTED ABROAD IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CEN- TURIES, AND THEIR AUTHORS.<sup>1</sup>

By H. W. LLOYD, M.A.

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PERSONS of a literary taste, who may have lived long enough to remember Paris as it was in the early part of the present century, will probably not have forgotten M. Marcel, a learned Orientalist, who was sometime Director of the Imperial Printing Office under the first Napoleon. M. Marcel was by profession a publisher, and to his other pursuits, added that of bibliographical research. It was he who first brought to the notice of Prince L. Lucien Bonaparte a curious volume, printed in the year 1568, in a language evidently Celtic, but in a type and orthography exhibiting remarkable peculiarities, unlike those pertaining to any one of the existing families of that class of languages, and supposed by that gentleman to bear the nearest resemblance to the Cornish. Of this book Prince Lucien became the fortunate purchaser, and thus found himself the possessor of an unique copy of the "Athravaeth Gristnogavl", a work which has just been reprinted as nearly as possible in facsimile by the Cymmrodorion Society, and which has contributed largely to the settlement of a curious controversy, as well as to the elucidation of some material facts in connexion with the publication of a larger, and to scholars, and, indeed, to the lovers and students of Celtic literature generally, a more interesting and important work, the Welsh Grammar of Dr. Griffith Roberts. To the Welsh title of this latter book is appended no press-mark ; but simply the date of the year, and,

<sup>1</sup> Read before the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion, in London, on the 30th June, 1880.

in Latin, the day of the month;—1567. 1<sup>o</sup> Martij. We are told, however, by Dr. John Dafydd Rhŷs, in the preface to his *Welsh Grammar*, that Gruffydd Roberts wrote a Grammar, and “Mediolani excudit”. A late librarian of the British Museum, Sir Antonio Panizzi, was unable to bring himself to believe that by “Mediolani” the city of Milan, in Italy, could be intended, because, as he averred, the peculiarities characteristic of Italian printing were not to be detected in the book. He, therefore, started an extraordinary theory of his own, which was that by “Mediolani” must be understood, not Milan, in Italy, but the place called in the old British Itineraries “Mediolanum”, a Roman military station, the site of which antiquaries have been greatly puzzled to fix with certainty, and has been placed by some in Cheshire, by others in Flintshire, but by others again, and with far greater probability, in Montgomeryshire. The villages in that county which have contended for the glory of it, like the seven cities of old for being the birthplace of Homer, being Llan St. Ffraid, Llanfair, Llanfechan, Llanfyllin, (from Myllin), and Meifod, the two last of which, approach the most nearly in sound at least to Mediolanum. Some months ago an announcement was made by Prince L. L. Bonaparte in the *Academy*, that in the colophon at the end of the preface to the *Athrawaeth*, which had proved to be a small Welsh catechism, printed by Dr. Griffith Roberts, the author of the Welsh Grammar, the words were found, “O dref, Fylen nosuyl S. Nicolas.”, and in that at the end of the book, “Ymylen. 1568. dyuguyll. S. Nicolas.”, words which it was declared, on no less an authority than that of the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, could be referred to no other place in the world than Milan in Italy; and thus no further room was left for controversy on the question which had been raised by Sir Antonio Panizzi, as Dr. Roberts must naturally have printed the one work at the place where he printed the other. No serious doubt, indeed, could be entertained on such a matter

in the mind of a Welshman, as otherwise none could have been raised as to the whereabouts of the Roman station of Mediolanum, which would in that case readily have been identified by its very name. But no such place is or has been known either to historians or to the inhabitants in modern times. But if there were still room left for such a doubt after this discovery, still further materials are to be found for its solution in the existence of another work, the *Drych Cristionogawl*, or *Christian Mirror*, in the British Museum, which had been strangely overlooked by Panizzi, of which Dr. Griffith Roberts is unmistakeably the author. This (which, however, was printed, not by the author himself at Milan, but by his friend and fellow-worker, Dr. Roger Smith, at Rouen), contains, in Dr. Smith's introduction to it, a direct reference to a Welsh work printed by Dr. Roberts at Milan. It is also of great value for the light which it throws upon some other very interesting questions which have grown out of the publication of these and other works of a somewhat similar character, printed to all appearance in a sort of series, originating for the most part in a single cause, and culminating in a single object. Why, for example, was the printing of this series commenced in Italy and continued afterwards in France? And secondly, why was the peculiar orthography and punctuation found in them, and in them only, that has chiefly led to these perplexities, adopted in the first instance by Dr. Roberts, and continued, with some variations, by his successor in the work of printing them, Dr. Roger Smith? The answer to these questions, interesting alike to the critic of language and to the bibliographer, is fully supplied in the preface and in some supplemental additions to others of the different works; and, therefore, though somewhat long, I have ventured here to reproduce them.

Of the *Drych Cristionogawl* I am unable of my own knowledge to give the full and precise title, as the title-

page of the British Museum copy (the only one now known) has unhappily been lost. According to the British Museum Catalogue it runs thus, *mutatis mutandis*, to adapt it to the modern orthography: "Y Drych Cristianogawl yn yr hwn y dichon pob Cristion ganfod gwreiddin a dechreuad pob daioni sprydawl, sef, gwybod modd i wasanaethu Duw, drwy ei garu a'i ofni yn fwy na dim, ag i daflu ymaith beth bynnag ar a fo rwystr i hynny. Y rhan gyntaf yn peri gwasanaethu Duw drwy ei garu." "The Christian Mirror, in which every Christian may see the root and beginning of all spiritual goodness, namely, to know how to serve God by loving and fearing Him above all things, and to cast away whatever shall be a hindrance to that. The First Part, causing to serve God by loving Him. Edited by R. S. (*i.e.* Rosier Smith?), B.L. [Apud hæredes I. Favonis, Rhotomagi, 1585.] 12mo. The work is set down by Rowlands under the year 1584, who gives the title correctly as far as the word *dim*, adding, &c., and "There is no author's name to this book", showing that he could not have looked into it as far as the preface. The preface, however, commences as follows: and here I am met, at the outset, by the bi-lingual difficulty, which has asserted itself in so marked a manner in the Principality, and which, I fear, I can meet in no other way than by giving extracts from the respective works in both languages. The original has:—"YR AWDWR NEU R GWR A WNAETH Y LHYFR YMA AT EI GAREDIGION GYMRY YN ERCHI PHYNNIANT A LHWYDHIANT IDHYNT." Wrth fedhwl am fraint a bri 'r Cymry gynt, a' i llesced ai diystyred yr owran, mae dolur a chlefyd yn magu yn fynghallon." Which may be thus translated:—"The author, or the man who made this book, to his beloved Cymry, beseeching success and prosperity for them. On reflecting on the privilege and honour of the Cymry of old, and their dispirited and despised condition at present, pain and sickness are fostered in my heart."

On page 11 of the Preface, the running title of which is "At Gymry" (To Welshmen) is the following:—"Drych Cristianogawl yr henwais i y l'yfr yma am fod pob Cristiawn yn gal'u canfod yndo, os mynn, lun y petheu yssyd ido eu canlyn neu gochel yn y byd yma, megis y cenfyd dyn mywn drych o wydr lun gwrthdrych y peth a fo ar gyfeiryd y drych"; *i. e.*, "I have named this book the *Christian Mirror*, because every Christian may see therein, if he will, the form of the things that he is to follow or to avoid in this world, as a man sees in a glass-mirror the opposite form of the object that is presented to the mirror."

The last three paragraphs run thus:—"Hynn o damchwain o liw beiau a gasclai rhyw fath ar dynion yn y l'yfr yma ac erail' ryw eilun beieu o faith aral'; Ond o chaf wybod un bai nag aral', mi a fydaf barod i ymostwng ag i vfudhau i'r sawl bynnag ai daghosso, yn enwedig o dihangawd dim o'm geneu drwy anghof yn y l'yfr yma a fo yn anghytuno mywn dyal' a medwl a r Eglwys Gatholic fy Mam sprydol.

"Ni cheisiaf na thal na diolch am fy mhoen am hewyl'ys da, ond bod yn gyfrañol o wedi pob Cymro phydlon, or a gapho dim didanwch na l'es yw enaid wrth darl'ain neu glywed y l'yfr hynn.

"Duw a Mair gyda a chwi ol', ag a drefno i ni fyw yma ynghorlañ Crist, megis y gal'om i gyd gyt gyfwrdd ym Paraddwys nefawl, a theyrnasu gyd a Duw yn dragywydawl. Amen."

*I. e.*, "Some persons may gather faults of one kind in this book, and others some appearance of faults of another kind. But if I get to know one fault or another, I shall be ready to submit myself to and obey anyone, whosoever he may be, that shall point them out, especially if anything has escaped from my lips through forgetfulness, that is discordant in understanding and thought with the Catholic Church, my spiritual mother.

"I shall seek neither pay nor thanks for my trouble and my good-will, save to be partaker of the prayer of every faithful

Welshman, who shall gain any comfort or benefit to his soul by reading or hearing this book.

“God and Mary be with you all, and order us so to live here in the fold of Christ, as that we may be able to meet together in the heavenly Paradise, and reign with God for ever. Amen.”

“O Fulan, yr eidoch,

“G. R.

(“From Milan, Yours, G. R.”) [GRIFFITH ROBERTS.]

Then comes a blank page, the next to which begins as follows:—

“YR ACHOS A’R MODH Y  
dodwyd y lhyfr yma mywn Print.”

“Y mae blwydhyn bellach a chwaneg er pann dhaeth i m lhaw yn Nhir Phreinc lyfr Cymbraeg o waith yr Athro mawr o Dhinas Fulan yngwlad yr Idal. Ewylhys yr Athro ydoedh dhanfon y lhyfr mywn scrifeñlaw i blith y Cymry: Am nad oedh dim modh yw brintio ef yno ac am fod y phord yn rhy bell rhy faith i dhanfon mawr nifer o lhyfreu o r Idal i wlad Gymbry: Rhag torri ar ewylhys yr Athro, mi a dhanfonais o Phrainc i ynys Brydain vn copi o’r l’yfr mewn yscrifen law, ag a gedwais gopi aral’ gyd a mi fy hunan yn Phrainc. Yn y mann ar ol tirio ’r lhyfr a dyfod yn hoeth (*sic* for noeth) ac yn anrhefnus wedi ei wlychu gann fordwy a heli, idhwylo Cymbry, cafodh (fal y clywais) wisc yn ei gylch ai sychu ai ymgledhu yn ewyl’ysgar ag yn chwannog dhigon. Yna cerdded a wnaeth dros amser o law i law drwy aml faneu odir Cymry, yn cael mawrbarch a chroeso ymhob mann: pawb o r a glywei son amdano yn chwañog i gael cydnabod arno: rhai yn deisyf ei dharlhain: erailh, yrhai nis medrēt dharlain yn damuno clywed ei dharlhein: y drydedh rann yn fodhlon yw gopio ai scrifennu, i gael aml gopiæ i fyned ar hyd y wlad. Pann dhoeth y gair o hyn i dir Phrainc

lhe yr oedhwn i yn trigo, ef a fu lawen a chynes fynghallon wrth glywed chwant ag awydh y Cymru i wrando cynghor sprydol. Yma y tyfodh gobeith mawr yn fy medhwl, y gelhyd achub llawer o eneidiau yn Ghymry rhag discyn i yphern, pe y baei fod y dhāgos ydhynt eu peryglon sprydol. Wrth fedhwl am hyn ny fedrwn i weled vn modh phrwythlon gymhwys, ony baei gael gossod dod i maes y lhyfr mywn Print. O fywn Deyrnas ny welwn dhim gobaith i gael nag arian, na gweithwyr, na lhe cymhwys cyfadhas. Wrth hir fedhwl, a gweled egni y Saeson phydlon yn printio lhyfreu Saesnech o'r tu yma ir mor, mywn gwledydd dieithr, mi a ganfuum mewn rheswm y galhei i Printwyr o Phrainc brintio Cymbraeg yn gystal a Saesnech, gan fod y dhwyr iaith yn gyfdhieithr idhynt. Ac ynghyferyd y mawr nifer o lhyfreu Saesnech a ossoded alhan er pan lygrwyd Phydhy a Chrefydd yn ynys Prydein, drwy boen a thrafael y Saeson Catholic: rhag cywilydd a cholhed i holh Gymry, cymesur a phyrddferth y gwelwn ossod a dod i alhan vn lhyfr Cymraec, gan fod cymeint o eiseu a r Cymbry, mor chwannoc i gael lhyfreu, a Duw wedy trefnu Printwyr mywn tref ar fin y mor yn barod er cyflog i brintio Cymraec cystal a Saesnech. Mi a gymerais arnaf (nid heb gyfarch a chennad yr Athro) ossod mewn Print y Rhan gyntaf o'r tair. Canys, megis y gelhwch dheallt wrth lythyr yr Athro o r blaen nid yw 'r holh waith onyd vn lhyfr yn cynhwys teir Rhann: Ag os Duw a dhenfyn rhwydheb mifi a ossodaf alhan y Rhanneu eraill yn gyntaf a galhwyf, sef yr ail a'r drydydd (*sic. for drydydd*) pob un yn ei hordor ai gradh. Lhythrenneu Seisnig a gawson i r gwaith, ag yn lhe y D. a r L. dybledigion y rhoesom dh. ag lh. ar ol arfer yr hen gymreigwyr gynt, y peth ysydd wedheidhiach na dyblu'r lhythrennau. Gan na fedrem gael D. ag L. a nodæ danynt ar ol ordor yr Athrawaeth Gristnogawl a brintied ym Mulan, mewn ymhel' fanneu chwydwi a gewch D. ag L. wedi eu nodi yn eu penneu: a r rhai hynny i gyd sy n



arwein sain y lheilh ag yn arbed yr H. Ag os cawn yn ol hyn dhigon o honynt wedi nodi yn eu penneu, nyni a beidiwn yn gwbl a chydiaw r H. gyda D. ag L. Y mae r gost a r darul (*sic* by a misprint for draul) a r boen yn fawr iawn ag yn flin: Am hynny i mae pob Cymbro phydhlon gar bron Duw yn rhwymedig i roi help a chanhorthwy i r Gwaith drwy wedhi a modheu erailh, pawb yn ei radh a i alhu. Ag am fod gwyr āghyfarwydh anghyfiaeth mywn gwlad diertth heb dhealht yr iaith Gymbraeg yn gelhwg odh dann eu dwylo fagad o feieu drwy gamgymeryd a cham ossod y lhythrenneu, a beieu erailh at hynny: rhaid o madheu y fath feieu bychan: Gan na ellid cael petheu mywn modh gwelth o dan dhwylo dieithred anghyfarwydh. Yn olaf peth ydh wyf yn deisyf ar bob Cymro phydhlon fedhwl amdanaf iñeu yn ei wedhi, a chopau hefyd yn i wedhi pob math ar dhyn o r a fu o r a fydh yn helpu r gwaith hynn drwy gost, traul, blinder, neu fodhion erailh yn y byd.

“O DREF ROAN,

“Eych gwladwr caredig,

R. S.”

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TRANSLATION.

“It is now a year and more since there came into my hand, in the land of France, a Welsh book, the work of the great master of the city of Milan, in the country of Italy. It was the master's wish to send the book, in manuscript, among the Welsh: because there were no means to print it there, and because the way was too far and tedious to send a great number of books from Italy into the country of Wales. Not to infringe the master's wish, I sent from France to the Isle of Britain one copy of the book in manuscript, and kept another copy with myself in France. Immediately after travelling, and coming bare and disordered, after being wetted by the salt water, into the hands

of the Welsh, it obtained (as I heard) a cover around it, and was dried, and lovingly and eagerly cared for. Then, for a time, it passed from hand to hand through many places of the land of Wales, receiving everywhere much reverence and welcome: all who heard of it being desirous of gaining a knowledge of it; some desiring to read it; others, who knew not how to read, wishing to hear it read; a third part content to copy it, and write it, so as to get a number of copies to go about the country. When the news of this came to France, where I was residing, my heart was rejoiced and comforted to hear of the zest and eagerness of the Welsh to hear spiritual counsel. Then there grew up in my mind a great hope that many souls in Wales might be saved from falling into Hell, if there were a way to point out to them their spiritual perils. In reflecting on this, I could see no convenient and fruitful way, unless the book could be put into and published in print. Within the kingdom I could see no hope of obtaining either money or workmen, nor a fit and suitable place. By long reflection, and seeing the energy of the English faithful in printing English books on this side of the sea in foreign lands, I conceived it within reason that printers of France might be able to print Welsh as well as English, the two tongues being equally strange to them. And in view of the great number of English books that have been published since Faith and Religion were corrupted in the Island of Britain, through the toil and industry of the Catholic English: on pain of shame and loss to all Welshmen, I saw it expedient and honourable to set forth and publish one Welsh book, whereof there was so much need, and the Welsh so eager to get books, and God having provided printers on the sea-side, ready for hire to print Welsh as well as English. I have taken it upon me (not without the favour and leave of the Master) to put in print the first part of the three. For, as you may under-

stand by the Master's letter, the whole work is but one book containing three parts.<sup>1</sup> And if God shall send liberty, I shall put forth the other parts as soon as I can, viz., the second and third, each in its order and degree. We have got English letters for the work, and instead of the doubled D. and L., we have put dh. and lh., according to the manner of the old Welshifiers, which is a more proper thing than to double the letters. Since we could not get D. and L. with marks under them, according to the order of the 'Athra-vaeth Gristnogavl' (Christian Instruction), that was printed at Milan, you will find D. and L. in several places marked above; and these all carry the sound of the rest, and save the H. And if we find, hereafter, enough of them marked above, we shall cease altogether to join the H. with D. and L. The cost, and expense, and trouble, are very great and burdensome. Therefore, every faithful Welshman is bound to give help and assistance to the Work by prayer and other ways, every one to his power and degree. And as unskilled and unlearned men, in a foreign country, who understand not the Welsh language, let slip a heap of errors through mistaking and mis-setting the letters, and other faults besides: since things could not be had in a better way, under the hands of unskilled foreigners, such petty faults must needs be forgiven. Last of all, I desire every faithful Welshman to think of me also in his prayer, and to remember, too, in his prayer, every sort of person that has been or shall be helping this work by expense, trouble, or other means whatsoever.

FROM ROUEN,

Your affectionate countryman,

R. S.

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<sup>1</sup> The First Part, which alone is printed, or, as far as is now known, extant, is a short treatise on the Love of God.

Doubtless, by the initials of R. S., is represented Roger Smith, a person whose identity would seem to be enveloped in not a little mystery. In the *Douay Records*, "Rogerius Smithe" appears in a list of "Angli pauperes", matriculated at that University between 1573 and 1612. And, in a State paper, mention is made by a spy of the Government in 1601, of a priest then in England, Dr. Roger Smith, aged about 35. This person has been confounded by Rowlands, the author of the *Cambrian Bibliography*, with George Williams, who, he says, adopted the name of Smith from his mother, was made LL.B. and LL.D. in Padua, in 1567; held several preferments in the diocese of St. Asaph, and afterwards was Chancellor of Llandaff, and died in 1608. But, as has been shown by the Rev. D. Silvan Evans in his annotation on page 91 of that work, it is impossible that he could have been the same person as the Catholic Roger Smith, who, as shown in the same Bibliography, published three works successively, in Welsh, in 1609, 1611, and 1615 (see pp. 84, 86, 88), in the titles of which he is described as of St. Asaph (Llanelwy), and as a Master and Doctor in Theology.

A short description of these works is to be found in the *Cambrian Bibliography* of Rowlands; but, as these are, in some respects, incomplete, and even inaccurate, I propose to give here an account of them; together with such additional particulars as I have been enabled to gather, not only as being interesting in themselves, but also in the hope that it may lead to the discovery of copies of those of the existence of which I have, hitherto, been unable to find a trace. Before doing so, it may, however, be useful to state more particularly, what is the precise nature of the information derived from the Preface to the *Drych Gristionogawl*, by Dr. Roger Smith, and what are the points which had been previously in controversy, which it satisfactorily clears up. In the first

place, as has been already observed, it had been asserted many years ago, by Sir A. Panizzi, the well-known Librarian of the British Museum, that the *Welsh Grammar* of Dr. Griffith Roberts could not have been printed in Italy, chiefly because, in the opinion of Sir A. Panizzi, himself an Italian, the type, and general style of the letter-press, differed essentially from the type and style of printing in that country at the time of its issue. The title of the book runs as follows:—“*Dosparth byrr ar y rhann gyntaf i ramadeg cymraeg lle cair llawer o bynciau anhepcor i un a chwennychai na doedyd y gymraeg yn ddilediaith, nai scrifennu 'n iawn. A orchfygo yma, a goronir fry. 1567 Primo Martij.*” Now, Mediolanum—where, as Dr. John Dafydd Rhŷs states, in the Preface to his Grammar, that this book was printed—is not only the ancient Latin name of the city whose appellative has been modernised into Milan, but was also that of a Roman city and fortress in Wales, the precise site of which has long been, and still is, a matter of interesting dispute among learned antiquaries. That this was a moot point Sir A. Panizzi, as a foreigner, would naturally have been ignorant at the time that he raised the hypothesis; which, had it been correct, would have sufficed to establish not only the locality whence Dr. Roberts’ Grammar would have issued, but also that of the Roman station, since it would have shown that a place in Wales had been known, to scholars at least, by the Latin appellation of Mediolanum, as late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth! The place, too, would have been of sufficient importance to have rejoiced in the possession of a printing-press. Unfortunately for Sir A. Panizzi, no printing-press is known to have existed in Wales for upwards of a century after the publication of the Grammar: and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Richard Williams (in *Montgomeryshire Collections*, v, 393) has given it as his opinion that the earliest document printed in Wales was that entitled “*News from Pembroke and Montgomery; or, Oxford*

secondly, no town in Wales is known to have been found in legal or historical documents under the name of Mediolanum in that country in modern times. Sir A. Panizzi, however, may be entitled to excuse for his mistake as to the locality in the fact of his being a foreigner, though scarcely so much so, perhaps, for his somewhat extraordinary persistency in maintaining it in the face of the opposition of those who were not merely well acquainted with, but actually natives of the Principality. It seems strange, also, that he should have been unacquainted with Dr. Gr. Roberts' other work, the *Drych Gristnogawl*, edited by Dr. R. Smith, which must have been, at that very time, in the museum of which he was librarian; or if he was, that he should have found no one to translate for him so much as the Preface, in which he would have found at once the key to the solution of the whole of his difficulties, in the plain, categorical statement that it was printed at Milan. And there he would not only have found full confirmation of the fact which he, to do him justice, rightly suspected, as to the foreign characteristics of the letterpress, but the variation also accounted for in a simple and natural manner. He would have found that, to meet the unexampled difficulties of the case, recourse was to be had to the invention of new expedients. The Italian type-foundries produced no such a letter as *w*, which was unknown to the language. The letter *h* would also probably have been scarce in type, being in Italian less frequently in use. Dr. Roberts hit upon a remedy by recourse to the method of Hebrew, and of Welsh orthography, which he had seen, probably, in some MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In those it had been usual to distinguish certain changes of sounds

Manchester'd by Michael Oldsworth and his Lord, who swore he was Chancellor of Oxford, and proved it in a Speech made to the new Visitors in their new Convocation. Printed at Mountgomery, 1648." A writer in the "Byegones" column of the *Oswestry Advertiser* of January 1877, has suggested that the imprint may be fictitious.

by a dot placed underneath the simple form of the letter. Thus, he conceived that the aspirate, or *h* sound, of *ll*, would be well expressed by a single *l* dotted below; and similarly *th*, or *dd*, the derived sounds of *t*, or *d*, by a simple dotted *t* or *d*. The Welsh *w* was to be represented by an under-dotted *u*, or *o*; and the ordinary sound of *ff* by *ph*. Hereby a double advantage was secured: the necessity for the use of the type representing *h* was done away with, and space was economised by the reduction of the book to a smaller compass. It is proper, however, to mention that Dr. Roberts appears also to have been actuated by a further motive, less admissible, perhaps, than that of necessity. He appears to have been desirous of falling back upon the old lines, and substituting the general use of the orthography of older MSS. for that which had become familiar to his countrymen in his own day. In that it may safely be asserted he was in error. History does not retrace her steps, although, from another point of view, it has been rightly said that she "repeats herself". The orthography of every pure and unmixed language represents the pronunciation of that language in the stage of advancement in knowledge and refinement which it has actually reached at the period of its adoption, and the attempt to fall back upon it is as impracticable as to make the widened waters of the Thames or the Dee to flow back to their source from their estuaries below London or Chester, as to induce the English or Cymric peoples to return to the uncouth forms which were in use during the periods of the gradual progress of transition of their respective languages towards the perfection of their final development. If such were the case, it would be equally proper for the pronunciation to fall back in parallel lines with the orthography, and to pronounce words now written with *th* and *dh*, as though they were spelt with a *t* and a *d*; and with a *v*, as though they were written with an

*f*. Instances of signal failure of such attempts are to be found in that of Drs. Hare and Thirlwall, to revive old English spelling in their translation of Niebuhr's *History of Rome*, in which, among other solecisms, the final syllable of the past tense of verbs was spelt with *t*, instead of *ed*; and, again, in the well-known example of the orthography adopted by Dr. Owen Pughe, in his first edition of the *Welsh Dictionary*, in which we are puzzled to recognise syllables written with a *z* as those to which we had become familiarized from our childhood as spelt with a *dd*, pronounced by us naturally as *dh*; and again, in the reversion to the *v* of the MSS. of the fifteenth century, in Tegid's edition of the *Works of Lewis Glyncothi*, for the single *f* of the sixteenth century, to which the national eye and ear had become irrevocably and irrecoverably accustomed by the nineteenth. These learned and indefatigable writers, to whom we of this generation must feel ourselves so deeply indebted for the enlargement of our knowledge in Celtic literature, would seem to have failed adequately to have imbued their minds with the conception of the fact that many of the words which they found in the ancient MSS. written with a single *f*, were originally pronounced with the hard sound of that letter, and that the necessity for the double *ff* was created by the gradual softening of some words so written to the pronunciation of *v*, in order to distinguish the latter from those in which the original hard sound was retained. If to this view it be objected that the orthography of the double *ff* for *f* is to be found in English books and writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that in writing English, the single *f* has gradually, but at length totally (with, perhaps, the solitary exception of the word *of*), been substituted for the double *ff*, while in Welsh the double *ff* has been retained to this day, in order to distinguish it from the single *f*; the use of which, in that language only, is con-



finer to representing the sound of *v*; the answer seems to be that the unsightliness, approaching often to the grotesque, when the *v* form is employed at the end of a word, has rendered its use too unpalatable for general acceptance, however plausible, and even scientific, may be deemed the reasons for its adoption from a different point of view. A more striking example, however, of the sheer impracticability of maintaining such a system of orthography can scarcely be furnished than by the fact that the system adopted by Dr. Griffith Roberts himself was, perforce, partially abandoned by his immediate successor in the printing of Welsh works abroad, not to say his own devoted friend and admirer, Dr. Roger Smith, in the edition of the very next publication to the *Athrawaeth*, the *Drych Cristionogawl*, and in the apology which, as we have seen, he has offered for it in his Preface. There he tells us that he has substituted a dot *over*, for the dot *under*, the letters *d* and *l*; because, having been at the pains to procure English type, he was unable to obtain a sufficient quantity of the latter. And, moreover, where his supply fell so far short that he was unable to carry out his own system of over-dotting the letters in its entirety, he was fain to introduce an *h* after *d* and *l*; and that not only for the reason already given, but also because to his own judgment, this method appeared preferable to that of doubling those consonants, which was then coming into use, being more agreeable to the practice of the ancient Welsh writers: “yr hen Gymreigwyr gynt.” Despite his well-meant efforts, however, to counteract it, the system of doubling the consonants so “mightily grew and prevailed”, that it quickly superseded every other, and spread so widely, that in our own day we find it adopted everywhere; and the other—save in the cognate dialect of Gaelic, and in the method of orthography introduced with equal failure of success into Edward Lhwyd’s *Archæologia Britannica*—nowhere:

yet, doubtless, the soft sound of *th*, as in the English word *the*, is more naturally, as well as scientifically, represented by the use of the true symbol of the aspirate *h* after *d*, as *dh*. The whole story reminds us of the protest made by classical scholars against the introduction of the use of the word 'telegram' for a message by electric wire; whereas, the true classical usage would have required 'telegraphem', as, in fact, was abundantly proved by very learned letters, published in the *Times* and elsewhere. The principle of utilitarianism and expediency prevailed over that of grammatical correctness, to the triumph of 'telegram' over 'telegraphem', unless, indeed, we ought to call in Professor Rhys to assist us, who might possibly refer us, for the true explanation of the seeming incongruity, to the principle of 'phonetic decay'."

To revert, however, to Dr. Roger Smith's Preface, from which we gather information on another important point, namely the original scope of the "Drych". Of this he tells us that the MS. sent him by its author, Dr. G. Roberts, consisted of three parts, the two latter of which he purposed to bring out as soon as he could; a purpose, however, which, as far as we know, he never was able to effect, as nothing whatever, up to this time at least, appears to be known of their existence. The first part consists of about seventy pages, and is a treatise, as far as I have been able hitherto to ascertain from a cursory examination, on the Love of God. It is still possible, but scarcely it is to be feared probable, that the other two should be brought to light at this distance of time, unless, indeed, copies may have providentially been preserved in MS. in the public or other library in Milan.

Of the author, Dr. Griffith Roberts, it is disappointing to find that so little information is forthcoming. Canon Williams, in his *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, tells us that he was "a learned grammarian, of whom nothing further is

known than that he was educated at the university of Sienna in Italy, under the patronage of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke," but gives no authority for the statement. Rowlands, in the *Cambrian Bibliography*, following apparently Moses Williams, calls him, "Griffith Roberts, Esq., M.D., *i. e.* Doctor of Medicine; but this is clearly apocryphal. Rowlands' editor, the Rev. D. Silvan Evans, annotating this, has succeeded in eliciting a ray of light to throw on this dark subject from a paper in the *Harleian Miscellany* (vii, 132), where it is said that he was Confessor to Cardinal (St. Charles) Borromeo at Milan; and Dr. R. Smith confirms this by calling him in his Preface, "yr Athro mawr o Dhinas Fulan yngwlad yr Idal", the great Master of the City of Milan in the land of Italy, proving the high estimation he was held in for his learning, and also, perhaps, for his piety. On reference to the *Miscellany*, the statement appears in a tract printed in London in 1590, with a very long title, headed "The English Romain Life", etc., "Written by A. M., sometime the Pope's Scholler in the Seminary among them." A. M. was a person named Antony Munday, one of those disreputable spies, in which capacity he must have been a scholar, if at all, in the pay of Elizabeth's ministers, employed to ferret out information respecting the Catholics abroad in exile for their religion, with the view to found evidence against them upon it in the event of their return to England, and described, as stated in a note by an opponent of his, as having been "first a stage-player, after an apprentice, which time he wel served with deceaving of his master; then wandering towards Italy, by his own report became a cosener in his journey. Coming to Rome, in his short abode there, was charitably relieved, but never admitted in the seminary (as he pleaseth to lye in the title of his book)." His narrative contains (to say the least) monstrous and incredible exaggerations, of a character similar to those proved in the case of

others of his class to have been invented by them for the purpose of pleasing their employers, such as we may well believe that which he relates of Dr. Griffith Roberts, to the effect that he spoke to him of plots and treasons against the Queen of England, in language which might "move a heart of adamant". His statement, therefore, that Dr. Roberts was St. Charles' confessor, and lodged in his palace, perhaps may require confirmation, but there is nothing improbable in the short account, at least, which he gives of his reception at Milan in these words:—"From thence (viz., Lyons) we went to Millaine; where, in the Cardinall Borromeo's palace, we found the lodging of a Welshman, named doctor Robert Griffin; a man there had in good account, and confessor to the afore-said cardinall. By him we were very courteously entertained, and sent to the house of an English priest in the city named Maister Harries, who likewise bestowed on us very gentle acceptaunce; as also three English gentlemen who lay in his house." In the prefatory notice of another work by Dr. Roger Smith, which will be referred to presently, he states that Dr. Griffith Roberts was Canon Theologian in the Cathedral Church at Milan, which so far is corroborative of the probability of Munday's assertion.

Now, with regard to the *Athrawaeth*, it will have been naturally supposed that, because Dr. Roger Smith refers to the work as having been printed and published at Milan, where Dr. Gr. Roberts resided, Dr. Roberts is therefore to be also accredited with its authorship. This would, however, be an entirely erroneous supposition; for, in the first place, Dr. Smith has himself abstained from making any such assertion; and, secondly, the authorship is expressly disclaimed in his preface to that work, by Dr. Roberts himself. It commences with an address to Dr. Morris Clynog, in these words:—"Gruphyd fab Rhobert yn annerch yr hyparch brelad, ai dibal (*for ddiball*) gynheiliad M. Morys Clynoc: ag

yn erchi ido gan duu, gynnyd, ras a deduduch enaid, a chorph.” —“Griffith, son of Robert, greeting the Right Reverend Prelate, and his unfailing supporter, Master Morys Clynog: and beseeching for him from God increase, grace, and happiness of soul and body.” And he proceeds as follows, in words of which it will be necessary to give a translation only:—“After I had read your book of *Christian Instruction*, and seen therein, as it were, the germ of every point that might be serviceable to a Christian, for the saving of his soul, made by God after His own image and likeness, which Christ has purchased with His precious Blood: my heart was rejoiced to see so precious a treasure in the Welsh language; the need being so great of direction in the way of Christ generally among our countrymen and the children crying for bread (as the prophet cries out), with no one that will break and give it to them, except it be poisoned. Wherefore, since you have gathered together, and arranged so methodically and clearly so many flowers, and saving points of doctrine, to direct one who should desire to know the office and duty of a perfectly faithful (perpheitgred) Christian, to learn what will gain Heaven, what will cast a man into hell, what will please God, and what will anger Him: the filthiness of sin, and the excellence of virtue; I had no heart to do otherwise than to cause it to be printed: that others, who stand in need of such spiritual sustenance, may be partakers of the banquet which you have prepared for them. I hope that, when it comes into the hands of religious Welshmen, it will do them much benefit, by directing them to Paradise, and turning them from the road to Hell. My heart is filled with pity when I think how many children throughout the land of Wales, of excellent ability, and disposition for being excellent men, failing, and taking an ungodly path for want of being directed in learning from their childhood, and being brought up in the practice of

morality. The greatest cause of this is the want of books that treat of the like knowledge. But now you have given them, in a few pages, assistance and help against this need. For in this book of yours they will be taught easily, in a little time, and with little help, and at less cost, the things that are necessary both for old and young to know. For who is he that shall be able to say that he is a Christian, unless he knows how he is to believe in Christ, what he is to hope from Him, and what He has commanded him to keep; what He has forbidden him to do, what will gain reward, and what will deserve punishment? So that when the Welshmen who love their souls consider how indispensable these things are, and how easy to learn, by reading this treatise, they will abandon their slothful sitting at ease, and their embittering obscenity, and their light carousing (unless they are drowned in the filthiness of sin), and will devote themselves to learn spiritual things, profitable to the soul. And this they will find in no other spot in the world, so short, so orderly, so clear to be understood, as in this book of yours. For it was impossible to be comprised in fewer words, and arranged more lucidly, and to have so many points more appropriately presented, or of so deep a signification; so that the children and the women may understand them happily throughout Wales, if they continue in every church attending the service, hearing the Mass; at home, amidst the family, to divert the time, and in every assembly to comfort the people, to read these or the like sentences, and put away old idle tales, and lying, flattering poems. But freely will the Holy Ghost give grace to them to receive instruction, as He gave it to you to write to them. I will send this among them, beseeching God, in every prayer that I make, to prepare their hearts to receive instruction, and to give you also strength to write more for profit to Christians, and glory to God.

(From the town of Milan, Eve of St. Nicholas.)"

The date of the year appears in another colophon at the end of the book, "Ymylen. 1568. dyuguy. S. Nicolas." At Milan, 1568, Feast of S. Nicholas.

The author, Dr. Morris Clynog, was, for a short time, the Rector of the English College at Rome. About the year 1576, Pope Gregory XIII had designed to combine the ancient English hospital for pilgrims, which had been founded by Ethelwolf, one of our Anglo-Saxon kings, and father of Alfred the Great, with a new college or seminary for students, destined to work and suffer for the preservation of the ancient Catholic faith in England; and in the course of three years, twenty-two students had been sent to it from the University at Douai, by Cardinal Allen. In 1578, Dr. Maurice Clynog was elected warden of the English hospital, and appointed by the Pope rector of the seminary. Canon Williams, in his *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, quoting the *Athenæ Oxonienses* of Anthony A. Wood, tells us that he had been admitted B.C.L. of the University of Oxford in 1548; "he obtained the sinecure rectory of Corwen, in Merionethshire, in 1556; and was made prebendary of York, and an officer in the Prerogative Court, under Cardinal Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury. Not long after the death of Dr. William Glynn, Bishop of Bangor, who died in May 1558, Queen Mary nominated him to succeed in this See; but she dying before he was consecrated thereto, he, with Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, fled beyond the sea". From the "Historical Introduction", by Dr. Thomas Francis Knox, of the London Oratory, to the *Records of the English Catholics under the Penal Laws*, published in London in 1878, "chiefly from the Archives of the See of Westminster", we learn that at Christmas, 1578, the Pope issued a brief, commanding all the old chaplains to depart within fifteen days, and assigning all the rents of the hospital to the new college. On February 18, 1579, it contained forty-two students.

“But (proceeds Dr. Knox) the prosperity of these early days was soon interrupted by internal dissensions, and the new foundation was in great danger of perishing in its infancy. The cause of this was the national rivalry and jealousy of the English and Welsh students. To govern a college, which contained members of these two nations, required the greatest prudence and impartiality. Unfortunately, the rector, Dr. Maurice Clenock, was deficient in both these qualities. He was, according to Allen, a very honest and friendly man, and a great advancer of the students’ and seminary’s cause. But he was a Welshman, and the English students considered that he showed undue favour to his own countrymen. ‘He had admitted there’, Allen says (in a letter to Dr. Owen Lewis, another Welshman) ‘sent for and called for two up to the seminary . . . . some of his own country folks and friends, for age, quality and institution, unfit for the study and the seminary. The English in the college were thirty-three, or more, to seven Welshmen. Murmurs and complaints were heard among them, until, at last, they broke out in open mutiny, and declared to the Cardinal, their protector, and the Pope, that they would leave Rome in a body, and beg their way home, if necessary, unless some other rector were appointed in Dr. Clenock’s place.’”

On April 23rd of that year his successor was appointed. We are not concerned here to enter into the merits of the question raised by the English students of the College, which certainly bears very much the appearance of a “tempest in a teapot”, or a molehill exaggerated to the dimensions of a mountain. It may, however, be observed that Dr. Maurice would appear to have met with but scant justice, and this view of the matter would seem to be borne out by that of the Pope, and the Cardinal Protector of the College, who at first did all in their power to repress the movement, and



finally yielded only when to give way seemed necessary to prevent its total disruption, for the sole reason that the Rector had exhibited a by no means unnatural feeling of kindness towards a few of his poor countrymen, who were in a small minority, and would scarcely have felt themselves at home among so many strangers. The Records of the Colleges at Douay, Rheims, and elsewhere, exhibit the names of a very large proportion of Welshmen, many of whom encountered bravely the fierce persecution with which they were met on their return to their country, and endured the martyrdom of the rack, the cord, and the disembowelling knife, in a spirit of no less unflinching courage and constancy than their English brethren. The composition of the *Athrawaeth* belongs to a date some ten years prior to the incident in question, and is therefore historically important as proving the zeal and capacity of its author for the important post for which he was selected. The two incidents taken together tend to show how naturally it would have occurred to him to forward the little work to Dr. Roberts from his residence at Rome, where its publication would be obviously less easy than at Milan, where the Grammar most likely had been printed already. The circumstances point as naturally to the suggestion to the mind of Dr. Roberts of the composition of the *Drych Cristionogawl*, or *Christian Mirror*, as a sequel to the *Athrawaeth*, or *Catechism*. The one is elementary and catechetical, the other spiritual and contemplative: the one lays the foundation in the doctrines of the Faith; the other builds up the superstructure as an incentive to piety and devotion.

Dr. Roberts then set himself cheerfully to the task; it was a labour of love—of Christian charity, and of patriotism; and, so far as the composition went, it was speedily and successfully accomplished. But a difficulty—and that the greatest one, remained—how was the book to be printed?

and when printed, how to be circulated among those for whose good it was designed? The labour and cost of printing in Italy had proved an over-match for the author's resources, in the case of comparatively so small a work as the *Athrawaeth*: they would surely prove incommensurate with the larger proportions of the *Drych*. In his extremity, Dr. Roberts would appear to have resigned himself to what he deemed to be inevitable; and to have applied to one who afterwards showed himself a most able, zealous, and persevering coadjutor, in the work of supplying books of religious instruction to their suffering countrymen. This was Dr. Roger Smith, a priest, and Doctor in Divinity, then in France. His first idea seems to have been to provide for the transmission of his work, in MS., across the Channel, and its being thus providentially preserved for the benefit of his poor countrymen in Wales. This was accordingly done; and the volume became so much prized among them, that it was at length absolutely worn away by the friction it had to undergo in passing from hand to hand. A multiplication of copies was, therefore, of urgent necessity. "Necessity is the mother of invention"; and Dr. Smith hit upon the expedient—not, indeed, of setting up a printing-press for himself, but of availing himself of the services of men skilled in the art nearer home. From the manner in which he refers to this, there can be little doubt he must have had the help of one, to whom he seems to allude indirectly when he speaks of Englishmen abroad who had English books printed for their countrymen, and whose energy and devotion to the work would have equalled, if not exceeded, his own. A printing-press had been established at Rouen, specially for this purpose, by the celebrated Father Parsons, whose famous work, *The Book of the Resolution*, or *The Christian Directory*, was printed there, possibly in 1583 or 1584, but certainly not later than 1591; and has gone through at

least eleven editions in English down to the year 1842, of which five were printed in fifteen years, from 1583 to 1598. And here I regret that truth, and the nature of my subject, compel me to advert to a proceeding on the part of the learned author of the *Lexicon Linguae Cambro-Britannicæ*, Dr. Davies of Mallwyd, which appears scarcely defensible in respect of either justice or ingenuousness, or becoming to the character for piety and learning, with which he has been commonly, and to a great extent, doubtless justly credited. It is now more than thirty years ago that, having seen in the catalogue of a London Welsh bookseller, among other rare volumes, one entitled *Llyfr y Resolusion*, I rushed to the conclusion that this could be no other than the work of Father Parsons in a Welsh dress, and I hastened to possess myself, at considerable cost, of the volume. But great was my disappointment to discover, on comparing this Welsh translation with the original, that, although the titles were partly identical,<sup>1</sup> at least in substance, the form and matter of the body of the work were essentially different: containing a certain groundwork of the original, of which it is to a certain extent a compendium and a paraphrase, but on the whole a very different composition from that to which its first conception was entirely due. Nor does it contain the slightest reference to, or acknowledgment of its original

<sup>1</sup> The title of the Welsh (so-called Translation) is, when done into English, "The Book of the Resolution, which teaches us all to do our best; and to give our whole minds and thoughts to the being true Christians, that is, on forsaking our evil life, and turning to goodness and godliness. Translated into Welsh by J. D., for the benefit of his parishioners. And printed in London at the house of John Beale, for the same J. D., 1632". The title of the original work is "The Christian Directory, Guiding Men to their Eternal Salvation. In Two Parts: The First whereof appertains to Resolution: The Second treating of the Obstacles and Impediments which hinder it, and How they may be removed. To which is prefixed a brief method for its use. By the Rev. Robert Parsons, Priest of the Society of Jesus."

author. The writer merely says, in his Preface addressed to his dear parishioners, "Although I have been absent from you but seldom, and this most frequently on business pertaining to the salvation of yourselves and others of God's people; still, in order to make you some compensation for this neglect, I have translated for you into Welsh this book that follows, which, in my opinion, is one of the best books to teach men to abandon their evil life, and turn to God". "One of the best books", he says, and yet he gives not the honour to whom honour is due, but hides from them the name of the real author. He did not thus treat Dr. Thomas Williams, to whom he candidly acknowledges himself indebted for the principal part of his *Dictionary*, printed in the very same year: to what, then, are we to attribute the difference? It seems difficult to escape the conclusion that he intended thereby to conceal the Catholic authorship of this "excellent" work from those of his countrymen who were ignorant of its existence; while, by adopting a part of the title of the original, he hoped to induce those Catholics who might be already acquainted with it, to accept the book in the ready confidence that it emanated from one of their own faith. This, it seems to me, is the only inference to be drawn from the foot-note to the learned annotation to the notice of the work in the *Cambrian Bibliography*, by Mr. Silvan Evans, who says, "There is no disputing that Dr. John Davies of Mallwyd was the translator. It appears that he took the edition of Edmund Buny to translate from, who was a Protestant, and who made many alterations in the original work of Parsons, in order to accommodate it to Protestant use. There is now before me an impression of the original work, published after the appearance of the altered impression of Buny, in the preface to which the author (Father Parsons) rates this man in a very extraordinary manner for his audacity in altering, and, as he says,

injuring his work." Why Mr. Evans should call F. Parsons' rating "extraordinary" does not very readily appear, as from his description of the work, a more impudent fabrication than this (which was dedicated to Sandys, the Protestant Archbishop of York) seems never to have been concocted by any man, notwithstanding that was by no means an uncommon method in those days, as it unhappily is still, and by those who should know better, of dealing with catholic books. F. Parsons says, "I found the booke so much altered and mangled, both in wordes, phrase, sentence, and substance, as scarcely could I know it to be mine". He then goes on to show "how poore and barren these new doctors are of all spirituall doctrine, tending to good life and reformation of manners, seeing they are content to use and pervert our bookes for some shew thereof". Then he exposes Luther, and Zuinglius, and Beza, who charged each other with "the wicked fraud", as Luther himself terms it, "of corrupting other men's books"; and also the many wretched devices used by Buny to falsify the text of his books, by mistranslating the Fathers, by skipping, inserting, misrepresenting, all of which occupies several pages of the preface; ending with a commentary of the "pacification" tacked on by Buny to the *Resolution*, which he complains of as being the reverse of "pacificatory", as did Dr. Newman of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, that his olive-branch was "shot from a catapult".

"The Welsh translation does not at all accord," says Mr. Evans, "with this Popish impression. It is probable that Dr. Davies saw this book through the press when he was in London for the purpose of printing the *Dictionary*; for it is seen that the two works appeared within the same year."

But it appears further from Rowlands' Annotation (and this constitutes my main reason for alluding here to the subject) that the work of F. Parsons had been previously

translated into Welsh, and that by a Catholic. "It appears", he says, "to have been translated also in 1591 by one Robert Gwinn, or Gwynn, of whom it is said that he was a native, or a friar, of Wales, and that he was educated at Oxford, where he graduated as B.A. in 1568; and on leaving the University he went to Douay, and was admitted a member of the college there, distinguishing himself in divinity. After this he came to Wales, and settled as a monkish priest, and wrote several Welsh books. It is possible that an old translation of this man's work may have come into Dr. Davies' hands, and that he, according to his own fancy, made such improvements and alterations in it, that, as in the case of the Dictionary, he thought he might call it a new translation of his own." This priest, the Rev. Robert Gwyn, is not to be confounded with the Robert Gwyn, or White, as he is more commonly called, who was born at Llanidloes, in Montgomeryshire, and was afterwards a schoolmaster, and on false testimony, after a long imprisonment at Ruthin, was condemned and cruelly executed at Wrexham, in 1586, for his constancy in maintaining the Catholic faith. On turning to the *Douai Records*, I find that, in the year 1571, were immediately admitted into this college, on coming from England, two graduates of Oxford, sprung from the nation of ancient Britons, who devoted themselves here to the study of sacred theology. "Statim in hoc Collegium admissi sunt ex Angliâ venientes alii duo graduati Oxonienses ex antiquorum Britonum natione oriundi, qui hic S. Theologiæ studio se dede-  
runt:—Thomas Crotherus Herefordensis (he afterwards died in prison); Robertus Gwinus, Bangorensis." In 1575 he was ordained priest, and sent "to the English harvest" (in messem Anglicanum) in England on January 16th, 1576; in July of which year we have the following interesting notice of him in Latin:—"It has been signified to us that in Wales many most religious and devout women, who had been

reconciled to the Catholic faith by the Rev. R. Gwin, a priest and bachelor in sacred theology,<sup>1</sup> sent to England from hence by us, were so greatly inflamed with an admirable zeal for the Catholic piety and religion that were known to them already, that when their heresiarch and false bishop had come himself to rout out their priest from those parts, he was straightway put to flight by the terror he conceived from the threats of those most religious women.” And in the appendix of *Inedited Documents* in that collection (p. 288), it is said of him that “he rendered the greatest assistance, both by his labours and writings, to his most afflicted country; and that is all that we know of him”. Now what it concerns us to learn in reference to our particular subject is not so much what afterwards became of the Rev. Robert Gwyn—though that would be extremely interesting in itself—as what has become of his writings. Mr. Rowlands has omitted to tell us the source of his information, and so we are left at a loss. He seems wrong, however, in saying that he was, as he contemptuously expresses it, “a monkish priest”, as the *Douai Records*, which clearly imply a knowledge in the chronicler of his later life, know nothing of his being a monk. Perhaps his authority may have mentioned the titles of others of his writings, besides the *Resolution*; also, whether they were printed, or circulated only in manuscript. If the former, they were probably printed abroad, as clearly no means existed at that time for printing them in Wales; and if so, no place presents itself as a more likely locality for their publication, especially the *Resolution*, than Rouen, with its printing-press, established by the zealous forethought of F. Parsons, for the express purpose of providing for the want of such works. I feel the more disposed

<sup>1</sup> He made his first act in this degree on the 19th February, 1575, under the presidency of Cardinal, then Dr. Allen. His third and last act on 23rd December in that year.—*D. R.*, p. 278.

to dwell upon this point, in the hope of inducing all who may have opportunity to make every enquiry possible in continental libraries, and of foreign booksellers, in whose possession some of these precious remains may yet be mouldering away, unvalued and forgotten.

It has been said that no evidence appears to exist that Dr. Roger Smith ever carried out his purpose of printing the second and third parts of Dr. Gr. Roberts' *Drych Christionogawl, or Christian Mirror*. It does not, however, follow from this that he may not actually have done so. The existence even of his edition of the first part was unknown to the author of the *Cambrian Bibliography*, nor, though duly entered on the British Museum catalogue, does its value appear to have been recognised by Welsh bibliographers until, by a happy accident, it was unearthed in the course of the researches made there in connection with the *Welsh Grammar*, for the complete edition of which we are now so greatly indebted to the labours and scholarship of Mr. Silvan Evans. It certainly does seem to me that Dr. Smith must either have accomplished his purpose of printing these works, or that it must have been forestalled by the destruction of the MSS. by some untoward accident, such as very possibly their being intercepted, on their being landed at some seaport in England, by officers of the Government, whose vigilance in the search for suspected persons, and objects introduced for the purpose of preserving to their countrymen their ancient faith, was constant and unflagging. And I have been led to this conclusion by reflecting on the great improbability that he would have undertaken any other work of the kind before he had completed this one. If, as is probable (and, in default of a date in the body of the work itself, we are on this point left to conjecture), the first part of the *Drych* was printed before the close of the sixteenth century, his design may have been frustrated by the abrupt termination



of his residence at Rouen. For about that time he was certainly absent in England, since mention is made in a State paper by a spy of the Government of "a priest in England", Dr. Roger Smith, aged about thirty-five, a Welshman, in 1601. Between that year and 1611 appears, in the *Cambrian Bibliography*, another work from his pen, entitled, "Crynhodeb o addysg Cristionogawl, a Dosparth Catholic ar ddeuddeg pwnc y Phydd a elwir y Gredo, hefyd ar weddi yr Arglwydd, sef y Pater ar Gyfarchiad yr Angel, a elwir Ave Maria, yn ddiweddaf ar y Deg gair Deddf a elwir y deg gorchymyn. Gwedi ei gyfieithu o'r Lladin i'r Gymeraeg, drwy ddyfal astudiaeth a llafur D. Rosier Smith o dref Llan Elwy, Athraw o Theologyddiaeth, megis ymddiddan ne ddialogiaeth rhwng y discibil a'r athraw"; i.e., "A Compendium of Christian Doctrine and Catholic Disquisition on the twelve articles of the Faith that is called the Creed; also on the Lord's Prayer, or Pater, and the Angelical Salutation, called the Ave Maria; lastly on the ten words of the Law, called the Ten Commandments. Translated from the Latin into the Welsh by the earnest study and labour of Master Roger Smith, of St. Asaph, Master in Theology, as a conversation or dialogue between the disciple and his master." The date of this work is fixed by Rowlands to 1609, but, as far as appears, from no other authority than his own conjecture; and as to the place of publication also, and whether he had seen a copy of the book, or had derived his information regarding it elsewhere, its size, and the number of pages, we are left entirely in the dark. I can, therefore, do no more than offer a conjecture at hap-hazard respecting it, which is, that as it was translated from the Latin, it may have been a compendium, or a first edition, of the next book published by him in 1611, respecting which we are happily left in no uncertainty whatever, there being a copy to be seen in the library of the British Museum. There is also a third hypo-

thesis open to us, which, upon fuller consideration, I think most likely to be the true one. It is that the work which he describes as of 1609 is in reality identical with that of 1611, and that, by some accident, Rowlands has divided the title into two parts. I am led to this belief by the consideration that Rowlands is in more than one instance inaccurate in his titles, and that his version of this one differs greatly from that of the original, as we see it in the British Museum copy. The title, as he gives it, is "Catechism Petrus Canisius, yr hwn a gyfieithiwyd yn Gymraeg gann D. Rosier Smyth, S. Th. D. o Dref Lanelweu, 1611, ac a brintwyd yn ninas Paris"; "The Catechism of Peter Canisius, which was translated into Welsh by D. Roger Smith, Doctor in Sacred Theology, of St. Asaph, 1611, and was printed in the city of Paris." Now, the true title runs thus:—"Opus Catechisticum D. Petri Canisii Theologi ex Societate Jesu. Sef yu : Svm ne grynoded o adysc Gristionogawl, a dosparth Catholic, ar hol bunciaur Phyd hun a yscrifenod yr hy barchus a'r arderchaug athrau uchod yn gynta yn ladin ag a gyfiaithuyd o'r ladin i'r gymeraeg drwy dyfal lafur ag astudiaeth D. Rosier Smyth o dref lanelwy ath[r]au o Theologydiaeth, megis dialogiaeth ne 'mdidan rhwng y discibl a'r athrau un yn holi a'r lal yn ateb, ag a breintwyd yn ninas PARIS." The Catechetical Work of Dominus Peter Canisius of the Society of Jesus. That is to say : A Sum or Compendium of Christian Doctrine, and a Catholic Disquisition on all the points of Faith. This the above very reverend and distinguished Master wrote first in Latin, and was translated from the Latin into Welsh through the earnest labour and study of D. Roger Smith, of S. Asaph, Master in Theology, as a dialogue or conversation between the disciple and his master, the one questioning and the other answering, and was printed in the city of Paris. It will be readily seen that there is so little variation in the substance of the titles

of the two works, as given by Rowlands, as to leave but little difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that they were really one and the same. On the title-page is a monogram, consisting of the Crucifix drawn within a circle, and below it the Three Nails, encircled by the Crown of Thorns and a circle surrounded by a Glory within a shaded circle. On one side of this is the name of the printer, "Joanis Laquehay", and on the other the words "Ex Officinâ Tupographicâ", followed by an epigram in verse on the use of the crucifix.

Yr Anuiol Phol a Phy (*i.e.*, ffy)  
 Poen alaeth Pen welo Jessy  
 Linied os gueloed hyuy  
 Lun diaul ymhol le yn i dŷ.

which may be thus paraphrased—

The godless fool feels it no loss,  
 To fly from Christ's pains on the Cross :  
 Let him fill then, he'll think it less evil,  
 His house with foul forms of the devil.

The title-page is slightly cut off at the foot by the binder. The work consists of 585 pages, and is prefaced by an elegant Latin letter addressed "Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo Domino Jacobo David, S.R.E. Cardinali Perronio, Archipræsuli Senouensi, Galliarum et Germaniæ Primati, necnon Christianissimi Regis Eleemosynario, Mæcenati suo munificentissimo", and ending "D. V. Illustrissimæ et Reverendissimæ observantissimus, Rogerus Smithæus, Cambro-Britannus". This letter, which occupies nearly six pages, solves the question which naturally presents itself—why Dr. Smith should have transferred the scene of his labours in printing books for the use of his suffering fellow-countrymen from Rouen to Paris. He intimates in his preface that the work was brought out at the expense of Cardinal Perron, whom, as we have seen, he calls his "Mæcenas", and we may well believe that he would enjoy

facilities for its execution under the eye of his patron, who probably resided there, which would have been wanting at Rouen.

Then follows a Welsh Address to the Reader: "Anherchion at y Darleur haudgar dedfawl", beginning "Gwedi mi ystyrio cyflur ag ystad egluys duu y dyd hediū, a gueled yr aneirif o sectau heretigaid a gau athrauyaeth a oyscarod ag a danod y gelyn", etc., which ends on page 6, with "O Dinas Paris y dyd cyntaf o fis Maurth. Sef yn dyd guyl Deui Sant, 1611. Dy gyduladur a 'th gar, Rosier Smyth. Heb duu heb dim".

In his annotation on Rowlands' notice of this book in the *Cambrian Bibliography*, Mr. Silvan Evans remarks on the fact that it is printed in the same character as Dr. Gr. Roberts' *Grammar*; and he is puzzled to know whether the latter may not also have been printed at Paris rather than at Milan. His difficulty was undoubtedly caused by the incompleteness of an extract sent him by the late Rev. John Jones, Precentor of Christchurch (better known in the Principality by his Bardic appellation of "Tegid"), from a "Caution to the Reader" (rybid i'r darleur), which, by an afterthought, as it would seem, appears at the end of the book, instead of its more appropriate place at the commencement. It begins, "Na ryfeda dim (darleur haudgar) diaingc lauer o faiau urth brintio y lyfryma". As it is too long for quotation in the original as well as in English, yet remarkable for the curious and valuable information it supplies, as to the reasons for the adoption of the singular orthography and punctuation of the several works, I may, perhaps, be pardoned if I venture to offer a translation of it.

"Wonder not (charitable reader) that many errors have escaped in the printing of this book, for the printer understood neither the language nor the letters, nor the characters. He was also so stubborn and obstinate, nay, so pig-headed

(benchuiban), after the nature of his country, that he would endure neither rebuke nor correction of his faults. Moreover, considering that there are several modes of orthography customary among us, especially as to doubling the consonants, some using *dd*, *ll*, some too often avoiding their use, joining *h* to each one of these, instead of doubling them: and because, to my thinking, the above custom is ugly and unseemly, I have seen good to follow the very Reverend and eminent Master, Gryffyth Robert, Canon Theologian of the mother-church of the city of Milan ("Canon theologaid o fam-Eglwys Dinas Mylen"), a man who deserves eternal praise and fame, not only because of his many virtues, but also for his learning and knowledge, and particularly (yn bendifadeu) in the Welsh language. He, in his book on correct writing (yn ei lyfr o iawn ysgrifenyddiaeth) teaches, instead of doubling the letters, to put a prick, or tittle, under each, in this manner, *d dd*, *l ll*, *u uu*, *ph* instead of *ff*, by following the Hebrews, who use the same prick, instead of doubling the letters, which they call dages. And wonder not, besides, that I do not double the *n*, as in these words, *tyn*, *hyn*, *guyn*, and the like, for it seemed better (to my judgment) to put an accent (acen) over it, when it might be necessary to lengthen, or double it. Lastly, wonder not that I sometimes borrow words (when they are wanted) from the Latin, for the old Welsh were wont to do the same thing, as it may be easily seen that the greater part of our language has been derived from the Latin (tynu'r rhan o'n iaith ni alan o'r ladin) which the above master shows in his book of Etymology (cyfiachyddiaeth)."

As this last reference is to the second Part of Dr. Gryffyth Roberts' *Grammar*, of which Rowlands speaks as consisting of 112 pages, it follows that the "Llyfr o iawn ysgrifenyddiaeth", above referred to, is the First Part, with the title

abbreviated. A second edition of this work was supposed to have been printed in 1657, under the title of *Y Disgybl ar Athraw o newydd*. Of this I have a copy, printed with other works by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd in 1765, in a note to Rowlands' Notice of which it is stated, however, that he, and not Roger Smith, was the author. And a third, in 1683, under that of *Dosparth Catholic ar holl bynciau'r ffydd, megis dialogaeth rhwng y Discebel a'i Athraw*. If this be so, and the title be printed correctly, the orthography and punctuation of the original must have been abandoned, and with it the system of Welsh writing, adopted by Dr. Gr. Roberts and his pupil, departed for ever!

The labours of Dr. Roger Smith did not end here, for it appears from the *Cambrian Bibliography*, that he printed at Paris, in 1615, another book, in 24mo, containing about 300 pages, as conjectured by Rowlands, who had in his hands a copy reaching only to p. 276. The title is "Theater du Mond sef iw Gorsedd y Byd, lle i gellir gweled trueni a Llaseni Dyn o ran y Corph ai Odidawgrwydd o ran yr Enaid; a Scrifenwyd gynt yn y Frangaeg, ag a gyfieithwyd ir Gymraeg drwy lafyr Rosier Smyth o Dref Lan Elwy Athraw o Theologyddiaeth. Psal. 48. Homo cum in honore esset, non intellexit, Comparatus est iumentis insipientibus & similis factus est iis. Dyn pan oedd mewn anrhydedd heb ddeall a gyfflybwyd ir anifeiliaid di wybodus, ag ai gwnaeth i hun yn debyg iddynt hwy".

Then follows a monogram, in a sort of stanza of four lines, arranged in a square:—

Dymchwel yma, Mae yma Ddelw Darluniad  
Dymchwel yna Nid oes or Byd  
Ond Dymchwelyd.

Rowlands tells us that the work is divided into three books, and that the book was translated into English twenty-eight years after its publication in Welsh, but with a dif-

ferent title-page. It professed to be "translated out of French into Spanish by ye Master Baltazar Peres del Castello, & lastly translated out of Castilian into English by Francis Favrer, Merchant. London, 1663."

My search in the British Museum has failed to discover either of these translations, but I came upon one by John Alday, printed in 1574 and 1582, in octavo. The title-page has on it:—"Theatrum Mundi, the theatre or rule of the world, wherein may be sene the running race and course of every man's life as touching miserie and felicitie, wherin be contained wonderfull examples and learned devises to the overthrow of vice, and exalting of virtue. Whereunto is added a learned and pithie work of the excellence of mankynd. Written in the French and Latin tongues by Peter Boaystuan, Englished by John Alday. Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman, for Thomas Hacket: and are to be solde at his shop at the Royal Exchange, at the signe of the Greene Dragon. Anno 1574 (16mo, 287 pp.), in black letter. The "Table" is in Roman characters. I also found the French work, entitled "*Le Théâtre du Monde, où il est faict un ample discours des misères humaines co[m]posé en Latin par P. (Pierre) Boaystuan surnommé Launay, natif de Bretagne, par luy-mesme, puis traduit en Français.*" The book, it must be confessed, would seem scarcely worthy, in the present day at least, of the reputation it must have attained, or of the pains taken in turning it into so many languages. The author, a good and religious man, was greatly addicted to the collection of marvellous stories, as appears from the titles of several other works of his, which he delighted to interweave with "wise saws and modern instances". The book, however, is a great curiosity in its way. The remarkable point, as to the Welsh translation, is that, if Rowlands has correctly printed the long extract he has given from the Welsh translation, it will follow that

Dr. Smyth had already, in 1615, abandoned his punctuated and abbreviated orthography: for here we find the *ls* and *ds* doubled in ordinary modern fashion; and nothing peculiar about it, save the printing of the *w* with two separate *v*'s. If so, we can but exclaim, *Sic transit gloria mundi!* But its verification is still a desideratum, on better authority than that of the not always accurate Rowlands, from a sight of the work itself. Nor can I feel that these remarks will have been without their use, if the fact of their having been made should bring to light the existence of a copy.

Two other works still remain to be noticed, respecting which, curious and interesting as they are, the space necessarily devoted to the foregoing compels me to be brief. The title of the former of these is correctly given by Rowlands, as far as it goes, as follows:—"Eglurhad Helaethlawn o'r Athrawiaeth Gristnogawl, a gyfansodhwyd y tro cyntaf yn Italaeg, trwy waith yr Ardderchoccaf a'r Hybarchaf Gardinal Rhobert Bellarmin, o Gymdeithas yr Jesv. Ag o'r Italaeg a gymreigwyd er budh Ysprydol i'r Cymru, drwy ddiwydrwydh a dyfal gymmorth y pendefig canmoladwy V.R." "A full and copious exposition of the Christian doctrine, which was composed first in Italian, being the work of the most eminent and most Reverend Cardinal Robert Bellarmine, of the Society of Jesus. And was done into Welsh, from the Italian, for the spiritual benefit of the Cymry, through the assiduity and zealous assistance of the praiseworthy nobleman, V.R." Then follows the monogram, found on the title-page of many of the publications of the Society, viz., the letters I.H.S., surmounted by a Latin cross with three crosslets, the three nails of the Crucifixion below, all within a square of four lines, surrounded by a dotted border. After which are the words, "Permissu Superiorum", and the date in Roman numerals, M.D.CXVIII. On the top of the title-page, in MS., are the abbreviated words, "Bibl. Coll,



Anglorum, S. J. Andomari", in the copy in the King's Library at Brussels, where I first met with the work about eight years ago, showing that it once belonged to the library of the Jesuits' College at St. Omer. It is only a few months ago that I found a perfect copy of the work in the library of the British Museum. It is in 16mo, and consists of 348 pages, but is wrongly described in the catalogue as printed at Louvain in 1618. It ends thus: "Moliant i'r Jesu, ag i'w Fam Fendigedig Mair bur-forwyn; ar Gyfar-chiad yr hon, y gorphenned hyn o gyfieithiad o'r Italaeg. 25 Martii, 1618. Finis." "Praise be to Jesus, and to His Blessed Mother, the pure Virgin Mary: with the Salutation to whom this translation was finished from the Italian, on the 25th March 1618. The end." It concludes with a table of errata of three pages. The whole, excepting the foregoing, is printed in italic, each page within double lines, of about an inch apart. The letters *ll* and *dd* are not doubled in this work, but are printed, like the Scotch Gaelic, with *lh*, and *dh*. The work exists also in Latin, with the title "Card. Roberti Bellarmini, S. J. Uberior Explicatio doctrinæ Christianæ." The Welsh translation was made in the Cardinal's life-time, for he died in 1620. A learned member of the Society, to whom we are greatly indebted for his share in the recent publication of the *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus*, in six vols., has kindly furnished me with the following information respecting the author. He states that "Father John Salisbury translated Card. Bellarmine's larger *Catechism* into Welsh in 1618. He was a native of Merionethshire, born 1575, educated abroad, and, having been ordained priest, was sent upon the English Mission. After labouring in it for a long time, and successfully, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1605, and was professed of the four solemn vows in London in 1618. Upon the death of Father Robert

Jones, the Superior of the North and South District, S. J., in 1615, F. John Salisbury succeeded him in that office, residing at Raglan Castle, where he was Chaplain to the Lady Florence Somerset, a convert of F. Robert Jones. F. John Salisbury was the founder of the college or district of the English province S. J. called the College of S. Francis Xavier, and the North and South Wales Mission in 1622, and he died Superior of it in 1625. His translation of Card. Bellarmine's larger *Catechism* into Welsh was printed at the press of the English province, at their College of St. Omer, in 1618, *tacito nomine*. He also composed some other smaller works of piety." The statement that he was a native of Merionethshire seems to point to his being one of the Rug branch of the Salisburys of Bachymbyd and Lleweni. The only one I have been able to find of the name belonging to that family is John, second son of William Salisbury of Rug, who died in 1677, and whose elder brother Owain Salisbury, is said to have married an English lady, and joined the Catholic Church (*Arch. Cambr.* for 1878, p. 289). The statement that he died without issue is, *pro tanto*, in favour of his identity with Father John Salisbury, who, it is natural to suppose, may have been instrumental in his brother's conversion.

I have now come to the last work on my list, and one which, perhaps, may be felt to have a peculiar interest for us, inasmuch as a perfect—if I mistake not, the only perfect copy known was in the possession of the late lamented founder of the resuscitated Cymmrodorion Society, the Rev. Robert Jones, of Rotherhithe. The title, as given by Rowlands, is "Allwydd neu Agoriad Paradwys i'r Cymrv. Hynny yw Gweddiau, Devotionau, Cynghorion, ac Athrawiaethau tra duwiol ac angenrheidiol i bob Christion yn mynnu agoryd y Porth a myned i mewn i'r Nef. Wedi eu cynnull o amryw lyfrau duwiol, a'i cyfieithu yn Gymraeg: neu wedi eu

cyfansoddi, gan J. H. Yn Lvyck. Imprintiwyd yn y Flwyddyn MDCLXX. [12 plyg bychan.]” “A Key, or Opening of Paradise to the Cymry. That is, prayers, devotions, counsels, and instructions, very godly and necessary for every Christian desiring to open the gate and enter into Heaven. Gathered out of several godly books, and translated into Welsh, or composed by J. H. at Lvyck. Printed in the year 1670. [Small 12mo.]” The character of the work is thus described by Rowlands: “This is a Book of Devotions, or Popish Missal, in parallel Welsh and Latin, in 478 pp. 12mo., and written in clear and good language. The top lines and first words are in red letters. It is probable that the compiler was a South Wales man, for he addresses it, ‘To my Brothers and Sisters, and other Faithful Relatives in Gwent and Brecheinoc’. And from the initials of his name, J. H., it is likely that he was one of the Havards, of Defynog, as there have been families of that surname there for ages, and, moreover, adhering to the Popish religion, and one of them has ever been in the priesthood. His salutation of his relatives in ‘Gwent and Brecheinoc’ is a corroborative proof of this. The place called ‘Lvyck’, where the book is said to have been printed, is said by the Rev. D. S. Evans to be ‘Liège’, in the present kingdom of Belgium”, with more to the same purpose. And in a letter from Mr. Evans, quoted in a note, it is added, “There is no disputing that this book was printed in the town called in Flemish (Isdiraeg) ‘Luik’ or ‘Luyk’, in German Lüttich, and in French ‘Liège’.” But, alas for conjecture, which, however learned, reasonable, or inherently or extrinsically probable, till fact comes forth to prove or disprove it, is finally still but conjecture. Rowlands, in the first place, has missed the mark in calling the book a Catholic Missal. It is rather a volume of miscellaneous and general instructions and devotions for the use of the laity at church

and elsewhere. At the end is a little treatise, partly in English and partly in Welsh, intended to teach the Welsh that, if they pronounce Latin like their own language, they will certainly pronounce it aright; and that Englishmen will do well to take a lesson from the Welsh if they wish to pronounce Latin so as to be understood on the Continent. The book commences with a calendar, and is followed by a chapter entitled "Athrawaeth Cristionogawl", not, however, as one might be led to conjecture, the identical "Athrawaeth", reprinted, of Dr. Maurice Clynog.

And again, both Mr. Rowlands and his editor, Mr. Silvan Evans, though rightly identifying Lvyck with Liége, have missed the mark together in ascribing, on grounds however apparently well-founded, the composition of this work to a Havard. Having been informed by Arthur W. K. Miller, Esq., of the British Museum, to whom I feel gratefully indebted for much valuable assistance in the prosecution of this enquiry, that it appears from *Cotton's Topographical Gazetteer* that "At Liége, a college of English Jesuits was founded, in 1616, by George Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, which was destroyed in 1794", I applied yet again to the same kind informant as before respecting the translation of *Bellarmino's Catechism*, from whom I have been gratified to obtain the solution of this long-hidden mystery. The Key (Allwydd) was published in London in 1670, but must have been "imprinted" at Liége. The author was Father John Hugh Owen, who usually passed by the name of John Hughes. He was born in Anglesey in 1615, and died at Holywell, December 28th, 1686. The *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus* contain the following notice of this pious and learned Welshman:—"The diary of the English College, Rome, says that he was admitted, under the name of John Hughes, an *alumnus* of that college, December 25th, 1636, æt. twenty-one

years, and left Rome for England, September 28th, 1643. *Vir patientiæ singularis egregie se gessit* is the character written of him in the Diary. He entered the English Province in 1648, while a missionary priest in England. In a Catalogue for 1655, he is mentioned as then serving in the College or District of S. Francis Xavier and the Welsh Mission. It appears that some months previously to his death he had fallen off his horse on returning from Mr. Salisbury's, a recent convert to the Catholic Faith, whither he had gone to administer the Sacraments to his family. Besides the ordinary fast every Friday, when he took a moderate collation at night, he used to abstain from all food until Sunday at noon. He never went from home for the purpose of recreation, and never played at cards, or similar games. He had practised fasting from his youth. He was the author of a MS. Report in Welsh, dated July 6th, 1668, describing the cure of Roger Whetstone, then about sixty years of age, from inveterate lameness, on August 20th, 1667, by drinking the water of St. Winifred's Well. This poor man came from Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, and after being a Quaker and an Anabaptist, became a good Catholic. His son, about eleven years of age, was christened in the Catholic Church, after full instruction, unto whom the greatest personages (says a MS. at Stonyhurst College) were pleased to be patrons.

"Father Owen published some treatises, *tacito nomine*, 'On the grievousness of mortal sin, especially of heresy', London, 1668; also a Catechism in Welsh, London, 1668, and the Prayer Book called 'The Key of Heaven'."

It is to be regretted that the information here given respecting the last work, which appears to be identical with the object of our inquiry, is incomplete, inasmuch as the title is given in English, as if the Prayer Book were composed in that language. This is probably the case, and the

Welsh work a translation or paraphrase of the former, intended by the learned Father to be adapted to the special needs of his own countrymen. The former may have been printed in London, and the latter at Liége; while the destruction of the College in 1794 may account for the ignorance that has existed relative to this work and its author.

There is another work, which, from its title, was clearly written by a Catholic, and as it appears to have the name of neither place nor author on the title-page, was probably printed abroad. It appears in the *Cambrian Bibliography* as No. 2 of the year 1661, with this title: "Drych Cydwybod, sef modd cymmwys a ffrwythlawn i ddwyn pob math ar ddyn i gael gwybodaeth o'i bechodau, a megis ei gweled ger bron ei lygaid, gan ddangos iddo pa fodd i gwneiff ei Cyffes (sic) i'w Dad enaid, a'r modd i gael meddyginiaeth am danynt. 12 plyg." "A Mirror of Conscience, or a suitable and fruitful method of bringing every sort of person to a knowledge of his sins, and to see them as it were before his eyes, showing him how he shall make his Confession to his spiritual Father, and the way to get a cure for them. 12mo."

There was, to my knowledge, a copy of this work in the possession of a poor person in Caernarvonshire in 1848. Whether it is still in existence, I am unable at present to ascertain.

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# WELSH ANTHROPOLOGY.

By F. W. RUDLER.

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WHEN it was decided that the British Association for the Advancement of Science should hold its Fiftieth Annual Meeting in Wales, those members of the Association who are interested in the Principality trusted that the occasion would be used for the discussion of many scientific questions of local interest. Upwards of thirty years had passed since the previous visit of this scientific body to Wales, and during that period—a period which represents the lifetime of a generation—many branches of science had undergone unparalleled development. Take, for example, the science of Anthropology. When the Association met at Swansea in 1848, the term “anthropology”, in its modern biological sense, was scarcely known to men of science. Such papers as might be written on anthropological subjects were, in those days, sent to the geographical section, where they were received by the “sub-section of ethnology”. But *ethnology*, the study of races, is a much narrower and less appropriate term than *anthropology*, the study of Man in his entirety. Moreover, the relations of anthropology lie obviously in the direction of biology, the science of life, rather than in that of geography. The British Association has, therefore, since 1871, recognised anthropology as an important department of the great science of biology.

Having acted for seven years as Secretary to the Anthropological Department, I had undertaken to continue the duties of this office at Swansea. But as the time of meeting approached, the Council desired me to act as Vice-President

of the Section, with charge of the Anthropological Department. It thus became my duty to open the proceedings of the Department with an address. Naturally anxious to give local colour to these proceedings, I felt bound to deal with the question of Welsh anthropology—a question which bristles with such formidable difficulties that I approached it with diffidence, and handled it but lightly. Notwithstanding the crudeness and the defects of the address, the editors of *Y Cymmrodor* have been so courteous as to suggest its reproduction in these pages.

On looking at the essay, it became evident that in order to fit it for its new setting it would require some modification. I have, therefore, with the editors' permission, abridged it in one place and expanded it in another, so as to make it more appropriate to its present position. The early part has been altogether omitted, since it dealt with questions of purely local interest. The discourse was opened, in fact, by a reference to the difficulties which have been imported into the ethnology of Glamorganshire by the influx, of late years, of English and Irish immigrants, and formerly of Flemings, Norsemen, and yet earlier colonists. But if we could strip off all extraneous elements which have been introduced by the modern settler and the mediæval Fleming, possibly also by the Norman baron, and even the Roman soldier, we might eventually lay bare for anthropological study the deep-lying stratum of the population—the original Welsh element. What, then, are the ethnical relations of the typical man of South Wales?

Nine people out of every ten to whom this question might be addressed would unhesitatingly answer that the true Welsh are Celts or Kelts.<sup>1</sup> And they would seek to justify

<sup>1</sup> Whether this word should be written *Celt* or *Kelt* seems to be a matter of scientific indifference. Probably the balance of opinion among ethnologists is in the direction of the former rendering. Never-



their answer by a confident appeal to the Welsh language. No philologist has any doubt about the position of this language as a member of the Keltic family. The Welsh and the Breton fall naturally together as living members of a group of languages, to which Professor Rhys applies the term *Brythonic*, a group which also includes such dead tongues as the old Cornish, the speech of the Strathclyde Britons, and possibly the language of the Picts and of the Gauls. On the other hand, the Gaelic of Scotland, the Irish, and the Manx, arrange themselves as naturally in another group, which Professor Rhys distinguishes as the *Goidelic* branch of the Keltic stock.<sup>1</sup> But does it necessarily

theless it must be borne in mind that the word "celt" is so commonly used now-a-days by writers on prehistoric anthropology to designate an axe-head, or some such weapon, whether of metal or of stone, that it is obviously desirable to make the difference between the archæological word and the ethnological term as clear as possible. If ethnologists persist in writing "Celt", the two words differ only in the magnitude of an initial, and when spoken are absolutely indistinguishable. I shall therefore write, as a matter of expediency, "Kelt". It is curious to note how the word *celt* originally came to be used as the name of a weapon or instrument. The popular notion that it was because such weapons were used by the people called Celts is, I need hardly say, wholly baseless. The sole written warranty for using such a word appears to be a passage in the Vulgate version of Job, where the patriarch says (xix, 24) that he wishes his words to be graven on the rock with a chisel—*celte*. Hence it has been supposed that there was a Low Latin word, *celtis* or *celtes*, signifying a chisel, and connected with *cælo*, to engrave. But Mr. Knight Watson has pointed out that the word *celte*, in the Latin MSS., is a blunder for *certe*. All the MSS. earlier than the twelfth century give the latter reading. The words of Job are therefore to be graven on the rock for surety—*certe*. It thus appears that the word *celt*, as the name of a sharp-edged tool, has been founded on an entirely false reading. But even if all this be true, if we admit that there was originally no justification for the use of the term, it is much too late in the day to attempt to oust so deeply-rooted a word from the vocabulary of the archæologists.

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on Welsh Philology*. By John Rhys, M.A., 2nd edition, 1878, p. 15.

follow that all the peoples who are closely linked together by speaking, or by having at some time spoken, these Keltic languages, are as closely linked together by ties of blood? Great as the value of language unquestionably is as an aid to ethnological classification, are we quite safe in concluding that all the Keltic-speaking peoples are one in race—that they are true Kelts?

The answer to such a question must needs depend upon the sense in which the anthropologist uses the word Kelt. History and tradition, philology and ethnology, archæology and craniology, have at different times given widely divergent definitions of the term. Sometimes the word has been used with such elasticity as to cover a multitude of peoples, who differ so widely one from another in physical characteristics, that if the hereditary persistence of such qualities counts for anything, they cannot possibly be referred to a common stock. Sometimes, on the other hand, the word has been so restricted in its definition, that it has actually excluded the most typical of all Kelts—the Gaulish Kelts of Cæsar. According to one authority, the Kelt is short; according to another, tall: one ethnologist defines him as being dark, another as fair; this craniologist finds that he has a long skull, while that one declares that his skull is short. It was no doubt this ambiguity that led so keen an observer as Dr. Beddoe to remark, nearly fifteen years ago, that “Kelt and Keltic are terms which were useful in their day, but which have ceased to convey a distinct idea to the minds of modern students.”<sup>1</sup>

No anthropologist has laboured more persistently in endeavouring to evoke order out of this Keltic chaos than the late Dr. Paul Broca. This distinguished anthropologist

<sup>1</sup> *Mem. Anthropol. Soc. Lon.*, vol. ii, 1866, p. 348.

<sup>2</sup> The following are Broca's principal contributions to this vexed question:—“*Qu'est-ce que les Celtes?*” *Bulletins de la Société d'Anthropologie*

always held that the name of Kelt should be strictly limited to the Kelt of positive history—to the people, or rather confederation of peoples, actually seen by Cæsar in Keltic Gaul—and, of course, to their descendants in the same area. Every schoolboy is familiar with the epitome of Gaulish ethnology given by Julius in his opening chapter. Nothing can be clearer than his description of the tripartite division of Gaul, and of the separation between the three peoples who inhabited the country—the Belgæ, the Aquitani, and the Celtæ. Of these three peoples the most important were those whom the Romans called *Galli*, but who called themselves, as the historian tells us, *Celtæ*. The country occupied by the Keltic population stretched from the Alps to the Atlantic in one direction, and from the Seine to the Garonne in another; but it is difficult to find any direct evidence that the Kelts of this area ever crossed into Britain. Broca refused to apply the name of Kelt to the old inhabitants of Belgic Gaul, and, as a matter of course, he denied it to any of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Writing as late as 1877, in full view of all the arguments which had been adduced against his opinions, he still said: “Je continue à soutenir, jusqu’à preuve du contraire, ce que j’ai avancé il y a douze ans, dans notre première discussion sur les Celtes, savoir, qu’il n’existe aucune preuve, qu’on ait constaté dans les Îles-Britanniques l’existence d’un peuple portant le nom de Celtes.”<sup>1</sup>

Nevertheless, in discussing the Keltic question with M. Henri Martin, he admitted the convenience, almost the pro-

*de Paris*, t. v. p. 457; “Le Nom des Celtes”, *ibid.* 2 sér. t. ix, p. 662; “Sur les Textes relatifs aux Celtes dans le Grande-Bretagne”, *ibid.* 2 sér. t. xii, p. 509; “La Race Celtique, ancienne et moderne”, *Revue d’Anthropologie*, t. ii, p. 578; and “Recherches sur l’Ethnologie de la France”, *Mém. de la Soc. Anthropol.*, t. i. p. 1.

<sup>1</sup> *Bulletins de la Société d’Anthropologie de Paris*, 2 sér. t. xii, 1878, p. 511.

priety, of referring to all who spoke Keltic languages as *Keltic* peoples, though of course he would not hear of their being called Kelts. "On peut très-bien les nommer les peuples celtiques. Mais il est entièrement faux de les appeler les *Celtes*, comme on le fait si souvent."<sup>1</sup>

Whether we use the word Kelt in its wide linguistic sense, or in the narrower sense to which it has been reduced by the French anthropologists, it is important to remember that the Welsh do not designate, and never have designated themselves by this term or by any similar word. Their national name is *Cymry*, the plural of *Cymro*. My former colleague, the Rev. Professor Silvan Evans, kindly informs me that the most probable derivation of this word is from *cyd-* and *bro*, "country", the old form of which is *brog*, as found in *Allo-brogæ*, and some other ancient names. The meaning of *Cymry* is therefore "fellow-countrymen", or compatriots. Such a meaning naturally suggests that the name must have been assumed in consequence of some foreign invasion—possibly when the Welsh were banded together against either the Romans or the English. If this assumption be correct it must be a word of comparatively late origin, and helps us but little in our enquiry into the early relations of the Welsh.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Bulletins de la Société d'Anthropologie de Paris*, t. ix, 1874, p. 662.

<sup>2</sup> It is scarcely necessary to add that the term *Welsh* was given by the Teutonic invaders to any people whom they found to be aliens in blood and in speech. On the Continent the same word is seen in the name of the *Walloons*; so, too, we find it in such place-names as *Wälschland* (Italy), *Wallachia* and *Val-lais*. In this country, the English called the Britons *Wealas*, or foreigners, and their country *Weal-cynne*. What we now call Wales they termed *North Wales*, because they recognised another Wales, and other Welsh, in the promontory of Cornwall and Devon. That promontory they termed *West Wales*, and a relic of this nomenclature still lingers in our modern *Cornwall*—the *cornu*, or horn of Wales. Nor should it be forgotten that there is also a French *Cornwall*—the narrow peninsula between Brest and Quimper, in Finistère, being known as *Cornouaille*, or *Cornu Gallix*. In the north of England the great kingdom of Strathclyde was inhabited by Welsh.

All the evidence which the ethnologist is able to glean from classical writers with respect to the physical characters and ethnical relations of the ancient inhabitants of this country, may be put into a nutshell, with room to spare. The exceeding meagreness of our data from this source will be admitted by anyone who glances over the passages relating to Britain, which are collected in the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*. As to the people in the south, there is the well-known statement in Cæsar that the maritime parts of Britain, the southern parts which he personally visited, were peopled by those who had crossed over from the Belgæ, for what purpose we need not enquire. Of the Britons of the interior, whom he never saw, he merely repeats a popular tradition which represented them as aborigines.<sup>1</sup> They may, therefore, have been Keltic tribes, akin to the Celti of Gaul, though there is nothing in Cæsar's words to support such a view.

Tacitus, in writing the life of his father-in-law, Agricola, says that the Britons nearest to Gaul resembled the Gauls.<sup>2</sup> If he refers here to the sea-coast tribes in the south-east of Britain, the comparison must be with the Belgic and not with the Keltic Gauls. But his subsequent reference to the resemblance between the sacred rites of the Britons and these of the Gauls suggests that his remarks may be fairly extended to the inland tribes beyond the limits of the Belgic Britons, in which case the resemblance may be rather with the Gaulish Kelts. Indeed, this inference, apart from the testimony of language, is the chief evidence upon which ethnologists have based their conclusion as to the Keltic origin of the Britons.

<sup>1</sup> "Britanniæ pars interior ab iis incolitur, quos natos in insula ipsi memoria proditum dicunt: maritima pars ab iis, qui prædæ ac belli inferendi causa ex Belgis transierant."—*De Bello Gallico*, lib. v, c. 12.

<sup>2</sup> "Proximi Gallis et similes sunt."—*Agricola*, c. xi.

Our data for restoring the anthropological characteristics of the ancient Britons are but few and small. It is true that a description of Bunduica, or Boadicea, has been left to us by Xiphiline, of Trebizond; but then it will be objected that he did not write until the twelfth century. Yet it must be remembered that he merely abridged the works of Dion Cassius, the historian, who wrote a thousand years earlier, and consequently we have grounds for believing that what Xiphiline describes is simply a description taken from the lost books of an early historian who is supposed to have drawn his information from original sources. Now Boadicea is described in these terms: "She was of the largest size, most terrible of aspect, most savage of countenance and harsh of voice, having a profusion of yellow hair which fell down to her hips."<sup>1</sup> Making due allowance for rhetorical exaggeration, making allowance, too, for the fact that in consequence of her royal descent she is likely to have been above the average stature, and even admitting that she dyed her hair—a practice not uncommon among many ancient tribes—it is yet clear that this British queen must be regarded as belonging to the xanthous type—tall and fair. The tribe of the Iceni, over which this blonde amazon ruled, is generally placed beyond the limits of the Belgic Britons; though some authorities have argued in favour of its Belgic origin. If the latter view be correct, we should expect the queen to be tall, light-haired, and blue-eyed; for, from what we know of the Belgæ, such were their features. Cæsar asserts that the majority of the Belgæ were derived from the Germans.<sup>2</sup> But notwithstanding this assertion, most ethnologists are inclined to ally them with the Celta, without, of course, denying a strong Teutonic admixture. Strabo

<sup>1</sup> *Mon. Hist. Brit.*, Excerpta, p. lvi.

<sup>2</sup> "Plerosque Belgas esse ortos ab Germanis."—*De Bello Gall.*, lib. ii, c. 4.

says<sup>1</sup> that the Belgæ and Celti had the same Gaulish form, though both differed widely in physical characters from the Aquitanians. As to language, Cæsar's statement that the Belgic and Keltic differed, probably refers only to dialectical differences.<sup>2</sup> If a close ethnical relationship can be established between the Celti and the Belgæ, British ethnology clearly gains in simplification. To what extent the Belgic settlers in this country resembled the neighbouring British tribes must remain a moot point. According to Strabo,<sup>3</sup> the Britons were taller than the Celti, with hair less yellow, and they were slighter in build. By the French school of ethnologists the Belgæ are identified with the Cymry, and are described as a tall fair people, similar to the Cimbri already mentioned; and Dr. Prichard, the founder of English anthropology, was led long ago to describe the Keltic type in similar terms.<sup>4</sup>

Yet, as we pass across Britain westwards, and advance towards those parts which are reputed to be predominantly Keltic, the proportion of tall fair folk, speaking in general terms, diminishes, while the short and dark element in the population increases, until it probably attains its maximum somewhere in South Wales. As popular impressions are apt to lead us astray, let us turn for accuracy to the valuable mass of statistics collected in Dr. Beddoe's well-known paper "On the Stature and Bulk of Man in the British Isles",<sup>5</sup> a paper to which every student refers with unfailing confidence, and which will probably remain our

<sup>1</sup> Lib. iv, c. i.

<sup>2</sup> "Quand Cæsar dit: *Hi omnes lingua, institutis, legibus, inter se differunt*, il faut traduire ici le mot *lingua* par *dialecte*."—*Les Derniers Bretons*. Par Emile Souvestre, vol. i, p. 141.

<sup>3</sup> Lib. iv, c. 5.

<sup>4</sup> *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*. By J. C. Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., vol. iii, p. 189.

<sup>5</sup> *Mem. Anthropol. Soc. Lond.*, vol. iii, 1870, p. 384.

standard authority until the labours of our Anthropometric Committee are sufficiently matured for publication. Dr. Beddoe, summing up his observations on the physical characters of the Welsh as a whole, defines them as of "short stature, with good weight, and a tendency to darkness of eyes, hair, and skin". Dr. Beddoe, in another paper,<sup>1</sup> indicated the tendency to darkness by a numerical expression which he termed the *index of nigrescence*. "In the coast-districts and low-lands of Monmouthshire and Glamorgan, the ancient seats of Saxon, Norman, and Flemish colonisation, I find", says this observer, "the indices of hair and eyes so low as 33.5 and 63; while in the interior, excluding the children of English and Irish immigrants, the figures rise to 57.3 and 109.5—this last ratio indicating a prevalence of dark eyes surpassing what I have met with in any other part of Britain" (p. 43).

Many years ago, Mr. Matthew Moggridge furnished the authors of the *Crania Britannica* with notes of the physical characteristics of the Welsh of Glamorganshire. He defined the people as having "eyes (long) bright, of dark or hazel colour, hair generally black, or a very dark brown, lank, generally late in turning grey."<sup>2</sup>

There can be no question, then, as to the prevalence of melanism in this district. Nor does it seem possible to account for this tendency, as some anthropologists have suggested, by the influence of the surrounding media. Even those who believe most firmly in the potency of the environment will hardly be inclined to accept the opinion seriously entertained some years ago by the Rev. T. Price, that the black eyes of Glamorganshire are due to the pre-

<sup>1</sup> "On the Testimony of Local Phenomena in the West of England to the Permanence of Anthropological Types."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii, 1866, p. 37.

<sup>2</sup> *Cran. Brit.*, vol. i, p. 53.



valence of coal fires.<sup>1</sup> Long before coal came into use there was the same tendency to nigrescence among the Welsh. This may be seen, as Dr. Nicholas has pointed out, in the bardic names preserved in ancient Welsh records, where the cognomen of *du*, or "black", very frequently occurs. Thus, in the *Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales*, between A.D. 1280 and 1330, there are registered four "blacks" to one "red" and one "grey"—namely, Gwilym *Ddu*, Llywelyn *Ddu*, Goronwy *Ddu*, and Dafydd *Ddu*.<sup>2</sup>

The origin of this dark element in the Welsh is to be explained, as everyone will have anticipated, by reference to the famous passage in Tacitus, which has been worn threadbare by ethnologists. Tacitus tells us that the ancient British tribe of Silures—a tribe inhabiting what is now Glamorganshire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and parts at least of Brecknockshire and Radnor—had a swarthy complexion, mostly with curly hair, and that from their situation opposite to Spain there was reason to believe that the Iberians had passed over the sea and gained possession of the country.<sup>3</sup> It will be observed that although Tacitus speaks of their dark complexion, he does not definitely state that the hair was dark; but this omission has, curiously enough, been supplied by Jornandes, a Goth, who, in the sixth century, wrote a work which professes to be an extract from the lost history of Cassiodorus, wherein the very words of Tacitus are reproduced with the necessary addition.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on the Physiognomy and Physiology of the Present Inhabitants of Britain*, 1829.

<sup>2</sup> *The Pedigree of the English People*, fifth edition, 1878, p. 467.

<sup>3</sup> "Silurum colorati vultus et torti plerumque crines, et posita contra Hispania, Iberos veteres trajecisse, easque sedes occupasse, fidem faciunt."—*Agricola*, c. xi.

<sup>4</sup> "Sylorum (=Silurum) colorati vultus, torto plerique crine, et nigro nascuntur."—*De Rebus Geticis*, c. ii; quoted in *Mon. Hist. Brit.*, Excerpta, p. lxxxiii. It is conjectured that the classical word *Silures* is

With these passages before us, can we reasonably doubt that the swart blood in the Welsh of the present day is a direct legacy from their Silurian ancestors?

Setting what Tacitus here says about the Silures against what he says in the next sentence about the Britons nearest to Gaul (p. 76), it is clear that we must recognise a duality of type in the population of Southern Britain in his day. This fact has been clearly pointed out by Professor Huxley as one of the few "fixed points in British ethnology".<sup>1</sup> At the dawn of history in this country, eighteen centuries ago, the population was not homogeneous, but contained representatives both of Professor Huxley's *Melanochroi* and of his *Xanthochroi*. If we have any regard whatever for the persistence of anthropological types, we should hesitate to refer both of these to one and the same elementary stock. We are led, then, to ask which of these two types, if either, is to be regarded as Keltic?

It is because both of these types, in turn, have been called Keltic that so much confusion has been imported into ethnological nomenclature. The common-sense conclusion, therefore, seems to be that neither type can strictly be termed Keltic, and that such a term had better be used only in linguistic anthropology. The Kelt is merely a person who speaks a Keltic language, quite regardless of his race, though it necessarily follows that all persons who speak similar languages, if not actually of one blood, must have been at some period of their history in close social contact. In this sense, all the inhabitants of Britain at the period of the Roman invasion, notwithstanding the distinction between Xanthro-

derived from the British name *Essyllucyr*, the people of *Essyllurg*. See Nicholas's *History of Glamorganshire*, 1874, p. 1. It is difficult to determine how far and in what respects the Silures resembled, or differed from, the other inland tribes. Of the Caledonians and of the Belgæ we know something, but of the other inhabitants we are quite ignorant.

<sup>1</sup> *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 166.

chroi and Melanochroi, were probably to be styled Kelts. There can be little doubt that the xanthous Britons always spoke a Keltic tongue; but it is not so easy to decide what was the original speech of their melanochroic neighbours.

The existence of two types of population, dark and fair, side by side, is a phenomenon which was repeated in ancient Gaul. As the Silures were to Britain, so were the Aquitani to Gaul—they were the dark Iberian element. Strabo states that while the natives of Keltic and Belgic Gaul resembled each other, the Aquitanians differed in their physical characters from both of these peoples, and resembled the Iberians. But Tacitus has left on record the opinion that the Silures also resembled the Iberians; hence the conclusion that the Silures and the Aquitanians were more or less alike. Now it is generally believed that the relics of the old Aquitanian population are still to be found lingering in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, being represented at the present day by the Basques. A popular notion has thus got abroad that the ancient Silures must have been remotely affined to the Basque populations of France and Spain. Nevertheless, the modern Basques are so mixed a race that, although retaining their ancient language, their physical characters have been so modified that we can hardly expect to find in them the features of the old Silurians. Thus, according to the Rev. Wentworth Webster, the average colour of the Basque hair at the present day is not darker than chestnut.<sup>1</sup>

Neither does language render us any aid towards solving the Basque problem. If the Silures were in this country prior to the advent of the Cymry, and if they were cognate with the Basques, it seems only reasonable to suppose that some spoor of their Iberian speech, however scant, might still be lingering amongst us. Yet philologists have sought

<sup>1</sup> "The Basque and the Kelt."—*Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, vol. v, 1876, p. 5.

in vain for the traces of any Euskarian element in the Cymraeg. Our distinguished member, H.I.H. Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, perhaps the only philologist in this country who has a right to speak with authority on such a subject, has obligingly informed me that he knows of no connexion whatever between the two languages. Still, it must be remembered that the Iberian affinity of the Silures, suggested by the remark of Tacitus, does not necessarily mean Basque affinity. Some philologists have even denied that the Basques are Iberians.<sup>1</sup> All that we seek at present to establish is this—that the dark Britons, represented by the tribe of Silures, although they came to be a Keltic-speaking people, were distinct in race from the fair Britons, and, therefore, in all likelihood were originally distinct in speech. Nor should it be forgotten that relics of a pre-Keltic non-Aryan people have been detected in a few place-names in Wales. Thus, Professor Rhŷs is inclined to refer to this category such names as Menapia, Mona, and Mynwy<sup>2</sup>—the last-named being a place (Monmouth) within the territory of the old Silures. On the whole, it seems to me safer to follow Professor Rolleston in speaking of the dark pre-Keltic element as *Silurian* rather than as Basque or as Iberian.<sup>3</sup>

There is, however, quite another quarter to which the anthropologist who is engaged in this investigation may turn with fair promise of reward. The late Dr. Thurnam, more than fifteen years ago, wrote a singularly suggestive paper "On the Two Principal Forms of Ancient British and Gaulish Skulls".<sup>4</sup> The long-continued researches of this

<sup>1</sup> "La Langue Ibérienne et la Langue Basque." Par M. Van Eya. *Revue de Linguistique*. July 1874.

<sup>2</sup> "Lectures on Welsh Philology," 2nd ed., p. 181.

<sup>3</sup> *British Barrows*, by Canon Greenwell and Professor Rolleston, p. 630.

<sup>4</sup> *Memoirs of the Anthropol. Soc. Lond.*, vol. i, 1865, p. 120; vol. iii, 1870, p. 41.

eminent archæological anatomist led him to the conclusion that the oldest sepulchres of this country—the chambered and other long barrows which he explored in Wilts and Gloucestershire — invariably contained the remains of a dolichocephalic people, who were of short stature, and apparently were unacquainted with the use of metals. The absence of metal would alone raise a suspicion that these elongated tumuli were older than the round, conoidal, or bell-shaped barrows, which contain objects of bronze, if not of iron, with or without weapons of stone, and commonly associated with the remains of a taller brachycephalic people.<sup>1</sup>

Even before Dr. Thurnam forcibly pointed attention to this distinction, it had been independently observed by so experienced a barrow-opener as the late Mr. Bateman,<sup>2</sup> whose researches were conducted in quite another part of the country—the district of the ancient Cornavii. Moreover, Professor Daniel Wilson's studies in Scotland had led him to conclude that the earliest population of Britain were dolichocephalic, and possessed, in fact, a form of skull which, from its boat-like shape, he termed *kumbecephalic*.<sup>3</sup> Nor should it be forgotten that as far back as 1844 the late Sir W. R. Wilde expressed his belief that in Ireland the

<sup>1</sup> It may be useful to remark that anthropologists speak of people as *dolichocephalic*, or long-headed, if the breadth of their skull bears to its length a ratio of less than 80 to 100. On the other hand, people are *brachycephalic*, or short-headed, when measurement shows that length : breadth :: 80 (or more) : 100. In spite of the pleonasm, we occasionally speak of brachycephalic and dolichocephalic skulls. The terms "long-headed" and "short-headed" are, of course, always used to designate long-skulled and short-skulled people—never to designate a long or short face. It may seem puerile to add such a remark, yet non-anthropological people have occasionally described a man as long-headed when they merely meant long-visaged.

<sup>2</sup> *Ten Years' Diggings*, 1861, p. 146.

<sup>3</sup> *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, 1851.

most ancient type of skull is a long skull, which he held to belong to a dark-complexioned people, probably aboriginal, who were succeeded by a fair, round-headed race.<sup>1</sup>

But while this succession of races was recognised by several observers, it remained for Dr. Thurnam to formulate the relation between the shape of the skull and that of the barrow, in a neat aphorism, which has become a standing dictum in anthropology: "Long barrows, long skulls; round barrows, round skulls; dolichotaphic barrows, dolichocephalic crania; brachytaphic barrows, brachycephalic crania." No doubt exceptional cases may occur in which round skulls have been found in long barrows, but these have generally been explained as being due to secondary interments. On the other hand, the occasional presence of long skulls in round barrows presents no difficulty, since no one supposes that the early dolichocephali were exterminated by the brachycephali, and it is, therefore, probable that during the bronze-using period, when round tumuli were in general use, the two peoples may have dwelt side by side, the older race being, perhaps, in a state of subjugation.

It is not pretended that Thurnam's apophthegm has more than a local application. "This axiom", its author admitted, "is evidently not applicable, unless with considerable limitations, to France." Although it is here called an "axiom", it is by no means a self-evident proposition, the relation between the shape of the skull and the shape of the burial-mound being purely arbitrary. The proposition which connects the two is simply the expression of the results of accumulated observations, and it is, of course, open to doubt whether the number of observations was sufficiently great to warrant the generalisation. But the only test of the validity of any induction lies in its verification when applied to fresh instances, and it is remarkable that when long barrows and

<sup>1</sup> *On the Ethnology of the Ancient Irish.*

chambered tumuli have since been opened in this country the evidence has tended in the main to confirm Dr. Thurnam's proposition; still, we must regard it only as the expression of a local custom, and not of a general truth.

It is commonly believed that the brachycephali of the round barrows came in contact with the dolichocephali as an invading, and ultimately as a conquering, race. Not only were they armed with superior weapons—superior in so far as a metal axe is a better weapon than a stone axe—but they were a taller and more powerful people. Thurnam's measurements of femora led to the conclusion that the average height of the brachycephali was 5 feet 8.4 inches, while that of the long-headed men was only 5 feet 5.4 inches.<sup>1</sup> Not only were they taller, but they were probably a fiercer and more warlike race. In the skulls from the round barrows the superciliary ridges are more prominent, the nasals diverge at a more abrupt angle, the cheek-bones are high, and the lower jaw projects, giving the face an aspect of ferocity, which contrasts unfavourably with the mild features of the earlier stone-using people.

On the whole, then, the researches of archæological anatomists tend to prove that this country was tenanted in ante-historic or pre-Roman times by two peoples, who were ethnically distinct from each other. It is difficult to resist the temptation of applying this to the ethnogeny of Wales. Does it not seem probable that the early short race of long-skulled, mild-featured, stone-using people may have been the ancestors of the swarthy Silurians of Tacitus; while the later tall race of round-skulled, rugged-featured, bronze-using men may have represented the broad-headed, Keltic-speaking folk of history? At any rate, the evidence of craniology does not run counter to this hypothesis. For Dr. Beddow's observations on head-forms in the West of

<sup>1</sup> *Mem. Anthropol. Soc. Lond.*, vol. iii, 1870, p. 73.

England have shown that "heads which are ordinarily called brachycephalic belonged for the most part to individuals with light hair", while the short dark-haired people whom he examined were "markedly dolichocephalic."<sup>1</sup> At the same time, it must be admitted that his observations lend "no support to the view that the Keltic skull has been, or would be narrowed by an admixture of the Iberian type". It should not, however, be forgotten that the same observer, in referring to a collection of crania from the Basque country, preserved in Paris, says "the form of M. Broca's Basque crania was very much that of some modern Silurian heads".<sup>2</sup>

According to the view advocated by Thurnam we have a right to anticipate that the oldest skulls found in this country would be of dolichocephalous type; and such I believe to be actually the case. Dr. Barnard Davis, it is true, has stated in the *Crania Britannica* that the ancient British skull must be referred to the brachycephalic type; and such an induction was perfectly legitimate so long as the craniologist dealt only with skulls from the round barrows or from similar interments. But the long-barrow skulls examined by Professor Rolleston,<sup>3</sup> and the Cissbury skulls recently studied by the same anatomist,<sup>4</sup> are decidedly dolichocephalic, as also are all the early prehistoric skulls which have been found of late years in France.

It may naturally be asked whether the researches of archæologists in Wales lend any support to Thurnam's hypothesis. Nothing, I conceive, would be easier than to show that very material support has come from this quarter; but I have abstained, of set purpose, from introducing into this paper any remarks on the prehistoric archæology of

<sup>1</sup> *Mem. Anthropol. Soc. Lond.*, vol. ii, 1866, p. 350.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 356.

<sup>3</sup> "On the People of the Long Barrow Period," *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, vol. v, 1876, p. 120.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. vi, 1877, p. 20; vol. viii, 1879, p. 377.



Wales. For I had an opportunity, only a few months ago, of lecturing before this Society upon this very subject, and I then submitted to my fellow-members such evidence as seemed to me to support the conclusions enunciated above. In connexion with this subject, I may, however, especially refer to the valuable researches of my friend, Professor Boyd Dawkins, more particularly to his discovery of platycnemic, or flat-shinned, skeletons in chambered graves in Denbighshire, which may be referred to the neolithic or later stone-age.<sup>1</sup>

But, setting aside any archæological evidence derived from the bone-caves, barrows, or other sepulchres in Wales, we may finally look at the outcome of our inquiry into Welsh ethnogeny. If we admit, as it seems to me we are bound to admit, the existence of two distinct ethnical elements in the Welsh population, one of which is short, dark, and dolichocephalic—call it Silurian, Atlantean, Iberian, Basque, or what you will; and the other of which is tall, fair, and brachycephalic, such as some term Cymric, and others Ligurian; then it follows that by the crossing of these two races we may obtain not only individuals of intermediate character, but occasionally more complex combinations; for example, an individual may have the short stature and long head of the one race, associated with the lighter hair of the other; or again, the tall stature of one may be found in association with the melanism and dolichocephalism of the other race. It is, therefore, no objection to the views herein expressed if we can point to a living Welshman who happens to be at once tall and dark, or to another who is short and fair.

At the same time, I am by no means disposed to admit

<sup>1</sup> For Prof. Boyd Dawkins' contributions to the subject see his interesting works on *Cave-hunting*, 1874, and on *Early Man in Britain*, 1880.

that when we have recognised the union of the xanthous and melanic elements in Wales, with a predominance of the latter in the south, we have approached to anything like the exhausting limit of the subject. Still earlier races may have dwelt in the land, and have contributed something to the composition of the Welsh. In fact, the anthropologist may say of a Welshman, as a character in "Cymbeline" says of Posthumus, when doubtful about his pedigree,

"I cannot delve him to the root."

It is possible that the roots of the Welsh may reach far down into some hidden primitive stock, older mayhap than the Neolithic ancestors of the Silurians ; but of such pristine people we have no direct evidence. So far, however, as positive investigation has gone, we may safely conclude that the Welsh are the representatives, in large proportion, of a very ancient race or races ; and that they are a composite people who may perhaps be best defined as *Siluro-Cymric*.

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# THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF WALES.

## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED TO THE CYMMRODORION SECTION OF THE  
NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1880.

By LEWIS MORRIS, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College,  
Oxford; President of the Section.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—We are met here this evening to re-establish, if possible, the Social Science Section of the National Eisteddfod, which, commencing, I think, in the year 1862, under the patronage of the Council of the Eisteddfod, was discontinued when that Council ceased to exist, some ten or more years afterwards. From that time to the National Eisteddfod held at Birkenhead, in 1878, there was nothing to answer to the former Social Science Section. In the last-named year, an attempt was again made to revive the institution, under the excellent presidency of my friend Professor Hughes, and papers of great ability and interest were read by various distinguished men. But whether it was that the subjects chosen for the papers were not sufficiently interesting to Welshmen as such, or that the hour and place of meeting were not well chosen, or that at Birkenhead people only care to be amused, the fact undoubtedly is, that the attendance was lamentably small—so small, indeed, that the experiment collapsed before the Eisteddfod meeting came to an end. I think it quite possible that if that attempt had been made at Carnarvon, or in any other real national centre, the result might have been very different: and I am inclined to deprecate the repetition of the experience of an Eisteddfod held out of Wales, and attended by a motley assemblage of

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people, chiefly attracted by a vague curiosity. But the real lesson of these repeated attempts and failures is to me a very instructive one. I do think they point to a conviction, on the part of the most thoughtful Welshmen, that the Eisteddfod as it at present is constituted, interesting and creditable as it undoubtedly is to the tastes and the refinement of the people, is not wholly satisfying, and that many of us, while recognising with pleasure the large number of valuable prizes which it has recently become the practice—and especially on the present occasion—to offer for subjects bearing upon the moral and physical condition of the people and their amelioration, for essays on health, food, the condition of dwellings, the earnings of the labourer and artizan, thrift, morals, and last, but not least, education (all of which were treated, as I am informed, by the former Social Science Section), are yet of opinion that more may be fairly done in this direction by the Eisteddfod than has been done yet. I do not, nor, as far as I know, does any one wish to, dethrone from their supremacy the sister arts of poetry and music, which now bear rule at the Eisteddfod meetings, but I think in the future it may well be a matter for consideration whether one day of the four, or, possibly, two afternoon sittings, might not be devoted to discussions proceeding on the lines of the economical or social subjects for which prizes are given. I hope no one will suspect me of not liking music. On the contrary, I think, and have often said, that the musical taste, which is so characteristic of the Welsh nation, should be cultivated to the fullest possible extent. Music speaks with a common and universal language, vague indeed, but infinitely tender and solemn, mighty beyond the power of words, full of yearning, full of the mystery of this wonderful life of ours, full of sublime echoes, which are to many instead of a complete theology, of the mighty voice without us, whose sound is in the sea, and

in the sky, and in the hills, and in the inmost recesses of the human heart. As to poetry, no one, I am sure, considering whose descendant I am, will suspect me of disloyalty to that delightful art. There are some things of which it is impossible to speak satisfactorily, and of which it is best, therefore, to be silent. I believe myself that to every one, in his or her degree, glimpses of an ineffable and supreme beauty and goodness are vouchsafed from time to time, to some very rarely, to others more frequently, and that it is only the gift of expression, granted or denied, which distinguishes the poet from his fellow-men. But then it unfortunately happens that there are few who can speak this divine language with effect, and even those who can are filled with a consciousness that what they are privileged to say might well have been said better and more fully.

The conclusion to which I would come is that, to some of us, who would like to be frequent attendants at Eisteddfodic meetings, it would be no diminution of the interest and pleasure which they excite if we felt that we were not merely amusing ourselves—undoubtedly, in a very creditable way, but, still, amusing ourselves—but were doing something which might leave our fellow-countrymen happier and better. And this is the real meaning of the revival of our Social Science Section under a new name—not a better name, by any means, as it seems to me, but still, one which has not to struggle against memories of former failure.

As to the good which has been done by the Social Science Association of England during the twenty or more years of its existence, I believe it would be very difficult to exaggerate it. Almost all the reforms in the law during that time have taken their rise in, and are the direct or indirect result of the deliberations of the Association. The great practical difficulties of punishment and of prevention of crime, the treatment of the pitiful race of young criminals, the ques-

tions of prison discipline, the mechanics of legislation, the relations between landlord and tenant, the questions as to the employment and social functions of women, the great problems of education, the laws of health and sanitation; all these, and many others, are matters which have been ventilated year after year at the annual meetings of the Association, by men and women who, like the late Miss Carpenter, have devoted their lives to the service of their fellow creatures, and through them to the service of God. Surely, we too in Wales, with our strange contrasts of busy and crowded industries, and sparse agricultural populations; of dense and smoky manufacturing towns and lonely mountain sides; must have questions relating to the happiness of the people, some common to all the dwellers in these islands, others peculiar to ourselves as Welshmen, which it would be well to discuss from time to time. Does anyone seriously think that the question of Welsh Sunday closing, for instance, on which such a striking unanimity of opinion has been evinced, or the Burial Bill, or any other measure which has come very near to the hearts of Welshmen, would not have attracted attention long ago, if, year by year, as the National Eisteddfod came round, they had been discussed and debated on a common and unsectarian platform, by local men acquainted with the special needs of their own particular neighbourhoods. And no one who knows how peculiar, and I may add, how defective is the educational condition of Wales, how poor and how ill-distributed are her endowments, and how noble have been the efforts of the people to provide themselves with the means of obtaining, wholly without the State assistance, which is freely bestowed upon Scotland and Ireland, the blessings of the higher education, can doubt that this matter of education alone would afford good and congenial work for good men and women, who could never, in our present divided religious condition, meet

together elsewhere. I say nothing of the pressing need for sanitary discussions connected with the growth of our great manufacturing towns, and the many questions touched by the Employers' Liability Bill, as suggested by the dreadful calamities of the Rhondda Valley, of Abercarne, and of Risca, though they are probably at once full of social interest, and of features peculiar to our own country. I am afraid that a Repression of Crime Section, or a Prisons' Section, if one were started among us, would hardly be a success, for the simple reason that Welsh criminals are almost like the snakes in Iceland—there are none of them; and that we are busily engaged in disestablishing and disendowing our Welsh prisons. But I am sure that we might deal with advantage with those faults of morals, which are undoubtedly ours; which all the zeal of all our ministers has failed to touch in any appreciable degree; and which, among a people the most devout, and the most God-fearing in these islands, confront us with the spectacle, not unhappily a paradox, of an amount of illegitimacy hardly exceeded in any part of Great Britain.

Nor, of course, would it be necessary, or in any way desirable, that we should confine ourselves exclusively to matters specially bearing upon the condition of Wales. I certainly think that such questions have distinctly the first claim upon our attention. But, after all, our country is a small one; we are not only Welshmen, but citizens, interested in every great question which affects any part of, or any class of people in, the great England, and the still greater Empire, of which we form part. I do not, for my own part, knowing, as I do, how great are the differences which separate us from our neighbours, think that the stream of Welsh reforms is, after centuries of neglect and stagnation, likely to run dry very soon. But I am sure we should welcome any distinguished stranger who would

honour us by reading a paper on any matter of which he might have special knowledge, whether economical, social, scientific, or I suppose I must add archæological, as this is the Cymmrodorion section.

I do trust, however, that in future years, we shall not devote an undue measure of our time to looking back towards the irrevocable Past. With all, except the very young, and often with them, the temptation to look backwards, instead of forwards, is overwhelming, and we in Wales are, as it seems to me, especially liable to it. Every year that passes takes with it something of hope from our lives ; raises a new tomb-stone over buried longings and aspirations that breathe no longer the air of earth ; adds something to the sum of losses which make the familiar streets, or the well-remembered fields, show like a place of graves. I cannot help admiring the tendency which makes Welshmen look back with affectionate exaggeration to heroes and to bards who have been dead for centuries. I myself owe too much to the affection with which the name which I bear is still regarded, not to feel it difficult to say what I believe I am bound to say, in duty. But to me, no time is so full of fascination as the present, unless it be indeed the hidden future. But it is in the present, and with a view to prepare the future, which we believe shall, in the good pleasure of the Creator, be greater than the present, that we who are here to-day must live and work, and we have not indeed a moment to lose. "Time is short, and opportunity fleeting," as was said of old, and dreams of the past certainly, and of the future probably, are nothing else but a waste of invaluable time. I believe that the extraordinary and most calamitous self-effacement, by which, up to a very recent period, Welshmen were content to stand aloof from practical politics, sending to Parliament, for centuries, for reasons of feudal attachment, or through entire carelessness, men



wholly unfit for their duties, was largely due to this habit of mind, which has long diverted the national energies into channels in which they have practically run to waste. I cheerfully recognise the great improvement which of late has taken place in this respect, wholly irrespective of political considerations. I have long ago expressed my belief, that the first thing which Wales had to do was to find her tongue, as she has since done, indeed, to some extent, and might yet do more thoroughly with advantage. The nation is evidently awaking to a sense of its responsibilities, which gives promise of even better things in future. For my own part, while the voice of Wales is still insufficiently heard, I resent, on behalf of my country, the local intrigues by which it still too often happens that an unfit Welshman, or an Englishman with no interest in us, is allowed to supplant a Welshman who could speak for Wales. And depend upon it, if good men of every religious denomination would consent to meet upon the free and unsectarian platform, which the Eisteddfod alone furnishes, there would be very little danger of its missing its true end, or of its ever allowing the people of Wales to relapse into the stagnation and indifference of old.

And I think, indeed, that some such meeting-place, where party politics might be laid aside, where those religious and dogmatic differences which enter so largely (not, as I think, without advantage) into our national life, might for a time be left behind, if not forgotten, would be in itself, quite apart from other good results, a distinct and permanent gain. Think how seldom it can happen that patriotic Welshmen belonging to the Church of England, or to the Methodist, Baptist, or Congregational denominations (and we should not have far to go from this place to find such persons), can meet together with a view to the advancement of the good of their common country. Think how few are the

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opportunities which North Welshmen and South Welshmen have of comparing notes and experiences. They go into England by different routes, they gravitate towards different provincial centres—the North to Liverpool, the South to Bristol—and it takes about twice as long to go from the good town of Carmarthen to the good town of Carnarvon as it does to go from either to London. We want to obliterate, as far as may be, all these purely local and mischievous divisions, and it would be a very worthy office for the Eisteddfod if it enabled those of us who are not musicians, who are not bards, nay, who are hardly Welsh-speaking men, but have not the less Welsh hearts, to meet together under the shadow of so venerable and mysterious an institution, and take counsel together for the good of Wales.

There are certain matters on which I could have wished to say something, especially those with which I am most conversant—questions of law, of politics, and of education. But those questions of law, which are burning questions, run insensibly into politics, and politics, so far as they are interesting, are apt to assume a character of party which would be quite foreign to the traditions of an institution whose motto is “Peace”. In politics there neither can nor should be peace, but an earnest though a generous strife. On the subject of education, I should have had a good deal to say, and was prepared to say it, but for an honour which has come to me within the last few days—that of being nominated to serve on the Commission which will immediately be issued to inquire into the condition of Higher and Intermediate Education in Wales. I anticipate the greatest good results from that Commission, and I am very proud to belong to it; but I think it clear that for the present my mouth must be closed on all Welsh educational questions, because it would be improper to express opinions on views which the evidence which will come before the

Commission may tend to modify or reverse. Otherwise, I should have liked to say something of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth, of which I believe the country is justly proud, and of its future development. I should have liked to say something of the scheme of your excellent townsman and my revered friend, Mr. Hugh Owen, who has for nearly forty years been connected with Welsh education, for the establishment of County Scholarships, which shall so unite the primary with the higher grade schools as to provide for the support of deserving boys and girls, and elicit, by judicious aid, the immense supply of talent which in Wales, as I firmly believe, more than elsewhere, has somehow been repressed and lost through poverty and unfavourable surroundings. But the subject will not remain without discussion, and papers on various aspects of the educational question among us will be read during our sittings. And I believe we have the promise of an able paper on the important question of Eisteddfod reform. I trust that the Cymmrodorion Council will be able in future to exercise a supervision over as well the subjects of the papers as their treatment, and that the length of all contributions may be limited to a reasonable time—a good deal shorter, for instance, than the present address—and that due provision may be made for those who prefer to express themselves in English or Welsh, as the case may be. And when I have said this, I have said almost all.

But before I conclude, I will ask you to think for a moment on the lot of the great majority of our countrymen, whose fate it is to eat the bread of carefulness through the whole of their laborious lives. Think of them on a hundred hill-sides, where the mountain sheep, straying among the heather, are the only living things visible; or in close and sunless valleys, under the brooding shadow of great mountains; or on wind-swept farms, where nothing but sea-bitten

grass will grow, on the coasts of Anglesey or of Pembroke ; living from the cradle to the grave lonely lives of healthy but wearing toil, with no opportunity of meeting with their fellows except occasionally at the little market-town or village, or at the little chapel, which is set often enough far away from town or village, in the recesses of the untrodden hills. Think of them in the dense atmosphere of the great industrial centres, at Merthyr Tydfil or at Aberdare, at Ruabon or Landore ; breathing coal dust, or iron dust, or copper smoke, day and night, in cottages reared upon the cinder-tips or slag-heaps, of which they seem an excrescence ; spending the long days or nights in the airless depths of the coal mine, with inevitable death within a stroke of the pickaxe ; or perched high up on the perpendicular face of the quarry, with enormous masses of slate impending, and the thunder of the blasting-charge resounding and reverberating around. I know of nothing in all the world around us so pathetic as the lives of the poor. From much that makes life seem precious to us they are cut off altogether. All the pleasures of travel and change of scene, the delight of foreign manners, the wonder of strange islands, or capes, rising vine-clad out of the azure sea, the marvel of old minsters filled with the devout thoughts of painters or sculptors who have been dead for centuries—thoughts which, we may hope, have aided many a heavy-laden soul on the road to heaven—the wonder of great Alps, many times higher than our own Eryri, rising clothed in their everlasting mantles of snow ; the quickening of the moral and intellectual powers, which comes almost in spite of themselves to the cultivated dwellers in a great metropolis, in which the business of an illimitable Empire is transacted, and is matter of common talk—from all these sources of interest and pleasure our poorer countrymen and countrywomen are debarred. Let us be thankful that they have in their own tongue the blessing of a pure

and healthy periodical literature, and that they have the taste, which is denied to the stronger Saxon, to appreciate the highest achievements of music and of poetry. While Handel and Mozart are sung by them habitually, while Milton and Goronwy are read, there can be little fear for the intellectual future of Wales. The more reason, as it seems to me, that those of us who can do so, in however small a degree, should contribute their share to hasten the good time coming; and by making the Eisteddfod a really educational and social influence, try to lighten somewhat of the burden of those lowly and over-laden lives.

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## MERCHED Y TŶ TALWYN.

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THE following curious and interesting account is taken from one of the unpublished *Iolo Morganwg MSS.*, now in the possession of the Right Hon. Lady Llanover, by whose kind permission it is copied. It is written in the spoken dialect of Glamorgan, which was often used by Iolo, and no attempt has been made to alter it. Perhaps some of the readers of the *Cymmrodor* may be able to add to the information here given about these poetesses, and to supply other verses ascribed to them.

W. WATKINS.

October 1880.

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“I heard an old man at Langynwyd sing a curious kind of song. It consisted of the names of all the rivers in Glamorgan and their fountain-heads, said to have been written by one of the *Ty Talwyn* poetesses, one stanza of which is as follows :

“Blaen Gwrych, Blaen Gwrach, Blaen Gwragon,  
Blaen Ffrydwyllt, Blaen Cynharvon,  
Blaen Afan sy, Blaen Llyfni syw,  
Blaen Garw yw'r Blaen creulon.”

Dywedir am y Brydyddes iddeu Chariad wneuthur rhywbeth ansyber yn ei herbyn a'i digio, ac nis ymgymmodai ag ef er un cyflwr eithr hynn, sef iddo ymweled a holl afonydd Morganwg a'u Blaenau a'u doddi ar gân a'i dangos iddi o'i waith ei hunan. Fe gymmerth hynn arno, ag a dreulwys lawer mis yn ymdeithio ar hyd yr afonydd hyd eu Blaenau, onid oedd wedi myned mor wasgedig yn ei gnawd fel nad oedd braidd dim o hono ond y croen a'r esgyrn. 'Dd oedd

rhywfaint, bydded a fynno, o dynerwch ynghalon y Gantores, a hi a dosturiwys wrth ei chariad; a pheth a wnaeth hi ond ymweled a'r holl afonydd yn ddjarwybod iddei Chariad, a'u doddi ar gân ym mesur Triban Morganwg. Yr oedd hi yr holl amser hynn mewn gwisg Bachgen. Hi a wyddai yn ddigon da am dŷ Car iddo, lle 'dd oedd ar droion aml yn llettya. Myned yno a gofyn am letty noswaith.

"Chwi a gewch hanner gwely, os gwna hynny'r tro", ebe gwraig y tŷ; "nid oes gennyf ond hynny, am fod gwr ifanc o ddyn glan i fod yma heno 'n cysgu yn yr hanner arall".

"Fe wna hynny o'r goreu", ebe 'r Bachgen ifanc diarth, a myned i mewn.

Ymhen ychydig fe ofynodd ai celai ef fyned i'r gwely, am ei fod yn flinderus iawn, wedi cerdded ymhell y diwarnod hynny. "Cewch," ebe gwraig y tŷ; a hynny a fu. Ymhen tro dyna'r Carwr truan yn dyfod iddei letty; goleuwyd ef i'r gwely gan wedyd wrtho fod yno lencyn glan iawn i gysgu gydag ef, ag iddo fyned i'r gwely yn ebrwydd, achos ei fod wedi blino 'n fawr, wedi cerdded o bell hyd yno.

"Duw a'i bendithio", ebe'r Carwr, "a gorphwys da iddo. Gwyn fyd na ddelai awr gorphwys i minnau."

Myned i'r gwely heb gael nemmor iawn o gysgu. Gyda'r goleu dyma'r Bachgen ifanc diarth yn cwnnu, yn doddi bendith Duw ar y tŷ a'r tylwyth a'i llettywys, ac yn myned i bant. Ond fe adawys bapur ar y gobennydd a'r gân yn ysgrifenedic arno yn cynnwys enwau holl afonydd Morganwg a'u Blaenau, ag uwch ben y gân y geirau hynn, y cyfan mewn llaw diarth iddo: *Cymmer gynhorthwy gan a'th gâr.*

Cymmeryd y papur a'i ddarllain, a'i ddarllain, a'i ddarllain a wna'r Carwr. Un ennyd yn neidio yn wyllt gan lawenydd, ennyd arall yn tawlu ei hunan ar y gwely dan lefain ag wylo; ond o'r diwedd ymdawelu a myned blaid y traed gwyllt at dŷ'r ferch y dioddefasai gymmaint er ei hennill.

Cael myned attî; ond nis cai gusan cymmod nes dangos y gân. Wrth glywed hynny tynnu 'r gân o'i fynwes a'i gosod o'i blaen.

"Yn awr, ar dy wir", ebe hi, "gwed wrthof ai ti a wnaeth y gan hon?"

Ebe fe 'n ateb, "Mi dreiglais hyd bob afon ym Morganwg o'r pen isaf iddei blaen, ond afiechyd a ddaeth arnaf o fod gymmaint ag y buof i maes yn y tywydd, gwlyb a sych, rhew ag eira, gwres ag oerfel. Ond er gwneuthur hyd eitha 'n gallu corph ag enaid i ddodi enwau'r cyfan ar gân, ni ellais etto foddloni 'm hunan mewn un gair bychan. A thyna itti 'r gwir fal yth atebwyf o flaen Duw. Edrych ar fy ngwedd a'm lliw llwyd. Wedi rhoi 'r cyfan i fynydd o'm gobaith dan dorr calon, fawr lai na gwallgof, daeth Bachgen ifanc glan ar dro i'r ty lle 'dd oeddwn yn llettfa, ac a edewis ar y gobennydd lle (bu) ef yn gorwedd noswaith yn yr un gwely a mi y papur a ddodes o'th flaen. Ni chredaf lai nad angel o'r nef oedd hwnnw. Gwna er ei fwyn ef y peth nis gwnai er fy mwyn i. Tosturia bellach wrthof. Gwna hynn er mwyn yr angel ag er mwyn y Duw a'i danfonwys."

"Gan itti erchi er mwyn Duw a'i angel", ebe hi, "mi ymgymmodaf a thi."

Ag felly y bu, a phiodi a wnaethant maes o law wedyn, ac a fuont fyw yn hir mewn cariad ac happusrwydd, yn dad a mam llawer o blant, ac yn Adda ag yn Efa i holl Brydyddion y wlad, ond y rhai sy'n dywad o'r chwiorydd ereill, canys nid oes Brydydd yn y sir nad yw 'n dyfod o un o ferched y Ty Talwyn (meddir); ag o hynn y daeth y ddiareb gyffredin ym Morganwg hyd heddy.

Beth na wna merch er mwyn ei chariad? Ni ellais hyd yn hyn gael un clyw na gwybod.

Digon (*sic*) amlwg pa bryd neu amser o'r byd ydd oedd Merched y Ty Talwyn yn byw; ond y mae rhywfaint o le i gredu taw ynghylch deucant o flynyddau 'n ychydig fwy neu



lai ydd oedden nhw 'n byw. Wrth Bennillion y *Llwyn blodeuawg*, a wedir taw gwaith y merched hynny ydyn nhw, gallai rhai feddwl taw ynghylch pump neu chwechant o flynyddau 'n ol ydd oedden nhw 'n byw. Ond gwyddys o'r goreu i'r ffordd hynny o ganu, sef ar gynhanedd unodl heb gynghanedd o gytsain, barhau ym Morganwg hyd yn ddiweddar iawn :

Y Ferch gyntaf.

Docco lwyn yn fwyn ei drwsiad  
 Glasliw glwyslon dirion dyfiad  
 Yn ochr y maes ai laes gynghenau  
 Tew gofleidiog teg ei flodau.

Yr ail Ferch

Docco lwyn yn fwyn wedi'i drwsio  
 Gwyn ei fyd a gai fyned dano  
 Dail mor loyw llwyn hoyw a hyfryd  
 Gwn fod wrthaw llaw f' anwylyd.

Y drydedd Ferch

Llwyn myllynog deiliog dulas  
 Hardd 'i gampau gwyrdd oi gwmpas  
 Plethiad gwead gwiaail irion  
 Tew gwyn gliad torriad tirion.

Dymma sydd genni o'r saith gair canu a fu ryng y chwech hwaer a'u brawd i'r llwyn 'spyddadeu. Gwyddwn un arall lawer blwyddyn yn ol, ond y mae wedi myned yn angof. Ydd wyf yn meddwl ei bod ar gof traddodiad y wlad idd eu cael etto, a bod dyn ymagocco yn eu gwybod. Ond lled ryfedd yw un peth genni, hynny yw, er cymmaint o son traddodiadol y sydd ym Morganwg am Ferched y Ty Talwyn ni welais i air hyd yn hynn am dany'n nhwy mewn ysgrifen erioed. A pheth iawn dda hynod yw hynn, a chymmaint o ysgrifenadau Prydyddion ag Areithwyr o bob rhyw y sy gan y ni ym Morganwg yn anad un sir yn neheubarth Cymru, ag ni wn ni lai n'allwn i wedyd yn anad un sir yn holl Gymru, Gwynedd a Deheubarth, ag er amled y pethau hynn, ni chyrddais erioed a gair bach yn ysgrifenedig am Ferched y Ty Talwyn, oddi wrth rhyw beth bach gan Sion

Bradford o'i goffhad ei hunan. Bu'r brawd farw yn wr iefanc heb fod erioed yn briod. Priodwys bob un o'r merched, ag, medd y wlad, y mae mwy neu lai o awen Prydyddaid ymhob un o'u heppil yn parhau hyd heddyw. Mynych y clywais wedyd yn ddiarheb fal hyn, "Nid rhyfedd ei fod e'n brydydd; y mae'n dyfod o Ferched y Ty Talwyn". Y mae'r Ty Talwyn yn Nhu deau Plwyf Llangynwyd yng nghwmwd Tir Iarll ag am y ffin a Phlwyf Margam, yn dŷ Ffermwr lled dda, sef da ymhlith tai Morganwg, y tai goreu yng Nghymru tu hwnt i bob cymmharfaeth."

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## A DESCRIPTION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

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THE following article is taken from the Cotton MS. *Titus* D. xxii, in the British Museum, which contains eight other articles in Welsh and Latin, and among them the Welsh Lives of Saints David, Catharine, and Margaret, published in Rees' *Cambro-British Saints*, pp. 102-116, and 211-231. In the Catalogue of Cotton MSS., p. 566, the volume is incorrectly represented to include a chronicle of the Church of Llandaff, which, however, it does not contain. A corrected table of contents is now prefixed to the volume from the pen, and bearing the signature, of "T. Price, Carnhuanawc, November 4, 1839."

The extract here printed is the first article in the MS., extending from folio 1 to folio 19, and containing thirty-six pages and seven lines. Each page contains fifteen lines. It is very well written, but the writing has become illegible in one or two places.

The MS. dates from the early part of the fifteenth century,

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[1] LLynma gyfr6ythyt achouyon a geir nyr yscriptur lan o i6rth y trabluthe gouudyon a dolureu adiskynnant kynn6ll kyn teruin byd achos anwir ac angret yrei aossodes yr vchelargl6yd o neef kyn kymryt kana6d or blayn hyt ytraythir herwyth dysk y yspryd ef o giudode y prof6ydi a gwedy kymryd kna6d y dangosses crist argl6yth yr eilweith yr vnri6 pynkeu ny gyfreitheu ef yrei aydys yn vynyth ny traythu my6n gwasnaythe yr egl6ys.<sup>1</sup> ¶ ytrabluthe hyn adoant

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. these paragraph marks are in red ink.

but the article itself is probably older. Its style is not very attractive, being marked by some awkward sentences and uncouth forms. The constant use of adjectives in the plural, such as “aruthredigyon”, “llithredigyon”, etc., is quite a marked feature in the composition. The writer was a South-Walian, and apparently a native of the southern part of Cardiganshire, or North Pembrokeshire. Such forms as the following may be observed, among many others, as characteristic of the dialect of this district: *lleisse* : *gnuthyr* (3<sup>2</sup>) *coranu* (ib), *agilant* (ib), *he6lyth* (ib), *geire* (6), *neueilieid gwyllton* (6<sup>2</sup>), *wethel* (7), *weched* (9), and *wimmwth* (15), which are still *wheddel*, *wheched*, and *whimmwth* : *ymhoylant* (8), and *ymhoylyd* (15), *llysewyn*, *eiswys* (10), *dehuach* (11), *ouan* (11<sup>2</sup>), *iste* (ib), *cluste* (ib), *milioyth* (12), *tayred vo yr heul* (ib), *drein* (13), *gwabre*, etc. The dropping of the final dental in *trws* (6) “trwst”, *trydy* and *pedwery*, point in the same direction. It is possible that the writer may have been one of the patriotic monks of the great Abbey of Ystrad Fflur.

The orthography of the MS. has been scrupulously followed, even in its blunders. It will be observed that the scribe occasionally uses the peculiar “6” for “u”, as, for example, in *gall6*, *he6l*, *lle6at*, i.e., “gallu”, “heul”, “lleuat”.

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HERE follow the instruction and records which are found in the Holy Scripture concerning the troubles, afflictions, and sufferings which will happen for a season before the end of the world on account of iniquity and unbelief, and which the high Lord of Heaven set forth in times past before He took flesh, as far as they are related through the teaching of His spirit by the bands of the prophets ; and, after He took flesh, Christ, the Lord, revealed the same things a second time in His laws, which are frequently rehearsed in the services of the

gyntaf o angheredigyrŷyth kynvigen athra trŷy geissaŷ pob vn [1<sup>2</sup>] ragori ar yllall myŷn tragrymder gallŷ bydaŷl. medeant a maŷreth. pandiskynnant o achos sythter kalonneu a aghytundeb y trablutheu maŷr yrei aedewis crist arglŷyth genym ynyscriuenedic dan y henwi ny gyssegredic euegil ef. nyd amgen trabluthe nog y pleid kyuod ynerbyn pleid. tarnas yn erbyn tarnas. braŷd yn erbyn braŷd. taad yn erbyn ymab. ymab yn erbyn ytaad ac aruthredigyon arŷython adiskynnant o neef. ac ereill aymdangossant nyr heŷl. ny syyr. ny lleŷat. trŷy gymmysc marŷwalaytheu. crynnant dayar. anewy-[2] neu. ac aruthredigyon arŷython myŷn tonneu a lleisseu ymroyth. ar llifdyuyreth. agŷybythed paŷb med crist pan diskynnant bod tarnas nef ynagos nyd amgen no dyd braŷ a teruyn byd. ¶ Bellach gwedy pandaruythant yr arŷython hyn hŷylaŷ ny teruynau y ymdagossant ereill o newyth. yrei auythant ynvŷy o dolureu a galareu. hyd na bo haŷd ydyn yn vyŷ ydŷyn nay diothef. ¶ y gouudyon hyn herwyth daroganneu a diskynnant nyr amser ydel melltigedic angcris yr hŷn y syd reid agotheuus gan dew y dyuod [2<sup>2</sup>] y ŷybod gwastadrŷyth a fyrfder a gaffer myŷn dyn ny fyth ŷrth y broui. ¶ Angcris bellach herwyd deall rei or doythion ac athraŷon ykyluethdodeu aymdegis nyr amser y bo crist yn vyl pedwarcant atheir blyneth o oydran. ar hŷn awetto geni agcris o gyd annyan gŷr agŷreic nyrdŷyllŷyd. achos herwyth yr yscriptur lan ac ymmadraŷd. Ieuan abostol ny lyuir a elwyr apocalipsis nyr amser hynny y datrŷymir y kuthreul penaf yny messur ybu datrŷymedic yn amser yr ymmeraŷdyr ffrederic pan wnayth llaŷer o ouudyon ar yr [3] escob

Church. These troubles will first come from uncharitableness, envy, and presumption, through each one seeking to surpass the other in excellence of worldly power, possession, and greatness, when, through hardness of heart and disagreement, there will happen the great troubles which Christ the Lord has left to us written, mentioning them by name, in His sacred gospel: such troubles, to wit, as the rising of faction against faction, kingdom against kingdom, brother against brother, father against the son, the son against the father; and amazing signs will appear from heaven, and others will appear in the sun, in the stars, and in the moon, accompanied with deaths, earthquakes, and famines, and amazing signs in waves and voices of the seas and the floods. And let all know, says Christ, when these happen, that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, that is, the day of judgment and the end of the world. Now, when these signs have proceeded in their course to an end, others again will appear, which will be (the cause of) greater sufferings and sorrows, so that it shall not be easy for living man to bear or endure them. These afflictions, according to predictions, will happen at the time when the accursed Antichrist shall come, who must, and is permitted by God to, come in order to know the constancy and firmness that may be found in man's faith when he is tried.<sup>1</sup> Now Antichrist, according to the understanding of some of the wise men and masters of the arts, will appear at the time when Christ shall be 1403 years old. And whoever says that Antichrist is born of the natural union of man and woman is deceived. For, according to the Holy Scripture and the statement of John the Apostle in his book, which is entitled *Apocalipsis*, at that time Satan<sup>2</sup> will be unbound in the manner he was unbound in the time of the Emperor Frederic, when he caused many afflictions to the

<sup>1</sup> *Lit.*, in man in his faith at his testing.

<sup>2</sup> *Lit.*, the chief devil.

ma6r ay dy6olyon bobloyth ac ymdegys ef yg carusalem ac nyr ardaloyth y tram6ya6th crist dan pregethu yua6r en6 ef. ac yn tystolauthu may ef y6 gwir crist. ac ef uyd ac auu ac asyth.

¶ Nyr amser hynny y datcloant d6y anfythedolyon geneth-laeid nyd amgen no Gog a magog yrrei a ydewis yr ymmer-a6dyr Elisaunder yn gloedigyon my6n ynyssoyth ar ystlysseu y moroyth hyd ar yramser ydoe Angcrist. yrei hyn adoant ac aymdangossant yr g6rhau ythau credu a gwethu ythau. ac yr kydarnhau. kyn6rthau a ma6rhau yuchel[3<sup>2</sup>]en6 ef my6n dy6olyayth. ¶ yr agcrist h6n tr6y vod dy6 yngothef aymdēgys yngybelled my6n ma6reth a methyant. aruthter a creulonder hyd pan varno ef na bo dyn ynvy6 a allo rodi kyuerbyn ytha6. ¶ Ef bellach tr6y vot dy6 yngothef awna ac adengys yn rith gwyrtheu llawer o anreuethodeu ma6r tr6y d6yll hudolyayth yrei ni welsit gynt arei herwyth tyb dyn my6n gwangred na allei neb ygnuthyr onyd gwir dy6 ehun. ¶ Bellach yrynreuethodeu hyn achymmysc gwangred adall-[4] ant synh6yreu ydynnyon hyd pan diskynnant anirif o bobyl ydayar yr credu a gwethu ytha6. ¶ Ar sa6l adrigant my6n fyrfder ycred tr6y rothi kyuerbyn ytha6 herwyth ygallu adrewenir ochlethyfeu aedewir my6n ammarch ma6r hyd he6lyth a messyth. at yrrei yhenuyn y gwir dy6 yr ymbarch ac vynt anglyon yth ykyrchu ay coranu yn verthyryon kyssegredigyon ny neef kyn ori ygwayd. ¶ Ac ereill a ouyn-nokahant y greulonder ef agilant yogoueu ycrei[4<sup>2</sup>]gyth ar tarrenni ac yna yochuahant ygeni dan dywedud y geireu hyn ychwi greigyth ar tarrenni k6yth6ch arnym yr yndi-uyrru. ¶ y gouudyon hyn agerthant ac aymdangossant yn dolurus dros 6yneb ydayar dan gynnythu apharau hyd teir

great bishop<sup>1</sup> and his godly people, and he will appear in Jerusalem, and in the districts which Christ traversed, preaching his great name and testifying that he is very Christ, and that he will be, and was, and is.

At that time will be unbound two unbelieving nations, namely Gog and Magog, whom the Emperor Alexander left locked up in (certain) islands, on the confines of the seas, until the time when Antichrist should come: these will come and will appear in order to do homage to him, to believe in and submit to him, and in order to strengthen, support, and magnify his high name by deification. This Antichrist, through the permission of God, will appear in greatness, authority, awfulness, and cruelty, to such a degree that he will think that there will be no man living who shall be able to make opposition to him. He, moreover, by permission of God, will, through the deception of illusion, perform and show forth, in the guise of miracles, many great wonders which had not been seen before, and which man, in his feeble faith, will think no one could do but the true God himself. And now these wonders, combined with weak faith, will blind the senses of men, so that numberless hosts of the people of the earth shall fall down to acknowledge and submit to him.

And those who shall continue in the firmness of their faith, opposing him according to their power, will be pierced with swords, and will be left in great dishonour in the streets and the fields; to whom the true God, in order to do honour to them, will send angels to take them and crown them as holy martyrs in heaven before their blood is cold. And others, who shall fear his cruelty, will retire into the caves of the rocks and the cliffs; and there they will lament that they have been born, saying these words: Ye rocks and cliffs, fall upon us to destroy us. These afflictions will go on and make themselves grievously felt over the face of the earth, increas-

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, the Pope.



blyneth a hanner yrei nyd ha6th ygothef. gan auethant o trablutheu. ryueleu. new6neu, a llathuaeu. nyr amser hynny ha6th vyd gwelet dagreu llithredigyon hyd gruthyeu y gwyr ar g6rageth ar meiboneu disyn6yryon. ha6th vyd gwelet dyn yngarthu d6yla6 a lleis tuchan ganta6. ha6th vyd [5] clybod dyn ynwynnychu y ageu heb ydyuod y tha6. ¶ Bellach ar diweth yteir blyned a hanner y kyffroant deu or prof6ydi gynt megys Enoc ac heli yrei yr pan anet ysynt vy6edigyon arei agyuodassant yr anglyon tr6y w6rtheu dy6 nyr hen oyssoyth ac aydugassant yparad6ys dayra6l ny lle ymaynt yngyrf ac yn eneideu ynymaros ar amser ydel ygelyn agcris. acyna ydoant ac y ymdangossant ytha6 ef ar he6lyth kay-russalem dan ymlid ac ymgyuethli6 ac ef ygreulonder yan [5<sup>2</sup>] gred ayd6yll hudolyayth tr6y yrei yt6yllassei ef pridwerth ygwir dy6 yr ycolli. ¶ ynteu tr6y gymryd ynsor arabu arna6 ef d6yn ruthur ythunt awna my6n ynuydr6yth ygythreulayth ay llath dan ado ykyrf yn ammarchus hyd yrhe6lyth tri dieu atheirnos dan drayd ygelynyon. ac ar diweth ytridiwarnot tr6y w6rtheu ygwir dy6 ykyuodant o vyir6 yvy6 yg6r nyt ymedy ay wasnaythgar kywir ar ynerthu my6n gouudyon. ¶ Agwedy pan darfo yr angerist h6n tr6y dy6 yngothef yn hyd y teir blyneth [6] a hanner tr6y y arsageu ef achreulonder yglethyf caffel y hynt ar d6ylla6 prydwerth dy6 tr6y

ing and continuing during three years and a half, which it will not be easy to endure, for the troubles, wars, famines, and slaughters they will bring. During that time it will be easy to see streaming tears on the cheeks of men and women and the unconscious infants: it will be easy to see a man wringing his hands with the voice of lamentation; it will be easy to hear a man wishing for death, while it shall not come to him.

Now, at the end of the three years and a half, two of the prophets of old will be aroused, namely, Enoch and Elijah, who, ever since they were born, are still living, and whom the angels took up through the miraculous power of God in the old ages, and bore to an earthly paradise, where they are, body and soul, awaiting the time when the enemy Antichrist shall come. And then they shall come and appear to him in the streets of Jerusalem, expostulating with him and reproaching him for his cruelty, his unbelief, and false enchantment, whereby he had deceived the ransomed people of the true God to their destruction. But he, indignant at being rebuked, will make an assault upon them in the frenzy of his devilish nature, and will kill them, leaving their bodies in dishonour in the streets for three days and three nights, under the feet of the enemy. And at the end of the three days they will rise from death to life, through the miraculous working of the true God, who will not forsake his faithful servants so as not to support<sup>1</sup> them in afflictions. Now, when this Antichrist, by the permission of God during the three-and-a-half years, shall have, by his spells<sup>2</sup> and the cruelty of his sword, had free<sup>3</sup> course in deceiving the redeemed of God

<sup>1</sup> Lit., upon supporting them; will not forsake them upon the point of, in the matter of, supporting them.

<sup>2</sup> *Arsageu*, i.e., *arsangau*, fr. *ar* and *sang*, rt. of *sangu*, to tread, trample. Perhaps it means here "oppression". Davies has "*Arsang*, *oppressio*. *Alijs idem quod Swyn*".

<sup>3</sup> Lit., had his course.

yharwein y agred. ¶ yna ardiwed yteruin kyffroi awna yr argl6yd oneef dan dangos y va6r allu athan trugarau ny dy6olyayth 6rth ygwan sucledic annyan my6n dyn 6rth ybroui diskyn awna oy eistethua ef ny neef dan rodi kyuerbyn yr gelyn ar doy veltigedic genethlaet megys gog a magog ar vynyth oliffer. ne lle yd6g yr argl6yd rurthur yr pryf gormyn my6n kydernid ylit dan ydara6 dyrna6d aruthur o yspryd [6<sup>2</sup>] y ene hyd pan syrtho yt6ylla6dyr yn drylle hyd y lla6r megys tr6s pren ma6r yn garthu 6rth yg6ympo ar eil dyrna6d ary yr d6y genethlaed hyd pan syrthant 6nteu yngadeu meir6 hyd ymynyth dan yhada6 yno yn ammarchus ynu6deu y g6n ac y neueilieid gwyllton. ¶ A g6ybythent pob rei narann6yd bod gwastad heth6ch ny thayar herwyth y daroganneu na gwastad kyredigr6yd na chyd6ybod glan my6n calonneu ydynnyon ynhyd yr amser y bo yr angcris heb dyuod. ac ambellach vyd nyr amser y bo ef ynma[7]ystroli hyd pan gwedy yteruynner ef y ageu. ¶ A gwedy y copleir ydiuyrru ef ny messur ydywesp6yd vchod a mynet y geir a messur ywethel dros 6ynebeu ynissoyth ybyd. yna yhanabythant holl cryaduryeid ydayar daruod my6n hir amser o oysseu yt6ylla6 ay trossi o iar forth y ia6n gred dan ymmada6 ay geudy6eu tr6y yrei y buasseint la6er o amseroyd my6n kethiweth kythreuleid. ¶ yna y ymhoylant holl bobloyth y byd at vndy6 ac y vngred nyd amgen noc y gred ycrisynogyon dan reol y gwir dy6 yr h6n ysyth [7<sup>2</sup>] dechre a gorfen crea6 dyr ycreadurieid taad maab ac yspryd glan. yn vn ri6 dy6 daad yn ri6 dy6 vaab yn ri6 dy6 yspryd glan. teir personyeid ny drinda6d. ¶ Ac gwedy pan darfo yr holl vyd athnabod y

by leading them to unbelief; then, at the end of the period, the Lord of Heaven will rouse Himself, showing forth His great might and taking pity in His divine nature upon the weak, shaken nature in man when tried. He will come down from His throne in Heaven, setting an array against the enemy and the two accursed nations, namely, Gog and Magog, on the mount of Olives, where the Lord will attack the chief oppressor in the might of His wrath, smiting him a great stroke with the breath of His mouth, so that the deceiver shall fall broken to the ground, like the sound of a great tree crashing in its fall. And the second stroke He will give to the two nations, so that they, too, shall fall dead in hosts upon the hill, leaving them there in dishonour, food for dogs and wild animals. And let all men know that it was not decreed, according to the predictions, that there should be constant peace on the earth, or constant benevolence, charity, or clear conscience in men's hearts during the time<sup>1</sup> preceding the coming of Antichrist; and it will be rarer during the time when he shall be here exercising mastery, until he has been appointed to death. And when his destruction has been completed in the manner described above, and the word and the whole<sup>2</sup> tale has passed over the isles of the world, then will all the creatures of the earth know that through a long period of ages they had been deceived and turned from the way of the true faith, and they will forsake their false gods, through which they had been for many ages in the bondage of devils. Then all the peoples of the world will turn to one god and one faith, namely, to the faith of the Christians, under the rule of the true God, who is the beginning and the end, Creator of the creatures, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God the Father, one God the Son, one God the Holy Ghost, three persons in the Trinity. And when the whole world has known its

<sup>1</sup> Lit., in the time when Antichrist shall not have come.

<sup>2</sup> Lit., the measure of the tale.

argl6yd athroi gwethu a g6rhau ytha6 or amser hynny y parahant my6n diwadali6yd dan reol ygwir dy6 my6n fyrfder y ia6n fyth hyd diwed byd ac hyd na bo raclla6 dros 6ynebeu ynessoyd y dayar onyd vn bugeil ac vn buarth. ¶ Nyr amser y byth hir heth6ch a llonyth6ch kyredigr6yd achytundeb gwirioned [8] a chyd6ybod glan my6n calonneu y dynnyon ar bob gweithred. Ar pynkeu hyn abarhaant hyd ar pymthec diwarnodeu kyn dyd bra6 ny rei herwyth deall agauas sant Jerom my6n llyfer ieith ebre6 y dengis ybra6d6r aruthredigyon ar6ython kyn diskynno y varnu. ¶ Nydamgen noc yn ydyd kyntaf y kyffroant ymoroyth ar llifdyuyreth ac ykyuodant deugeint cupit o vchter o iar 6ynebeu yr holl creigyth. ¶ yr eil dyd ygostygant oy huchter dan drio agost6ng ved ar dyuynder hyd pan allo orbreith drem y lly[8<sup>2</sup>]gad yharganuod. ¶ y trydy dyd y ymdangossant yr holl dyuyreth ar ymessur ybua-sseint yr pan furu6yd gyntaf. ¶ y pedwry dyd y ymdan-gossant y pysca6d ac holl cryaduryeid o naturyayth ymoroyth ar hyd a lled 6ynebeu y dyuyreth dan doddi garmeu ac aruth-redigyon wichleisseu hyd pan ouynocahant ynua6r ysa6l auythant ynrodi gostek vthunt ac ystyr ylleiseu hynny nyd athnabythir o neb onyd orgwir dy6. ¶ y pymmed dyd dyuereth yrholl vyd yrei ysynt dan rygedua yrheul yndig-ylchwynnu y dayar adiflan[9]nant ac aymdoant yndir sych heb ygweled m6y. ¶ y weched dyd nybyd pren coyd na llyssewyn adyffo o annyan ydayar nyd ymrotho ohana6 gl6b6r megys gwlith alli6 gwayd arna6. ¶ y seithued dyd ydinustrir seil yr holl vyd megys kestyll. tei. athreui dan yhada6 yndrylledigyon hyd ymessyth.

¶ yr 6ythued dyd ykyffroant y kerric o bob ardal yr byd ac y ymlathant tr6y rodi dyrnodeu yssic pobun yth ygilyth ynerbyn annyan. ¶ y na6ued dyd ybyd crynuau dayar yn

Lord, and has turned, submitted, and done homage to Him, from that time they will continue in steadfastness under the rule of the true God in the strength of the true faith unto the end of the world, and so that there shall be henceforth over the isles of the earth but one shepherd and one fold. At the time there will be long peace and quietness, charity and unity, truth, and a clear conscience in men's hearts in regard to every act. And these things will continue until fifteen days before the day of judgment, during which, according to the understanding which St. Jerome found in a book in the Hebrew language, the Judge will show forth astonishing signs before he shall come down to judge. That is to say, on the first day the seas and the floods will be agitated, and will rise forty cubits in height above the tops of all the rocks. On the second day they will subside, ebbing and falling to the depth, so that the gaze of the eye can scarcely perceive them. On the third day all the waters will appear such as they had been since they were first created. On the fourth day, the fishes, and all the creatures of the nature of the seas, will appear far and wide, on the surface of the waters, uttering cries and astonishing squeaking voices, so that those who shall be listening to them shall fear greatly; and the import of those voices will not be known to any but the true God. On the fifth day the waters of the whole world, which are under the course of the sun encompassing the earth, will vanish and turn to dry land, being seen no more. On the sixth day there will be neither tree, wood, nor herb out of which shall not issue moisture like dew, having the colour of blood. On the seventh day will be destroyed the structures of the whole world, namely, castles, houses, and towns, leaving them shattered over the lands. On the eighth day the stones of every region of the world will be stirred up and will fight, giving each other crushing blows, contrary to nature. On the ninth day earthquakes will be general, so

gyffredin hyd nachaffer myŋn couyon bod ygyffelyb yr pan furuŋyd byd. [9<sup>2</sup>] ¶ y decued dyd ysyrrhant ycreigyth ar tarrenni y dyuynder ydyffrynnoyth trŋy yrei ykyuucheteir yrholl dayar yn claŋr gwastad. ¶ yr vnued dyd ardec ydoant gwethillyon ycryaduryeid oy gygoueŋ dan rodi rydecuae o le yn lle megys ynuydyon na gallu or vn rodi atdeb yr llall. ¶ Y deudecued dydd y ymdangossant aruthredigyon arŋydon or neef ar syrr or furuauen agŋythant. ¶ Y trydy dyd ardec ykyffroant eskyrn y meirŋ ac ykyuodant odyuynder yprith hyd ar ŋyneben ypylleŋ. ¶ Y pedwery dydd ardec ygwethillyon aydewir o natu[10]ryayth dyn ynuyŋ auythant veirŋ. ¶ Y pymthecued dydd ydaŋ taan o arch dyŋ ay allu yr hŋn alysk yr holl dayar hyd ar dyuynder vffern ac ar diwed hyn y diskyn dyŋ y varnu.

¶ Teruyn dydd braŋ bellach nys gŋyr dyn nybyd nac agel ny neef ac ny ŋybythir ved ar yr amser y dangosser o geudod ygwir dyŋ yhun. eisŋys ymay athraŋon y kyluethdoden bes metrent yn iaŋn yn bŋrŋ tyb y teruynna byd ar diwed yseithued mil o vlynnythoyd yr dechre byd. Llymma bellach ystyr ytyb herwyth yr creaŋdyr ar ydechre furuyaŋ am[10<sup>2</sup>]riŋ o pynkeu ar yseyth. megys seith diwarnod ynryoli pob ŋythnos ved ar diwed byd. seith planede yfuruauen o allu dyŋ yndigylchunu ac yngoluhau byd heb orŋwys. ¶ ynaturyayth athodes dyŋ yndunhŋy yssyd ynrodi yr moroyth gyud agostŋg. ac yn parannu y frŋytheu ydayar kynnuthu ac aythuedu. ¶ Ac gwedy y grist gymryd knaŋd ygnayth yreilweith amriŋ pynkeu ar yseith. megys seith rinwethe yr ecglŋys trŋy yrei y ymglymmaŋd dyŋ adyn yr

that it shall not be found on record that the like have happened since the world was formed. On the tenth day the rocks and the cliffs will fall to the depths of the valleys, whereby the whole earth shall be raised up to a level surface. On the eleventh day the remains of the creatures will come forth from their caves, running from place to place, madly, without any being able to answer another. On the twelfth day there will appear astonishing signs from heaven, and the stars will fall from the firmament. On the thirteenth day the bones of the dead will be stirred up, and will arise from the depth of the earth to the surface of the graves.<sup>1</sup> On the fourteenth day the remnant of human kind left alive will die. On the fifteenth day, by the command and power of God, there will come a fire which will burn the whole earth, even to the depth of hell, and at the end of this God will come down to judge.

Now, the appointed time of the day of judgment no man in the world knows nor angel in heaven; and it will not be known until the time it shall be shown from the heart of the true God himself; yet the masters of the arts, did they rightly know<sup>2</sup> how, conjecture that the world will end at the end of the seventh thousand years from the beginning of the world. This now is the reason for this opinion, that the Creator at the beginning formed several things in sevens, namely, seven days regularly forming every week unto the end of the world; the seven planets of the firmament, by God's power encompassing and enlightening the world without ceasing: the nature that God implanted in them gives to the seas the rise and fall (of the tide) and causes the fruits of the earth to increase and ripen. And after Christ became incarnate, he again made several things by sevens, as the seven Sacraments of the Church, whereby God bound himself to man to strengthen him and keep him

<sup>1</sup> Lit., pits. <sup>2</sup> Lit., could they hit the mark.



ygydyrnhau ay gad6 my6n dy6olyayth. yfyth. seith gwethieu  
ypader yr di[11]fr6ytha6 pechodeu. Seith gwithredoyd ydru-  
gareth tr6y yrei 6rth ygnuthur y gobr6ir neef gwedy ageu.

¶ Bellach bybeth bynnac adamweino am dyb yr athra6on  
ar dyyd bra6 yuod velly ac na bo velly herwyth na mynna6d  
dy6 y dyn nac y agel y6ybod ac herwyth na ellir b6r6 tyb  
ar hyspysr6yd. dehuach ydyu kydymaros a dy6 hyd pan  
dangosso ef yn aml6c yrin yssyd cloedic ny ascre.

¶ Dyyd bra6 bellach nyr amser y gossodes ygwir dy6  
ydyuod. dyuod awna yr h6n auyd pan del ouyna6c a  
dolurus [11<sup>2</sup>] herwyth yr ymmadra6d aydewis sant austin  
gennym ynyscriuenedic. ¶ A llymma ystyr yr ymmadra6d  
bybethbynnac awnelof I heb ef. ekysku. egwyla6. ekyuod.  
eiste. egorf6wys. ekerthed. rac meint vy ouan vrth pan del  
ydyyd dolurus tybyo awnaf bod lleisseu kynhirieid dyyd  
bra6 heb orfo6wys ym cluste ymkyffroi ac ymgwyssa6 dan  
dywedud y geir h6n dabre yr varn. ¶ y varn bellach pan del  
arodes yruchel taad yd yuaab herwyth yr maab diskyn ac  
ymgymysku ac annyan dyn adros [12] yr annyan hynny  
ymroi awnayth y boyneu. collet oy wayd ac ageu yr yprynu  
or kethi6ed. ac or achos hynny yrodes yr uchel taad holl  
varneu ybyd yth yuab yr yreoli 6rth y ewyllus. ¶ Nyr amser  
bellach y diskynno crist vn maab dy6 y varnu ymdangos  
gyntaf awna ar cr6ybren wen nyr awyr a milioyth o seint ac  
agylyon gyda ac ef. nyr amser hynny yr tayred vo yr heul  
ny naturyayth yn tywynnu ny dywynykka hynnu ynuoy  
noc nyr vn ansod ygwelir yr heul ynrodi glemd6yll tr6y [12<sup>2</sup>]  
y cr6ybyr ymblayn ka6ad orgla6 o iorth ytrama6rder goluer

in the godliness of faith; the seven petitions of the Lord's Prayer to overcome sins; the seven deeds of mercy, whereby, through the doing of them, heaven is gained as a reward after death. Now, whatever may happen as to the opinion of the doctors about the day of judgment, whether it may be so or may not be so, since God has not willed that man or angel should know it, and since no opinion can be formed upon certain knowledge, it is more becoming to wait patiently upon God until He shall show clearly that which is locked up in His heart. The day of judgment, then, will come in the time in which God appointed it should come; and it will be, when it comes, full of fear and anguish, in accordance with the saying which St. Augustine has left us in his writings.<sup>1</sup>

And this is the import of the saying: "Whatsoever I do," says he, "whether (it be) to sleep or to watch, to rise or to sit down, to rest or to walk, by reason of the greatness of my fear of the coming of the grievous day, I imagine that the dreadful voices of the day of judgment are ceaselessly in my ears, to rouse and summon me, saying this word, 'Come to judgment'." Now, the judgment, when it shall come, has the High Father given to His Son, because the Son came down and united Himself with the nature of man, and on behalf of that nature He gave Himself up to sufferings, the loss of His blood, and death, in order to redeem them from the captivity; and on account of this, the High Father gave all the judgment of the world to His Son, to direct it at His will. Now, in the time when Christ, God's only Son, shall come down to judge, He will first appear on a white cloud in the air, and thousands of saints and angels with Him. At that time, however ardently the sun may be shining in its nature, that will give no brighter light than when the sun is seen casting a feeble ray through the clouds before a shower

<sup>1</sup> Lit., left with us written.

aymdengys o gorf yr argl6yd 6rth edrych arna6. ¶ yna yhenu-  
 yn y bra6d6r pedwar or agylyon vn y bob kogyl or byd yr  
 gwyssa6 6rth lleisseu ykyn hirreid holl creaduryeid neef  
 dayar ac vffern. ac ystyr y lleisseu vyd h6n de6ch yr varn.  
 de6ch yr varn. yna 6rth aruthter llef ygeir alleissen y kyn  
 y kyffroant holl cryaduryeid ac ydoant ar ylla6n duth o bob  
 ardal hyd pan ymdangossant rac bron y bra6d6r llin plant  
 adaf. agen adoant yn gyrf ac eneideu. [13] aphob dyn ynuy-  
 chan ac ynua6r nyr oydran ybu crist ac yn hyd a lled ydel6  
 ef pan diodeua6d yrageu. ¶ yna o arch ybra6d6r ykywynnant  
 yragylyon ac ydyholant yrei daa oblith yrei dr6g megys y  
 deholant ybugelyth ydeueid oblith ygeiuyr ac ygossodant  
 yrei daa ar yr ystlys dehe yr argl6yth a rei dr6g ar  
 yrystlys asseu ¶ Bellach gwedy pan darfo gossod pob peth  
 ny lee y ymdengys crist vnmab dy6 yn annyan ni yr  
 creaduryeid ny del6 ybuassei ef ny byd yngothef lleas yr  
 yprynu. dan dangos y [13<sup>2</sup>] archolleu ae welieu ar holl  
 deuyunnytheu auuasseint ny deruynnu megys croys gway6  
 hoylon ar goran drein. ¶ yna kyffroi awna ny dy6olyayth dan  
 v6r6 golygyon ar y cryaduryeid auythant ar yr ystlys deheu  
 ytha6 agween la6wen ganta6 dan dywedyd ygeire hyn. De6ch  
 vendigedigyon veibon ym taad I or neef ymarthel6ch achym-  
 mer6ch ych ran or darnas abaratoed ychwi o dechre byd.  
 cad6 vygheureithen awnaythochwi. crymmu ac vthuthau  
 ydisk vyecgl6ys I ay gwasnaythu oy gouynnyon. trugar [14]  
 hau awnaythoch 6rth leuein ytylodyon ny agenocid tr6y rodi  
 b6yd yrnewyna6c. diod yr sychedic. ran duthed yr kuthya6

of rain, by reason of the excess of light that shall appear from the body of the Lord when He is gazed upon. Then the Judge will send four of the angels, one to each corner of the world, to summon, by the voices of their long trumpets, all the creatures of heaven, earth, and hell; and the import of the voices will be this, "Come to judgment, come to judgment." Then, at the dread nature of the voice, and the sound of the trumpets, all creatures will be aroused, and will come with great speed<sup>1</sup> from every region, until they present themselves before the Judge. The race of Adam's children, moreover, will come in body and soul, every man, both small and great (appearing) of the age and stature of Christ when He suffered death.

Then, at the command of the Judge, the angels will arise and separate the good from among the evil ones, as the shepherds separate the sheep from among the goats, and will set the good on the right side of the Lord, and the wicked on His left side. Now, when everything has been set in its place, Christ, the only Son of God, will appear to the creatures in our nature in the form in which He had been in the world, suffering death to redeem them, showing His wounds and bruises, and all the implements that had been (instrumental) in causing His end—namely, the cross, the spear, the nails, and the crown of thorns. Then He will be moved in His divine nature, casting glances upon the creatures that shall be upon His right side with a joyous smile, saying these words: "Come, blessed sons of My Father of heaven, claim and take your share of the kingdom that is prepared for you from the beginning of the world. My laws you kept; you bowed and were obedient to the teaching of My Church, and served it in its demands; you pitied the cry of the poor in their want, giving food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothing to cover their naked bodies;

<sup>1</sup> Lit., at their full trot.

ykyrf noython. kydg6yna6 awnaythoch a dithanu y gweinon cleiuon ar karcharoryon ny gouudyon kyd doluryo awnaythoch ar meir6 dan yhebr6ng y hir orf6wys tr6y wethieu achardodeu. torri ymrissonneu r6g gwyr agwyr yr yd6yn y garyad achytundeb. gothef colli ych gwayd awnaythoch hyd he6lyth athomyth o garyad arnaf. I. hyd ybu well genn6ch dothef yr ageu ammar[14<sup>2</sup>]chus noc ymaythu ami my6n digoueint. ¶ Minneu hethi6 dros awnaythoch o weithredoyth daa achyredigr6yth ymi. ac yrsa6l aymardelweint ami ynbarnu ychwi hethi6 ac ynrodi dragywytha6l istethuae ny neef. ny lle ycaffoch byunyth welet ych argl6yth ny dy6olyayth yn ymborth ac yn uy6yd ychwi. ac ny lle y kaffoch dragywytha6l heth6ch llewenyth. a digriu6ch hyd na allo pen na thauod ydraythu nay amkanu. ¶ yna ardiwed y geir yklywir ycryaduryeid o nerth ypenneu ac aw6ch y callonneu yn [15] dodu ga6r lywenyth ac ync6ytha6 hyd ydayar dan rodi diolch ytha6 dros yua6r rod ay drugared. ¶ Bellach gwedy pan darfo teruynnu barn yr ystlys deheu. yna ymboylyd yn wimm6th awna a golygyon aruthur ganta6 yr ystlys asseu ny lle y ymdangossant yr holl deuyunnytheu a uuasseint 6rth yderuynnu megys ydywesp6yd vch6t yarcholleu agen ay welieu aatkyuorant ac aymdinuant o wayt hyd pan weler y dauyne llithredigyon yn ammal ar hyd ygna6d yna yd6eid ef ygeire hyn ychwi agheredigyon geneth[15<sup>2</sup>]laed edrychoch ar adi-otheneis o poyneu ac ammarch dryssochwi yr ychd6yn ach rythau o gethiwed ykythreuleid rakko. ychwithe dros vyygheredicr6yd I bod ynwell genn6ch yr hyd y buoch ny byd droi ym erbyn tr6y dorri vyghyureitheu am gwaharthon athr6y ymherchi ysa6l aymardelweint ami no g6rhau agwe-  
thu yym. or achos hynny llymma vi hethi6 yndyuod yr ymli6 achwi am ych agheredicr6yd ac yr gnuthur dial dros awnathoch oweithredoyd dr6g ¶ ychwi yngyntaf yrei aym-royssoch ych bod yn argl6ythi heb [16] ych bod treissa6

you sympathised with and comforted the feeble sick ones, and the prisoners in their sorrows; you compassionated the dead, accompanying them to their long rest with prayers and alms; you settled strife between men and men, in order to bring them into love and unity; you suffered the loss of your blood in the streets and on dunghills from love to Me, so that you preferred to suffer dishonourable death rather than to leave Me in anger. I, this day, in return for what you did of good deeds and kindness to Me, and to such as acknowledged Me, adjudge and grant you this day eternal thrones in heaven, where you shall ever see your Lord in His Godhead, (to be) food and life to you, and where you shall enjoy eternal peace, joy, and delight, so that neither mouth nor tongue can declare or conceive it." Then, when these words are ended, the creatures will be heard, with loud voice and ardent heart, uttering a shout of joy, and falling to the earth, giving thanks to Him for His great grace and mercy. Now, when the judgment of (those on) the right side is ended, then He will quickly turn with a dreadful look to the left side, where shall be shown all the instruments of His death, as was stated above. His wounds, moreover, and His bruises will flow afresh with blood, until the drops are seen thickly trickling down His body. Then He will say these words: "Ye uncharitable race, behold what pains and dishonour I suffered for you, to bring and free you from the slavery of the devils yonder. But you, in return for My love, preferred, while you were in the world, to turn against Me, by breaking My laws and prohibitions, and by insulting those who acknowledged Me, rather than do homage and submit to Me. On account of that, lo! I this day am coming to expostulate with you for your unkindness, and to take vengeance for what evil deeds you did. You, first, who strove to be lords, while you were none, you oppressed and

ac yspeila6 ykyffredin bobyl awnaythoch oy gallu tr6y ych kydernid ach ma6reth heb y ia6nhau. ¶ ychwitheu auuoch vra6dwyr dr6g tr6y droi ykyfreith daa ar ygorth6yneb yr gwerthe a gwabreu. ¶ ychwitheu auuoch s6ythogyon dr6g ynyspeilo y kyffredin bobyl yr d6yn daa anwir yr argl6-ythi. ar eil yspeilo y6 tr6y ykymmell y rodi gwabre ych-witheu racych ouan. ¶ ychwitheu a dorrassoch ych ll6e my6n kyffreitheu tr6y d6yn tiir. dayar adaa yn anwir dros werthe a gwabre. ¶ ych[16<sup>2</sup>]witheu adreissassoch vyecl6ys oy ia6n ay dylyed megys oy degemmeu offryngeu. renteu aychyfre-itheu. ¶ ychwitheu yregl6yswyr arothassoch kyflebaythe dr6g tr6y ybu ha6s gan y bobloyth gyffredin ymroi y pechod ac yweithredoyth dr6g. ¶ ychwitheu goganu ydynnyon awn aythoch ay llysenwi my6n kynuigen tr6y gelwytheu a dech-mygyon dr6g hyd pan baraoth hynny byth vthunt6y yngy-wilyth ac ammarch. ¶ ychwitheu adreissassoch ygweinon oy tiir ay dayar tr6y ykad6 my6n kamweth hyd ageu heb y edryd. ¶ ychwitheu [17] adreulassoch ych einoyys my6n go-dineb torri ych priodasse ymgymmaru ach kydwayd ac ym-galein ach gortherchade my6n ambechr6yd dros waharthon vyegl6ys. ¶ ychwitheu arodassoch ych daa ar okkyr yr kaffel yr ennill ma6r oiar y benthic kyuan. ¶ ychwitheu kynll6yn-wyr vuoch yndienyidio vym pridwerth yr bychydig o achoss-yon. ¶ ychwitheu lladron kyffredin vuoch dan d6yn daa y kywiryon dr6y dreis achydernid ych clethyueu. ¶ ychwitheu creftwyr a masnachwyr feilst vuoch ynt6ylla6 ykyffredin [17<sup>2</sup>] bobyl ar ych masnache tr6y li6 ll6 p6ys a messur.

plundered the common people of their property<sup>1</sup> by your power and greatness without rendering them right. You, too, were wicked judges, perverting<sup>2</sup> righteous laws for bribes and rewards. And you were unjust officials, robbing the common people in order to bring unrightful gain to your lords; and the second (mode of) robbing is by compelling them to give you bribes through fear of you. And you violated your oaths in law-suits, taking land, ground, and goods unjustly for bribes and rewards. And you robbed My Church of its right and due—that is, of its tithes, its offerings, rents, and legal rights. And you, ecclesiastics, set evil examples, whereby the common people were more ready to yield themselves to sin and to evil deeds. And you slandered men, and called them evil names, in malice, through lies and wicked inventions, so that the same continued ever a shame and a dishonour to them. And you plundered the weak of their lands and grounds, keeping them wrongfully until death, without restoring them. And you spent your life in fornication, adultery, marrying with your blood-relations, and following your concubines in depravity, contrary to the prohibitions of My Church. And you put out your wealth on usury, in order to secure great income from your capital loan. And you were liars in wait in order to assassinate my redeemed for little cause. And you were common thieves, taking the property of the innocent by violence and the might of your swords. And you were false craftsmen and tradesmen, deceiving the common people

<sup>1</sup> Strictly *gallu* is “power”; but does it not here mean “property”? One may compare *cyfoeth*, which now means simply “wealth”, but originally meant “might, power”, as is seen by the Irish *cumhacht*, and by the old signification of *Holl-gyfoethog*, “almighty”, Ir., *uile-chumhachtach*.

<sup>2</sup> Lit., turning good laws to the contrary, or inside out. *Troi ar y gwrthwyneb* is a familiar phrase in modern colloquial Welsh for “turning a thing (as a garment) inside out”; lit., to turn upon the opposite face: *Gwrth-* = anti.



¶ Ychwitheu setwyr aghewiryon vuoch 6rth ymado ar meir6 treul6 y daa 6rth gardode a gwasnaythe dy6a6l ychwitheu tr6y d6yllodrayth nydroi yn reid ac yn wassaneth ychwyhunein. ¶ Achyda hynny anrugaroc vuoch ynkyffredin 6rth leuein ynewynoc ynerchi b6yd yr karyad arnaf. 6rth y sychedic yn erchi dia6d. 6rth ynoyth yn erchi peth yguthya6 ygywilyth ac agharedigyon vuoch 6rth ych kydwayd ny cleuydeu ay carchareu heb y hedrych yr y [18] dithanu ny gouudyon. hyd y bu well gennoch bob amser ymroi y weithredoyth dr6g tr6y ryuic y kythreuleid racko hyd angeu noc ymroi ymkyfreitheu yr dysk a rebuth y6ch y ouynokau y diwarnod hethi6. ac yr disk6 a rebuth ychwi y benydyo ac yttiuaru ac yr ia6nhau ykamweth hyn kyn ageu.

¶ Bellach gwedy pan darfo ymgeuethli6 apha6b ny rath megys y dywesp6yd vchot ny byth yr vn a allo rodi gwad dros yran na dihurdeb. ¶ Yna yd6eid ybra6d6r my6n kydernid ylid ygeire hyn [18<sup>2</sup>] e6chwi veltigedigyon genethlaed yr taan poenedic paraus yrh6n a baratoed yrkythreul pennaf ay ygylyon yr dechre byd. ¶ Ar diweth ygeire hyn yclywir ycolledigyon. my6n crynuan yn rodi garmeu aruthredigyon o nerth ypenneu dan oll6ng dagre ynammyl hyd ygruthie athan ochuanu yr amser yganned heb orf6wys. ¶ yna heb oir gwedy rodi yuarn y ymgyffroant y kythreuleid heb 6ybot y rif ac yymgymyscant ar colledigyon truein dan ytynnu ayllusko ynammarchus ved ar ogu6ch [19] ylle y poenir ac

in your dealings by means of oath, weight, and measure. And you were false executors, departing from the will of the dead that their wealth should be spent in charities and divine services, you deceitfully turning it to your own need and service. And, beside that, you were generally unmerciful to the cry of the hungry when asking food for love to me, to the thirsty when asking drink, to the naked when asking something to hide his shame; and you were unkind to your blood-relations in their sicknesses and imprisonments, not visiting them to comfort them in their sorrows; so that you always preferred to give yourselves up to evil deeds, through the presumption of the devils yonder, even until death, rather than submit yourselves to My laws (set) for instruction and warning to you to fear this day, and for instruction and warning to you to do penance and repent, and to rectify this iniquity before death."

Now, when He shall have ended expostulating with all in their degree, as was said above, there will be no one that shall be able to give denial or excuse on his part. Then the Judge, in the might of His wrath, will utter these words: "Go ye, accursed race, to the perpetual penal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels from the beginning of the world." When these words are ended, the lost will be heard tremblingly to utter dreadful cries in a loud voice,<sup>1</sup> shedding frequent tears down their cheeks, and ceaselessly bewailing the time they were born. Then, without delay, when the judgment has been given, the devils in unknown numbers will rouse themselves, and will mingle with the wretched lost ones, drawing and haling them in dishonour over the place where they will be tormented, and thence

<sup>1</sup> Lit., with the strength of their heads. The expression is common in the South: it is often said of one that he cries or shouts *nerth 'i ben*, *nerth asgorn 'i ben*, or *nerth 'i geg* (the strength of his head, of his throat). The preposition is generally omitted, the noun being used absolutely.

othyno ytauylu awnahant yn wimm6th ac yndiarbed ydyu-  
ynder vffern or lle ny byth eil brynu nac eil ymhoylyd nac  
amgen obeith no thrigo yno dan reol ykythreuleid my6n  
taan tywyll6ch a brynti. *Sine fine.*

## NOTES.

F. 1. *Cyfr6ythyt=cyfarwyddyd*: not the compd. of *cyf* and *rhwydd*, meaning "expedition", "facility".

*Diskynnant*: *discyn* (to descend, to fall) here seems to mean "happen"; cf. *dygwydd* (happen), fr. *cwyddo* (to fall); the Lat. *accidere*, with the same rad. meaning; Eng. *befall*; Ger. *fall, fallen, zufall*, &c.

*Kynn6ll* is rendered by Davies "*sudum et translatiti6 oportunitas*".

*Ciudode*: *ciwodod* (L. *civitat.*) usually means "a tribe, a clan".

*My6n gwasnaythe*, etc. The modern rule that *mewn* can only be used with nouns which are not "distributed", and that *yn* must be used when the noun has the definite article expressed or implied, is not observed in the older language. The present example may mean, "In *the* services of the Church", or, strictly, "In (certain) services", etc. So the following may be translated either way: *my6n ynuydr6yth ygythreulayth* (5<sup>2</sup>); *m. kydernid ylit* (6); *m. fyrfder y iab6n fyth* (7<sup>2</sup>). But *m. kalonneu ydynnyon* (6<sup>1</sup>) can only be rendered "In *the* hearts of the men", and would now require *yn*.

1<sup>2</sup>. *Tragrymder*, extreme force (fr. *tra*, "over, very, extreme"; *grym*, "force"; and *-der*, termination of abstract nouns) is not found in the dictionaries.

*Sythter* strictly means "stiffness"; cf. *gwarsyth*, "stiff-necked".

*Aruthredigyon*: *aruthredig* here is active, "amazing", "astounding", though in accordance with mod. usage it would mean "amazed, astounded"—*-edig* forming generally a kind of passive participle. But the two meanings run into one another: thus *caredig* now means "loving, kind", more commonly than "loved, beloved", its strict meaning. Cf. *lithredigyon* (trickling) in 4<sup>2</sup>: *by6edigyon* (5)="loving". But *cloedigyon* (3) and *drylledigyon* (9) are passive.

*Tr6y gymmysc mar6walaythe*, lit., "with mingled deaths". This is an instance of what in classical grammars is called hypallage, the meaning being "signs in the moon, combined, accompanied with deaths", etc. It is similarly used in 8<sup>2</sup>, *yrynreuthodeu hyn achymmysc gwangred* (lit., these wonders and commingled weak-faith)="These wonders combined with weak faith".

*Crynnant*, a form not in the dictionaries.

they will quickly and unsparingly hurl them to the depth of hell, whence there will be no redemption, nor return, nor other hope than to remain there, under the rule of the devils, in fire, darkness, and filth. *Sine fine.*

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2. *Llifdyuyreth*, the uncontracted pl. of *dwfwr*; so in 8<sup>2</sup> *dyuyreth* and *dyucereh*; Zeuss notices *dyfred* (*Gram. Celt.*<sup>2</sup>, p. 291).

*Bra6*=*brawd* (judgment), Ir. *brath*, etc. In this word the writer regularly drops the final *d*.

*H6yla6 ny teruynau* seems to mean "run-their-course to their termination". If so, *yn* here has the meaning of Lat. *in* with accus. "into", which in the modern language is *i*; so *o le yn lle* (9<sup>2</sup>)="from place to place". This force of *yn* survives in the Biblical phrases *yn tan* (*a deflir yn tan*, "shall be cast into the fire", Matth. iii, 10), *yn oes oesoedd* (unto the age of ages), *in secula seculorum*. The same, perhaps, is its original force in the common expressions *torri yn yfflon*, "to break into fragments" (so *torri yn ddarnau*, *yn ddrylliau*); *llwgi yn lludw*, "to burn to ashes", etc.

*Y ymdagossant*. The writer seems to have had no objection to hiatus, as this phrase, several times repeated, shows. Witness also *yochuahan* (4<sup>2</sup>), *y ymhoylant* (7), *y ymlathant* (9), *y ymglymma6d* (10<sup>2</sup>), *y ymguffyroant*, *y ymgymmyscant* (18<sup>2</sup>).

2<sup>2</sup>. *Kyluethdodeu* (arts), hodie, *celfyddyddau*; not found in the dictionaries.

*Awetto geni crist*. This construction is that called in classical grammars the accus. with the infinitive. It is not natural to modern Welsh, being practically confined to *bod* and its compounds *darfod*, *dyfod*, etc. In the case of other verbs the subject takes a preposition,—*o* if it follows the verb, *i* if it precedes; or the verb must be resolved into *bod*, with one of the participles of the verb itself: e.g., *Nyni a wyddom lefaru o Dduw wrth Moses* (we know that God spake unto M.—John ix, 39); or, *i Dduw lefaru wrth M.*; or, less elegantly, *fod Duw wedi llefaru wrth Moses*. Rarely the accus. with infin. is found with other verbs than *bod*, e.g., in 1 Thess. iv, 14, *Os ydym yn credu farw Iesu* (if we believe that Jesus died). Other examples in the present article are *tr6y geissa6 pob vn ragori* (1); *cyn ori ygwayd* (4); and *gwedy mynet y geir* (7).

2<sup>2</sup>. *Yn y messur*, lit. means "in the measure", but is here used of manner rather than of degree being equivalent to "as"; so also *ny messur y dywesp6yd vchod* (7).

*Wnayth llaber o ouudyon ar yr escob*, etc. Mod. Welsh would require *i* instead of *ar*.

3. *Yr ardaloyth y trambyabth crist* is elliptical, and in the mod. language would be written *yr ard. y tr. cr. trwyddynt*, or *yr ard. trwy y rhai y tram. cr.*

*Anfythedolyon genethlaeid* (unbelieving nations). Two forms not given in the dictionaries.

*Hyd ar yr amser.* *Hyd* would now be used without *ar*.

*Ydoe* is still the common form for *y deuai*.

*Kyn6rthau.* Not given in the dictionaries.

3<sup>2</sup>. *Dy6olyayth.* Another unregistered form.

*Yngybelled.* *Yn* would not now be used with *cybelled*.

*Aruthter* (fr. *aruth* = *aruthr*) i.q., *aruthredd*. An unregistered form.

*Cyuerbyn* (opposition). The use of the word as a noun is not noted in the dictionaries.

*Anreuthodeu* (great wonders; *an* being here intensive). In the third edition of Dr. Pugh's *Dictionary* this word is rendered simply by "a being not a wonder. *Anrhyfeddodau Alecsander*—the Not-wonders of Alexander".

4. *Ochleddyfeu* (with swords), so *o yspryd y ene* (6). Cf. also *nyd athnabythir o neb onyd orgwir dy6* (8<sup>2</sup>). *O* is commonly used in the Glamorgan dialect to denote the instrument. Cf. the Gk. *ἐκ*.

*Heblyth* : *heol*, and *heolydd*, in the colloquial Dimetian, are the regular representatives of the literary *heol* and *heolydd*.

*Messyth* = *meusydd*, pl. of *maes* (field).

*Ymbarch ac vynt.* Pugh (third edition) gives *ymbarchu* = respect one's self, but does not specify the present use of the Reflexive to denote mutuality.

*Verthyryon.* The writer generally leaves out the *i* in the pl. endings (e.g., *dolureu* for *doluriau*), but in this word inserts it in opposition to the modern usage.

*Ori* (= *oeri*). So the S. Wallian form of *oer* is *6r*.

*Ouynnokahant* (fr. *ofynocau*), of which the dictionaries give only the contracted form of *ofnocau*.

4<sup>2</sup>. *Tarrenni* means here, as the context pretty clearly shows, "cliffs, precipices". The dictionaries assign to *taren* the various meanings—"a spot; a tump, knoll; a brake". It appears in the place-name *Pendarren* or *Pen y Darren*, and is the same as the Ir. *tairean*, "a descent". Another form of the word is *teyn*, not recorded by the lexicographers, but found in the equivalent place-name *Penderyn*, and paralleled again by the Ir. *teirin*, "a descent".

*Ochuahant.* *Ochfäu*, "to cry *och*", Gk. *ολύζειν*, is not in the dictionaries.

*K6yth6ch.* *Cwyddo* (to fall), Bret. *koueza*, is now used only in its compounds *dy-gwydd* (happen, befall), *go-gwydd* (incline), etc.

*Diuyrru* in this sense is not recorded in the dictionaries, though *difyrru* (to divert) and *dyfyrru* (to shorten) are given.

*Ryueleu.* The usual pl. is *rhyfeloedd*.

*Meiboneu.* Probably the pl. of *mabon*, which the dictionaries render by "a youth, a young hero"; here the epithet "*disyn6yryon*" fixes the meaning as "young children, infants".

*Disynbyryon*, usually signifying "senseless", here = "simple, innocent, unconscious".

*Garthu*. The dictionaries give no help in fixing the meaning of this word, which occurs again on p. 6<sup>2</sup>. It is possibly connected with Ir. *gartha*, "a shout, cry, noise". On this assumption it would mean here "beating the hands with a loud noise", and on 6<sup>3</sup>, "crashing in its fall".

5. *Ynwynnychu* = *whennychu*, dialectic for *chwennychu*.

*Megys* here signifies "namely", as also on f. 6.

*Ysynt*. Apparently a form compounded of *ys* and *ynt*. It does not seem to be noticed by Zeuss, who, however, gives and illustrates *ysydynt* (*Gram. Celt.*<sup>3</sup>, 553).

*Vybedigyon* : *byw-edig* (living) is not in the dictionaries.

*Ymlid ac ymgyuethli6*. One might conjecture *ymlid* to be a clerical error for *ymliw* (expostulate), but that *ymlidio ac ymgyfethl* are found together elsewhere, e.g., in the extract under *ymgyfethl* in Pugh<sup>3</sup>.

5<sup>2</sup>. *Arabu*. Here again the dictionaries fail us, giving under *arab* and its derivatives only "witty, droll", etc. But the peculiar Breton form *arabad* in Le Gonidec seems to be connected with this, and to throw light upon it. There we read : "Je ne connais ce mot employé que dans cette phrase : *arabad eo*, il ne faut pas, il est défendu, il n'est pas permis."

*O vyir6*. *Yi* is, perhaps, on the whole, a more accurate representation of this diphthongal sound than the common *ei*.

*Wamaythgar*. This word now means "serviceable", but here the adj. is used as a noun in the related sense of "servants".

6. *Oliffer*. A form derived either fr. *olivarium* (in *Mons olivarum*) or fr. adj. *olivarius*. The usual name is *mynydd yr Olewydd* (the Mount of Olive trees).

*Yngadeu* : *cadeu* here = "hosts". The Corn. *cad*, later *cas*, and Arm. *kad* (illustrated by Villemarqué only from his own Barzaz-Breiz) have only the meaning "battle", "conflict". To the Ir. *cath* O'Reilly gives this meaning and also "an Irish battalion of 3000 men ; a tribe, descendants".

6<sup>2</sup>. *Ynu6deu*. *Bwdeu*, an unrecorded pl. form of *bwyd* ; old Welsh and old Corn., *buit* ; Ir., *buadh*, *biadh* ; Arm., *boéd* or *bouéd*, with pl. *boédou*. The usual Welsh pl. is *bwydydd*.

*Narannbyd*. The meaning here approaches that illustrated in Pugh<sup>3</sup> : *Duw a ranodd, nef a gafodd* (God did dispense, heaven he did obtain).

*Ambellack* (rarer). An unrecorded comparative form fr. *ambell* (some, few), which is probably rightly derived from *am* (which strictly means "about, around"; old Gaulish, *ambi* ; Lat., *ambi* ; Gk., ἀμφι ; but is here only intensive as in *amlwg*, *amgen*, *amryw*, etc.) and *pell* (far) ; *ambell* would thus be equivalent to Campbell's "few and far between".

7. *Ywethel*, i.e., *y chwedl*, which still remains in the colloquial speech of Cardiganshire *y wheddel*: e.g., *Y mae hynna yn hen wheddel* (that is an old tale); *Ni wyddwn i o'r wheddel* (I knew nothing of the affair, the story). This idiomatic phrase is particularly used of something that happens unexpectedly—*Ni wyddwn i o'r wheddel nes 'dôdd e wedi myn'd* (before I had realised the fact, he was gone).

7. *Yhanabythant* (will recognise, will know). *Adnabod* usually means "to know a person", and is distinguished from *gwybod* ("to know a fact"), somewhat as Ger. *kennen* fr. *wissen*, or Fr. *connaître* fr. *savoir*. But in colloquial speech, as here, *nabod* or *adnabod*, is often used with a wider signification, e.g., *nabod 'i gamsynied*, "to know, recognise one's mistake".

*Kethiweth*, i.e., *cethiwedd*. The usual form is *caethiwed*, the final *d* not being aspirated.

7<sup>2</sup>. *Teir personyeid*. This differs from the modern language in using a pl. subst. with the numeral; and in making *person* fem. like the Lat. *persona*. We now say *tri pherson*. The word *person* has now two plurals with distinct meanings, *personau* meaning "persons", while *personiaid* signifies "parsons".

*Diwadalrôyd* = *dywadalrwydd*, fr. *gwadal* (staunch, firm), *di-* or *dy-* being intensive not negative.

*Buarth* (strictly, "a cow-yard"), here, "sheepfold"; the word *corlan* being used in this passage in the authorised version of the New Testament.

8. *Llyfer*, retaining the *e* of *liber*, now changed to *llyfyr*, *llyfr*.

*Cupit* fr. *cubitus*, hodie, *cufydd*.

*O iar* = "above"; in (7) *o iar forth* it = "from".

*Ved* = older *bet* (v. Zeuss<sup>2</sup>, 691).

8<sup>2</sup>. *Athnabythir*, i.e., *addnabyddir* with the *d* of the prefix aspirated.

*Rygedua* by transposition for *rhedegfa*, "running, course". It may be only a clerical error, as we have further on, *rydecuae* (9<sup>2</sup>).

*Digylchwynnu*. An unrecorded form equivalent to *dygylchynu* (to surround, encompass).

9. *Ymdoant*. Perhaps a clerical error for *ymdroant*.

*Gl6b6r* = *gwlybwr* (a liquid) fr. *gwlyb*, *gwlyp* = Ir. *fluch*. The present dialectic form is *glybwr*, the *w* after the initial *g* being rejected in the colloquial language, as in the cognate Corn. *glibor*, Arm. *glêbor*.

*Seil* properly = "foundations"; but here by meton. for "things founded, structures, buildings".

*Yssic* is usually passive ("bruised, crushed, shattered"; e.g., *corsen yssig*, "a bruised reed"), but here is used actively, "bruising, crushing".

*Crynuau dayar* = the modern *dacar-grynfau*. The writer has already used the phrase *crynnant dayur* (1<sup>2</sup>).

9<sup>2</sup>. *Cyfucheteir*, a verb formed from *cyf-uch-ed* = *cyfuwch*, the equal degree of *uch-el*. Neither *cyfuched* nor *cyfuchetau* is recorded in the dictionaries, though *cyfuchio* (to make of one height) is given.

*Clabr* = Ir. *clár* (a table, board, etc.) It now commonly means "a lid, covering" of any vessel, "cover" of a book, etc.; it is also used in phrases: *ar*

*glawr*, like *ar gael*, "known, extant": e.g., *Dyw e' ddim ar glawr e'byn hyn*, it is no longer to be found; so *i glawr*: e.g., *y mae e' wedi ddod i glawr eto*, it has come to light again.

*Na gallu*, etc. = *ac heb allu*. *Na* here is something like L. *nec*.

10. *Teruyn* commonly means "bound, limit"; but here has the same force as Corn. *termyn*, "time, season, appointed time": e.g., *a ver dermyn*, in a short time. V. Williams' Lex. Cornu-Brit. s. v. *termyn*.

*Ceudod*, "cavity, hollow"; here, "bosom".

*Eisbys* (i.e., *eisoes*, which now commonly = "already"), "however, nevertheless".

*B6r6 tyb*, lit., *cast* an opinion; the metaphor is the same as in "conjecture".

*Ystyr* here seems = "reason".

10<sup>3</sup>. *Pynkeu*, pl. of *pwngc*, "subject, point, matter".

*Ynryoli*; *rheoli* strictly = "rule, sway, order".

*Goluhau* i.q., *goleuhau*; so *goluer* (12<sup>3</sup>) = *goleufer*. Cf. *dehuach* (11) = *deheuach* and *dihurdeb* (18) = *diheurdeb*.

*Parannu* = *pariannu*, which in Pugh is explained as meaning "to render causative", but without illustration.

*Seith diwarnod*. The numeral here takes the sing. as in modern Welsh, but subsequent examples have the plural—7 *planede*, 7 *rinwethe*, etc.; so *teir personyeid* (7<sup>3</sup>).

*Gwethieu* (petitions); *gweddi*, Ir. *guidhe*, now means "prayer".

11. *Difr6ythab*. Lit., "to render fruitless".

*Seith gwithredoyd ydrugareth*. In *Athrawaeth Gristnogawl*, p. 57, these are enumerated:—"Saith weithred y drugaredd gorforawl. Rhoi bwyd i'r tlawd newnog. Rhoi diod i'r tylodion sychedig. Dilladu'r noethion. Rhoi letty i'r pellennig. Ydrych cleifion. Gofwyaw cyrchrorion. Cladu'r meirw". In an old MS. in the writer's possession, they are versified as follows:—

"Englyn i saith weithred trugaredd.  
Dod fwyd a diod, par dy a dillad,  
Diwalla'r carchardy,  
Gwilia'r claf yn y gwely,  
I'r marw par gael daear dy."

In the same way we find them versified in the *Lay Folks' Catechism* (Early Eng. Text Soc.):—

"The first is to fede tham that er hungry.  
That othir, for to gif tham drynk that er thirsty.  
The third, for to clethe tham that er clatheless.  
The ferthe, is to herber them that er houselesse.  
The fifte, for to visite them that ligges in sikenesse.  
The sext, is to help tham that in prisin er.  
The sevent, to bery dede men that has mister."



It appears the writer has not exhausted "the sevens", as the Welsh *Catechism* quoted gives also "Saith weithred y drugaredd yspydawl", while the English one adds "the Seven Virtues" and the "Seven Vices".

*Gobr6yir*. *Gwobr6yio* usually means "to reward, to recompense"; but here = "to give as a reward".

*Yuod velly ac na bo velly*. Lit. = "its being so, and that it shall not have been so".

*Ouynabc* = mod. *ofnog* (timid), but meaning "terrible".

11<sup>2</sup>. *Ekysku*, etc., *e* = *ai*; *eiste*, i.e., *ai iste*.

*Vrth pan del*. A peculiar use of *wrth*, which does not seem to be noticed by Zeuss.

*Kynhirieid* is not given in the dictionaries, but seems to be a compd. of *cyn* and *diriaid*, which Davies renders "improbis, nequam". Now, however, *diriaid* is used vaguely of anything excessive, somewhat corresponding to the slang use of Eng. "awful". *Y mae yna le diried*, it is an "awful" place; *yr oedd yno beth diried o bobol*, there was an "awful" lot of people there.

*Ym cluste*, i.e., *yn fy nghlustiau*.

12. *Cr6ybren*. An unregistered form which evidently means "cloud". On the next page (12<sup>2</sup>) the pl. *crwybyr* occurs. The dictionaries give *crwybr* with the meanings "scum, a honeycomb". In parts of S. Wales it has another meaning—"hoar-frost". The common word is *llwyd-rew* (lit., grey-frost); but *crwybyr* is used of the heavier deposit experienced in mountainous districts, when the vapour forms in long, feathery crystals on trees, plants, etc. The N. W. word is *barug*. Dr. Davies has "*Crwybr, Favus, facz mellis. Alijs cwybr*". With the latter coincides the Arm. *koabr, kouabr* (nuage), *koabren, kouabren* (un seul nuage), pl. *koabrenou*. V. Le Gonidec, s. v.

*Glemd6yll*. This seems to be the form in the MS., but it is somewhat indistinct. The word is unknown to the present writer.

12<sup>2</sup>. *Trama6rder* = exceeding greatness. An unrecorded form, but the equivalent *tramawredd* is given in the dictionaries.

*Hirreid*. Unrecorded. Apparently a longer form from *hir*.

*Llin* (a race, line), L. *linea*, Corn. *linieth, lynneth*.

13. *Bugelyth*, pl. of *bugail*, hodie *bugeiliaid*.

*Lleas, Lethum, caedes* (Dr. D.) Later dictionaries copy him without illustration.

13<sup>2</sup>. *Vthuthau*, i.q., *ufuddhau*. Possibly this is not to be regarded as a transcriber's blunder: *dd* and *f* or *v* are often interchanged. Thus *hwyfell* (a female salmon) is also written *hwyddell*; so *Caerdydd* and *Caerdyf* (Cardiff).

*Ran duthed*: *tudded* = covering, vesture.

14. *Y gweionon cleiuon* : pl. in both elements of the compound (not given in dictionaries) *gwannglaf*, which occurs in *Buchedd Beuno Sant* in this same MS. vol. *Af i edrych fyn Tat y sydd yn wannglaf* (*Cambro-Brit. Saints*, p. 14).

*Kyd-doluryo*, i.e., *cyd-ddoluryo*. Not in the dictionaries.

*Dothef*. A shorter form (unrecorded) of *dyoddef*.

14<sup>2</sup>. *Ymaythu ami*. *Ymaythu* is not in the dictionaries, but it seems to be the infinitive of a verb related to *ymaith*, which is now used only as an adverb=away, hence. *Ymaith* itself was also probably originally an infinitive. It is the Ir. *imeacht* ("s.f. walking, going".—O'Reilly), just as *ymdaith* is the Ir. *imtheacht* ("s.f. progress, departure", etc.—O'R.), and *taith* the Ir. *teacht* (*do theacht*, to come). *Ymaythu ami*, then, would be nearly the same as *ymadael a mi*.

*Dros arnaythoch*. *Dros*="in return for", a meaning not instanced by Zeuss. So on the next page (15), *diolch ytha6 dros yua6r rod*, etc.; and (15<sup>2</sup>) *dros vyygheredicr6yd*.

15. *Ymhoylyd* (to turn one's self) is the colloquial form of *ymchwelyd* or *ymchoelyd*. But though a reflexive, this verb is commonly used as a simple transitive verb (see exx. in Pugh<sup>2</sup>). *Ymhoylyd*, *'mhoylu*, are commonly used in Dimetian for "turning over": e.g., *'mhoylu teisen*, to turn over a cake; *'mhoylu gwair, llafur*, to turn over hay, corn, in harvesting. In Carmarthenshire it is also used of "ploughing": "*Mhoylor go lew w' i o grwt*" ("I am a pretty good ploughman for a lad"), the writer once heard a Carmarthenshire youth modestly remark.

*6rth yderuynnu* (in putting him to death). This use of *terfynu* (to end) is not noticed in the dictionaries.

*Aatkyuorant*. *Atcyforio* or *adgyforio* is an unregistered compound of *ad* (again, re-) and *cyforio* (to fill to the brim, to make to overflow). *Cy-for* seems to be from *cy* and *mor*, i.e., *marg*. the root of L. *margo*, etc. (Fick,<sup>2</sup> iv. 187), and so would mean "even with the brim".

*Aymdinuant*, if correct, is a form which the writer does not understand.

*Agherediyyon*. *Angharedig* means, passively, "unloved"; and, actively, "unloving, unkind".

15<sup>2</sup>. *Ychwishe bod ynwel genn6ch*. A somewhat unusual construction, apparently an imitation of the Lat. Historic Infinitive so-called.

*Gwaharthon*, pl. of *gwahardd* (prohibition) of which Pugh<sup>2</sup> gives only the pl. *gwaharddoedd*.

*Ymroysoch ych bod yn argl6yhi*. The use of the possessive pron. here before *bod* has some slight analogy to the peculiar Irish construction which uses the poss. pron. with the predicative noun in such sentences as, "He is a good man"—Ir. *Tá se 'nn a dhuine mhaith* (lit. he is in his good man).

16. *Ia6nhau*. An unregistered form=*ia6ni* or *ia6nu*, to render right.

*Gwerthe*, i.e., *gwerthau*, a pl. of *gwerth*, of which the dictionaries give no example.

*Ll6e*, i.e. *llwau*, pl. of *llw*; usual pl. *llwon*.

16<sup>2</sup>. *Offryngau*. The common forms are *offrcm*, *offrymau*.

*Kyfebaythe* is doubtless the same as *cyffelybiaethau* (similitudes). The dictionaries do not notice the present meaning—"examples".

*Tr6y ybu habs*. Perhaps it should be *trwy y rei y bu*, etc.

17. *Ymgalein* (if the right form, the last four letters are indistinct in MS.) is doubtless the same as *ymganlyn*, to follow mutually.

*Ambechr6yth* is not in the dictionaries. It is a compound of *am* and *pech*, and may here bear its strict meaning—"mutual sinfulness".

*Y benthic kyuan* (the capital), lit. the entire loan.

*Tr6y li6 ll6*, etc. (by means of oath, etc.); Cf. *liw dydd*, *liw nos* (by day, by night); Arm. *liou* ("licence, permission, congé").

17<sup>2</sup>. *Setwyr*. Qy. a corruption of "executor"?

*6rth ymado*, etc. It seems that something has dropped out here.

*6rth gardode* (in alms). None of the extracts in Zeuss under *wrth* (p. 682) exactly illustrate this meaning.

*D6yllodrayth* (deceit). An unrecorded abstract noun corresponding to the personal noun *twyllawdr* (deceiver) and the adj. *twyllodrus* (deceitful).

*Ychwyhuncin*. Zeuss gives no example of this form of the second para. plur., though he has *ny huncin* and *ehuncin* (Gr. Celt.<sup>2</sup>, p. 408).

18. *Ymgeuthli6*. The forms of this verb given in Pugh<sup>3</sup> are *ymgyfethl*, to be striving together; and *ymgyfethlu*, to struggle mutually. Neither of these meanings suits this passage, which demands rather—"upbraid, expostulate with".

*Rodi gwad* (give denial). Welsh constantly uses the root form of the verb in this way as a subst., and especially after *ar*, exactly corresponding to the English forms with *a*-(shortened form of *an=on*), as *a-fishing*, etc. So we had (p. 12<sup>2</sup>) *ar duth* (fr. *tuthio*, to trot), *a-trot*. Similarly, *ar redeg*, *a-running*; *ar wib* (fr. *gwibio*, to rove) *e.g.*, *myn'd heibio ar wib*, to pass *a-flying*, on a flying visit; *ar dan*, *ar daen* (fr. *tānu*, *taenu*, to spread), *e.g.*, *y mae y gwair ar dan*, the hay is scattered, *i.e.*, not in cocks or mows; *y mae e' ar nydd* (fr. *nyddu*, to twist, spin) *i gyd*, it is all *a-twist*; *ar dro*, *awry*: *ar dor* (fr. *tori*, to cut), *e.g.* (a provision dealer says to a customer), *y mae gen 'i gosyn da ar dor ynawr*, I have a good cheese *a-cutting*, in the course of being cut now.

18<sup>2</sup>. *Poenedig*; here active in force.

*Ochuanu*. Also an unregistered form of the same force as *ochfaŵ*, found on p. 4<sup>2</sup>.

*Oir*, *i.e.*, *ohir*, fr. *gohir*, delay.

## THE CELTIC LANGUAGES IN RELATION TO OTHER ARYAN TONGUES.

BY REV. JOHN DAVIES.

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As the paper on the Celtic languages, published in the last number of the *Cymmrodor*, has been made the subject of some unfavourable comments, I wish to offer a reply to them (which shall be as brief as possible), that the disputed points may be, at least, more clearly understood.

The main argument of the paper has not been assailed. No reasons have been given, for instance, why the Welsh words *corn* and *llin* should be classed as borrowed words, while the Germ. *horn* and *lein* are treated as unborrowed. But I am asked if I hold that words common to the Sanskrit and Celtic languages may not, in any case, have been borrowed by the latter from the Latin? This I have not undertaken to show. I contend only that such words ought to be regarded as derived from a common Aryan stock, unless the contrary can be proved historically or otherwise. I have been referred to the eminent German philologist, Windisch, and I accept the reference. He notices a derivation of the Irish *caille*, a veil, from the Lat. *pallium*; and, after pointing out that the connection is not probable, he adds, "Why may not the Ir. *caille* be a genuine Irish word?" (Warum soll ir. *caille* nicht ein echt irisches wort sein?—Kuhn's *Beiträge*, etc., viii, 18.) I ask the same question with regard to the words which I have discussed. Why must they be necessarily treated as borrowed words because they bear a resem-

blance, often a very remote one, to Latin forms? Is it sound philology, for instance, to assume that the W. *cwm* and the Bret. *comb* must be borrowed words, and to connect them with the Lat. *concava* as their source?

The main object of Windisch's paper is, however, to prove that at some undefined period the letter *p* vanished from the Celtic languages, and that when it re-appeared, at a later time, it was used only in borrowed words, or as the representative of an older *k* for *kv* or *qv*. I read his paper when it appeared in Kuhn's *Beiträge*, but was not convinced by his arguments. It is certainly true that a primitive *p* has disappeared from many Celtic words, and that in their modern form this letter often represents an older *k* or *kv*, but it does not follow that an Indo-Germanic *p* has not been retained in any genuine Celtic words. Mr. Whitley Stokes maintains that it has been retained in some instances. I have read the paper in the *Revue Celtique* (vol. ii, p. 337), in which the writer controverts the opinion of Mr. Stokes; but I fail to see that the Ir. Gael. *pailt* (plenteous) can be disposed of by suggesting that it may be borrowed from the Eng. word *plenty*, or that if the root *pak* may be assumed for the Indo-European mother tongue, yet "for the Italo-Celtic branch one must postulate *qvaqv* (kak)". This is assuming as true what has not been proved. The German philologist Fick holds a contrary opinion. I quote from the *Verg. Wört. der Indogerm. Sprachen*, 3rd ed., 1874, "*pak*, kochen, reifen, . . . . lat. coquo, sup. coctum, kochen (für poquo durch eine Art Assimilation, wie quinque für pinque. s. pankan)." "Corn. peber, pistor, popei, pistrinum; cymrisch popuryes, pistrix; ksl. peka, kochen. vgl. skr. pac', kochen, pac'a, kochend" (i, 133; ii, 155). Professor Curtius thinks it is doubtful whether *kak* or *pak* is the original form, but he adds, "auf die Form *pak* gehen deutlich die sanskritischen und slawischen Formen zurück, ebenso die ältere

Präsensform  $\pi\acute{\epsilon}\sigma\sigma\omega = \pi\epsilon\kappa\jmath\omega$ " (*Grundzuge*,<sup>2</sup> 409). Professor Ascoli suggests that both forms may have existed simultaneously from the period of original unity (*Corsi di Glottologia*, p. 78). Professor Fr. Müller maintains that the Sans. *pañ* (five, Lith. *penki*, W. *pump*) is connected with Sans. *pankti* (series), and was primarily *pancant*, standing in a row, *i.e.*, the five fingers (*Beiträge*, ii, 398). It must then be the primitive form.

The results of these different theories may be seen in the varying explanations of the Lat. *pars*, W. *parth*. Ascoli connects a primitive *part* with Sans. *paṭ*, to cleave (*Corsi*, etc., p. 80). Fick infers an Aryan *par* as the source of the Lat. *pars*, and refers to the Sans. *par* (prī) to spend (*Wört.*<sup>3</sup> 1,664). In the *Revue Celtique* (vol. ii, 333) the W. *parth* is assumed to be derived from *spart*, for *squart*, and to be connected with an Aryan *skard*, to break, and Sans. *khaḍ*. I will not here discuss the question whether Ascoli or Fick has chosen the best Sans. relative, but this may be said, that they have referred to living words, and that the assumed root, *squart*, is wholly imaginary. It may be noted that the letter *r* is supposed to have fallen from the Sans. words *paṭ* and *khaḍ*, and yet a suggestion of this kind on my part, in another instance, has been treated as an impossibility. Few philological changes are more common (compare E. *speak* and Germ. *sprechen*). Professor Pictet has compared the W. *pallu* and other words with corresponding forms in Irish. For this he has been assailed by Windisch and Ebel (*Beitr.* viii, 25; iii, 278), but until it has been proved that *pallu* is only a modern form, his conclusions cannot justly, I think, be condemned as unsound. Windisch states that the Ir. stem *alla*, in *di-all* (declinatio) is from a root *palla*, which he connects with the Lith. *pulu* (to fall), and Old N., *falla* (to fall, to fail; cadere, deficere, Egillson.—(*Beitr.* viii, 2). This is identical with the W. *pallu* (deficere, Davies).

I can only offer a few remarks on the words *ffoll*, *mal*, and *cocw*, which have been questioned. I am aware that Dr. Owen Pughe is not a very safe guide, but “*ffoll*, a broad squab,” is found in Pryse’s edition of his work and in Spurrell’s dictionary. It is adopted by Whitley Stokes, or his friend Professor Siegfried (*Beitr.*, vii, 398). Davies has “*Ffolen*, clunis”, and this implies a root *ffol* or *ffoll*, with a similar meaning to *butt* in the Eng. *buttock*. *Mal* must have meant originally small. Richards (1759) has “*mal*, the same as *ysmala*, light” (*levis*, *inconstans*, Davies). We may compare the Sans. *laghu*, light (*leger*) and small (*petit*) (Burnouf). Fick infers an Aryan *mailu*, small, and refers to the Lith. *mailu-s*, smallness, and to the O. Slav. *malu*, small. *Ysmala* denotes *mal* as its root, and *levis* in the moral, requires the primary sense. *Cocw*. The root here is *coc* or *cocc*, and is found in *cogworn*, “a little crab or wilding, a sort of sea-snail, a shell, as of a snail, etc.; also a little stack of corn” (Richards). Lhuyd has “*kokkos*, a cockle” (*Archæologia*, 285). (Cf. Bret. *kok*, the holly-berry; and Sans. *kucha*, the female breast; both from roundness of form.) *Coc* or *cocc* is a genuine Celtic root, with a meaning that is clearly indicated, and this is all that my argument requires.

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## ERRATA.

### CYMMRODOR, Vol. III, Part I.

- Page 10, line 4, for — put =.  
 Page 12, for *layāme*, read *layāmi*.  
 Page 14, for *wrinfan*, read *wringan*.  
 Page 14 (note), for *dhuti-m*, read *dhutim*,  
 Page 16 (note), for *net*, read *number* or *series*.  
 Pages 19 and 20, for *pēsī*, read *pēs’i*.  
 Pages (note), for *patt-ir-a*, read *pat-ir-a*.  
 Page 24, line 10, for *with*, read *to*.  
 Page 33, for *karkari*, read *karkarī*.  
 Page 33 (note), for *kashtā*, read *kashta*.  
 Page 43, for *kalās’ā*, read *kalas’ā*.

## THE EISTEDDFODAU OF 1880.

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THE year 1880 was a memorable one in the history of Eisteddfodau. The National Eisteddfod was held at Carnarvon on a scale unprecedented for many years, and a second, of no inconsiderable dimensions, was celebrated by South Wales on its own account.

The latter was opened at Swansea, on the 4th of August, under the presidency of the Venerable Archdeacon Griffiths; and continued, on the fifth, under that of Mr. J. Jones Jenkins, the Mayor of Swansea; and, on the sixth, under that of Mr. Gwilym Williams, of Miskin Manor; Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P., who had been expected to preside on the first day, being detained in London by the sitting of Parliament. Over the Gorsedd ceremonies, which were carried out with due completeness, Gurnos (Rev. J. Gurnos Jones), the Rev. Gwilym Glanffrwd Thomas, and Ioan Arfon (John O. Griffiths, Esq.) presided. The conductors in the Pavilion were Llew Llwyfo, the Rev. E. Edmunds, of Swansea, and the Rev. J. Ossian Davies.

The chair of Glamorgan, with a prize of £20, was offered for the best ode in commemoration of Sir Rowland Hill, and honourably won by Mr. Thomas E. Davies of Pontypridd (Dewi Wyn o Essyllt). The chief choral prize of £100 was not awarded in its entirety, but one of half the amount was conferred on the best of the three competing choirs, that of Hirwaun, under the direction of Gwilym Cynon. A lesser choral prize, of £20 and a gold medal, fell to the choir of the Tabernacle, Morriston, who were led by Mr. D. Franks; and Tredegar, under the leadership of Mr. Tom Hardy, carried off



the prize in the brass-band competition. Eos Dyfed and his party were successful in the contest in quartette singing; Thomas Richards and party in the execution of a trio; the "Maesteg Minstrels" and a party from Ystalyfera gained each a prize of five guineas in part-singing.

Two prizes, of £25 and of £10, were awarded to Mr. Beriah Evans of Gwynfe, Llangadoc, for the two best serial stories, illustrating Welsh life and character. It will be remembered that Mr. Evans was successful in a similar competition at Cardiff in 1879. Mr. Griffith Jones of Glanmenai, Carnarvonshire, gained a prize of £20 for his essay on "Eminent Welshmen of this Century"; Mr. W. T. Rees of Llanelly (Alaw ddu) one of similar amount for an anthem in memory of the late Ambrose Lloyd. A prize of five guineas was conferred on Miss Parry of Blaenporth, Cardigan, for her Welsh essay on the "Advantages of Ready Money"; one of similar value (the Mayor's prize) awarded to Mr. John Howells of Cowbridge for an English essay on the origin and progress of free libraries; and a third, of equal amount, to a competitor whose real name did not appear, for one on the cultivation of the soils of Glamorgan. Gwilym Gwent, who still dates from America, again carried off a prize of five guineas for the composition of a glee; while the well-known composer Mr. R. S. Hughes, of London, gained the three guinea prize offered by Eos Morlais for a tenor song, and the similar one proposed by Mr. Lucas Williams for a *scena* for a bass voice. The successful *scena* was rendered on the spot by Mr. Lucas Williams with much applause.

A prize of five guineas was awarded to Mr. D. C. Harris for an elegiac poem to the late Mrs. Rosser of Pontypridd, and one of three guineas to the Rev. T. J. Morgan for ten Welsh satirical verses, "Diraddwyr y Cymry".

For two important prizes, amongst others, no competitors appeared. The committee had offered £25 for an essay on

"The Etymology of Place-names, in its Relation to Ethnology, in so far as it illustrates the Prehistoric Migrations of the Kelts", and Mr. Hussey Vivian ten guineas for a "History of the Literature of Monmouthshire and Glamorgan." We would venture to suggest the desirability of a longer notice being given when subjects which require such wide research for their adequate treatment are proposed. A prize of £10 and a gold medal had also been offered for a Welsh poem to Iolo Morganwg, but the adjudicators declined to make the award. These three competitions, it was announced at the concluding Gorsedd, will be proposed again, at Merthyr Tydfil, in 1881, and it is to be hoped not again in vain.

No Eisteddfod is now complete without an address in Welsh by the Oxford Professor of Celtic. Professor Rhŷs took for his subject on this occasion, the origin of the musical mode of expression. Passing on to discuss the present position of the art in Wales, he earnestly urged the rising poets of the country to turn their attention to the legends of their native land, and, by dressing them in appropriate verse, to afford composers a national basis for their music. For these addresses of the learned professor's, Wales is much indebted, as well for the originality and suggestiveness of their matter, as for the standard of correct and vigorous Welsh which they embody.

The audience at Swansea had also the pleasure of hearing the animated speech in which the veteran composer, Mr. Brinley Richards, pointed out the advantages which the Eisteddfod had been the means of conferring on the art he represented, and a stirring oration in Welsh by the president of the Gorsedd, besides the excellent presidential addresses.

The attendance at the Eisteddfod left nothing to be desired. On the first day it was reported that nearly 24,000 persons had passed the turnstiles; and the greatest interest pre-

vailed from first to last. The Swansea Orchestral and Choral societies were a prominent feature in the evening concerts. Handel's "Samson" was rendered on the second evening.

The National Eisteddfod was opened in the permanent pavilion lately erected in Carnarvon, on the 24th of August, and continued through the three succeeding days. The courtyard of the castle added impressiveness to the rites of the Gorsedd, which, under Clwydfardd's auspices, was held there each morning, the president of the day being subsequently conducted thence in state to the pavilion. On the opening day, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, "Prince in Wales", appropriately occupied the president's seat. On the subsequent days it was filled by Major Cornwallis West, by Mr. Watkin Williams (now Sir Watkin Williams), and by Sir Llewellyn Turner. Mr. J. H. Puleston, who had been expected to preside, was unable to attend. Llew Llwyfo and Tanymarian by turns wielded the conductor's *bâton*.

The Bardic Chair, with a prize of £20 attached, proposed for the best *awdl* on "Athrylith," was conferred on the Rev. B. Joseph of Colwyn Bay. In the chief remaining poetical competitions, Mr. H. T. Davies of Brynllaeth gained the prize (£5 and a silver medal) for a *cywydd* on "Health"; the Rev. Mr. Roberts, rector of Llangwm (Elis Wyn o Wyr-fai), £20 and a silver crown, for a poem on "The Triumph of the Cross"; the Rev. J. Ceulanydd Williams of Talysarn, £10 and a silver medal, for a poem, "The Two Patriots", in memory of the late Rev. Robert Jones and the late Rev. T. James, F.S.A.; and the Rev. J. O. Griffith (Ioan Arfon) four guineas and a silver medal for a pastoral poem.

For his glee, "Exile from Cambria", the prize of £5 and a silver medal was awarded to Mr. C. H. Renshaw of Rockferry; and to Prof. O. H. Evans of Tanlan, Newborough, Anglesea, one of seven-and-a-half guineas and a silver medal for his quintett for string instruments.

The great choral prize, of £150 and a gold medal, was carried off by Birkenhead from the two choirs of Llangollen and Acrefair, themselves of unexceptionable merit, and highly praised by the adjudicators. The pieces selected for the competition were, "See from his post" (Handel) and "While everlasting ages roll" (Rossini). In pronouncing the award, Dr. Stainer took occasion to express his definite conclusion that abundance of real musical talent existed in Wales, and his hope that opportunities for its full development would soon be provided. Mr. W. Parry was the leader of the successful choir.

In the brass band competition, Llanrug was successful, and gained the prize of £20 and a gold medal. The excellent playing of their leader, Mr. J. R. Tidswell, was much commended. Carnarvon won the ten guineas and silver medal offered for string bands. The triple harp contest derived a sad interest from the fact that the victor, Mr. Owen Jones of Arthog, is blind. Miss Griffith, daughter of Mr. W. Ll. Griffith, won the harmonium offered for pianoforte playing by competitors under twenty years of age, and extra prizes were given by Mr. Love Jones Parry to two other young ladies, Miss Richards and Miss Grace Owen, of Rhyl. Miss Welton, a granddaughter of Owain Gwyrfaï, the antiquarian, gained a prize of 3 guineas for a contralto solo. Mr. E. T. Price of Llanidloes bore the palm for harmonium-playing; and Mr. Martin Sullivan of Carnarvon excelled on the cornet.

Some important subjects had been proposed for prose compositions. For a translation of Gwalchmai's poems into English, a prize of £10 and a silver medal was conferred on Mr. Reynolds, son of Nathan Dyfed. Thirty guineas and a silver medal were offered by gentlemen connected with the mining interest for an essay on "The Metalliferous Deposits of Flint and Denbigh", and awarded by the adjudicators to Mr. D. C. Davies, F.G.S., of Oswestry. For a Welsh essay

on the question, "Is the Enthusiasm connected with Music in Wales conducive to the Mental Development of the Nation?" £5 and a silver medal to Mr. W. R. Owen of Liverpool. For one in the same language, on "The Folklore of Carnarvonshire", £10 and a silver medal to Mr. Evan Williams of Carnarvon; and for a Welsh handbook on "The Chemistry of Common Things", a similar prize to Mr. Richard Morgan of Aberystwith. The £20 prize proposed for an essay on "Education in Wales" was not adjudicated, but half that sum, with a medal, awarded to Mr. M. E. Morris of Minffordd.

Mr. W. G. Shrubsole of Bangor gained the prize of fifteen guineas and a silver medal for a water-colour drawing, Mr. R. Lloyd Jones of Pysgah that for architectural drawing, and Miss Doidge of Aberdyfi that for crayon drawing.

In a slate-splitting contest, Mr. J. R. Jones and Mr. R. W. Rowlands, of Llanberis, divided the two first prizes of seven guineas and three guineas.

Besides the able speeches delivered by the presidents in opening each day's proceedings, an interesting address on the triple harp was given by Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia); Mr. Lewis Morris spoke briefly on the merits of the Eisteddfod; and the indefatigable Professor Rhys, on the legends and mythology of Carnarvonshire, was no less instructive and suggestive than in the Pavilion at Swansea.

Pererin, Alltud Eifion, and the Rev. Rowland Williams (Hwfa Môn) also delivered addresses.

In the course of the first day's proceedings, a handsome enamelled slate table, the work and gift of Mr. Owen of Carnarvon, was presented by Mr. Love Jones Parry, in the name of the committee, to Captain Moger, of H.M. training ship *Clio*.

A concert was held, as usual, each evening. In that on the 26th, the Swansea Valley Orpheus Society formed the conspicuous feature.

Proclamation of Merthyr Tydfil as the place of the Eisteddfod of 1881 was made at the Gorsedd on the concluding day.

#### THE CYMMRODORION SECTION.

Under this title a series of meetings were held by the Society of Cymmrodorion in the Guildhall, Carnarvon, in connection with the National Eisteddfod, on the evening of August 23rd, and on the three following days.

In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Lewis Morris, the president of the section, the chair was occupied by Mr. Hugh Owen.

The following papers were read and discussed :

“On the Present and Future of Wales” (President’s Inaugural Address). By Mr. Lewis Morris.<sup>1</sup>

“On Higher and Intermediate Education in Wales.” By Mr. Hugh Owen.

“On Music in Wales.” By Mr. David Jenkins, Mus. Bac.

“On Eisteddfod Reform.” By Mr. Hugh Owen, and by Mrs. Thomas of Llandegai.<sup>2</sup>

“On Jesus College and the Meyrick Fund.” By Mr. Owen Owen of Oswestry.

“On Temperance Public-houses in North Wales.” By Mr. Henry Lewis.

“On Higher Education of Girls.” By Mrs. Peters of Bala.

“On the Design for the Cymmrodorion Medal.” By Mr. Joseph Edwards.

<sup>1</sup> This address is printed in an earlier portion of the present number of *Y Cymmrodor*.

<sup>2</sup> Discussion on these papers was taken at great length, and resulted in the appointment of a joint committee of Bards and Cymmrodorion, and ultimately in the formation of the “National Eisteddfod Association”.

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## Reviews of Books.

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Y MABINOGION CYMREIG : SEF CHWEDLAU RHAMANTUS YR HEN GYMRY. YN YR HEN GYMRAEG A'R GYMRAEG BRESENOL. Liverpool : Cyhoeddwyd gan ISAAC FOULKES, 18, Brunswick Street. 1880. [First vol.]

WE have here to call the attention of our readers to what we have long earnestly desired to see—an edition of the *Mabinogion* specially adapted for the Welsh “general reader”. Mr. Foulkes has already deserved well of his countrymen by his efforts to place within the reach of all the works of some of our best writers. We may instance his cheap, but neat and handy, editions of the works of Goronwy Owen, Alun, Dafydd ab Gwilym, and others. He has not been a prolific publisher, but in everything that he has issued he has supplied a want. The present is his most ambitious and, we are told, his last venture, and it is to be hoped that his enterprise may be rewarded with the encouragement it deserves.

The history of these remarkable tales has been a strange one. Standing apart as the one work in our literature that has powerfully influenced European thought, it might reasonably have been expected that they would have enjoyed a popularity proportionate to their worth, and have been in everybody's hands, studied and prized by all as the rarest treasure in the language. Unhappily their fate has been far different. For many a long year they remained known only to a few scholars, and entrusted to the precarious keeping of a manuscript. Something over fifty years ago Carnhuanawc mournfully expressed his apprehension that they might

never see the light, but might at any moment, through some accident, be lost to the world for ever. Fortunately the fears of that distinguished scholar and thorough patriot were not fulfilled. At last—thanks to the taste, learning, and munificence of Lady Guest—they were issued from the Llandovery press in a form that reflected equal credit upon the editor and the publisher, and went far to make amends for centuries of neglect. Further honour awaited them: taken up by Zeuss, they formed a great storehouse of illustration for his work, the Welsh portion of which may be not unaptly described as a Grammar of the *Mabinogion*.

Still the tales remained, with one or two exceptions, inaccessible to the Welsh reader, and a popular edition was urgently needed. The present issue is intended to meet that want. The plan of the work is indicated by the title. We have first a reprint of the text, and then, with a separate pagination, a modernised version accompanied with notes. The first volume contains five of the tales, viz., those bearing the names of Math vab Mathonwy, Peredur ab Efwrc, Iarles y Ffynnawn, Geraint ab Erbin, and Kulhwch ac Olwen.

It is right to say that this edition will not be of much value for critical purposes, as the text is not printed with sufficient accuracy in minor matters. We should also have been glad if a more systematic attempt had been made to explain the language in all its details to the modern reader. Finally, the work is issued in 4to., to which we should have preferred crown 8vo. or 12mo. as more handy; but this is a matter of individual taste of no moment.

We are often reminded that the works of a certain English author have been styled the “well of English undefiled”; with much more appropriateness might the *Mabinogion* be called “the well of undefiled Cymraeg”, and as such we would most strongly recommend them to the patient study



of all who wish to cultivate a pure and idiomatic Welsh style.

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CYDYMAITH Y CYMRO: NEU LAWLYFR I'R GYMRAEG. Gan y  
Parch E. T. DAVIES, B.A., Ficer Eglwys Dewi Sant,  
Llynlleifiad, etc., etc.

THIS little work is intended as a guide to young writers, and the fact that the present is the third edition seems to imply that it has been found useful. It was compiled originally for some Eisteddfod, and the haste with which all compositions for these competitions have to be written, must probably account for that absence of a definite plan in the work, which has rendered necessary the addition of a chapter of Miscellanea, another of Addenda, and two Appendices. But the little book contains a large amount of useful information; the writer's judgment is generally sound; and we should be glad to find the "Cydymaith" extensively used by that not too well-informed class who write to our newspapers and cheaper magazines to the grievous disfigurement of our old language. It would have been better, however, if the author had not undertaken the responsibility of perpetuating the notion that the Welsh *eto* is derived from Latin *etiam*.

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NOTES OF A TOUR IN BRITTANY. By S. PRIDEAUX TREGELLES,  
LL.D. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

THIS unpretending little volume—the scope and character of which are sufficiently indicated by its title—will be read with great pleasure by anyone interested in things Cymric generally, or in Brittany particularly. The author is known to the world at large as a distinguished biblical scholar and editor of the Greek Testament; but to many of our readers he will be further known as a Cornishman, who during a temporary residence in South Wales became an enthusiastic

student of Welsh, which he learnt with a thoroughness equalled by very few, foreigners or natives. Readers of the *Brython* especially will remember with pleasure his interesting letters in that periodical.

The "Notes" are quite plain and simple, and very different from the work of a professional bookmaker; hence they are much more satisfactory than similar works of a more pretentious character which we have read. Dr. Tregelles did not go to Brittany in order that he might write a book about it on his return; he went to see a country and a people that had long interested him, and with whose history he was already familiar. He simply tells us the way he and his sister, who accompanied him, went, and what they saw, adding as much of historical detail as is required to make his references intelligible to the general reader. He gives an interesting sketch of the early close connection between the Continental Britons and their cousins in Wales and Cornwall, and has an occasional happy note illustrating points of contact in the dialects.

Two characteristics of the author come out very clearly in the "Notes"—his strong yet sober enthusiasm for everything Celtic (or perhaps we should rather say Cymric, as it is in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany that he shows himself chiefly interested), and his uncompromising Protestantism. He appears to have been quite pleased to find that the inhabitants of Rennes were not content with saying that they were Bretons, but would add "et non pas Français", to prevent any possible misconception. But the religious state of "our cousins" pained him greatly. Of the strong feeling against Protestantism he gives some striking illustrations. In a Breton book, published at Landerneau in 1846, the author speaks "of a great heavy *Huguenot* book, called the Bible" (p. 118); and in another book, the passage in Mark x, 33, is rendered, "And they shall deliver him into the hands

of the *Huguenots*" (p. 139). But altogether he declares himself to have been greatly pleased with the people of whom he was so sympathetic and appreciative an observer.

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THE REBECCA RIOTER: A STORY OF KILLAY LIFE. By E. A. DILLWYN. 2 vols. London, Macmillan and Co. 1880.

THE period of neglect and distress in which "Rebecca" made her rough protest against the anomalies of the existing Turnpike Act, has been selected by Miss Dillwyn for illustration. The hero of her little sketch, dying in Australia under sentence for homicide connected with the riots, tells the pathetic story of a life begun in poverty and ignorance, and wrecked in early manhood for lack of better guides, to a fellow countryman, the surgeon of the prison. It needs a certain effort, so rapid have been the changes of the last forty years, to realize the existence in South Wales, only so far back as 1843, of a state of society such as Miss Dillwyn depicts. Neither chapel, nor school, nor eisteddfod extends its influence to soften the manners or train the moral sense of the youth of Upper Killay, who grow up, on their bleak hillside, a wild and lawless set, regarding the policeman as a common enemy, and an unprotected traveller as legitimate prey. From such surroundings, modified in slight degree by the accident which brings him for a time under the tutelage of Gwenllian Tudor, the embryo rioter forms his views of human life, until in the natural course of things he becomes enrolled among "Rebecca's" children, and involved in the course of events which lead to his crime and transportation, and form the plot of the tale.

In the filling in of this simple plan, Miss Dillwyn finds an opportunity of exhibiting talents of no mean order. In the central figure of Evan Williams, she has succeeded in

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placing before us a carefully studied and thoroughly human portrait of a typical Welshman,—a Welshman, that is, of the rudimentary stage of civilization indicated above. The subordinate characters are of necessity little more than outlines, but they are well delineated in a few bold and skilful strokes, and seldom fail to possess distinct individuality. The homeliness of the speaker's narrative, and the characteristic threads of humour interwoven with its pathos, are preserved without sacrificing the grace of an accurate English style, and the more stirring scenes are depicted in language which retains its simplicity while becoming eminently descriptive. The attack on the gate, the struggle with the police, the escape of the fugitives, the hero's remorse on learning his victim's name, and the details of his apprehension, form a continuous series of vivid pictures, the sustained interest of which is never marred by strain after effect. The whole work, in short, conveys the impression that the authoress is writing well within her strength, and on subjects which she thoroughly understands. To say even so much is to attribute to "the Rebecca Rioter" a high place among contemporary fiction.

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### The Folk-Lore of Wales.

THE desirability of establishing a Welsh Dialect Society has several times, within the last ten years, been dwelt upon; and quite recently, it has been proposed that a Welsh Dialect Section be formed in connection with our own Society. A suggestion has also been made, that the study of the Folklore of the Principality might with advantage be included in the programme of such society or section. Whatever may be done to carry out these suggestions, we wish, by way of initiative, to take this opportunity of urging our

readers, who are resident in Wales, to do all in their power to collect and secure what still remains of the popular literature of the country. And under this term we would comprehend all the unwritten literature (if such an expression be permissible) of the peasant—the tales and legends that constitute his History; the songs, verses, and ballads, that form his Music and his Poetry, the proverbs that embody his Philosophy, as well as all those observances, beliefs, and ideas which are more strictly included in the term Folk-lore.

As might have been expected, in the case of a people of such strong imagination, the various Celtic peoples are, or have been, singularly wealthy in such popular literature. Very much has been lost for ever, and much more will be lost, unless some special efforts be speedily made to secure what remains, before those powerful influences, which are so rapidly deceltising these lands, shall have made it too late. Of what Cornwall possessed, while it was yet Celtic in language, we can now only surmise; and in Wales, the day for gathering a rich harvest has long since passed. In Ireland also, it is rapidly passing; and passing, alas! to a great extent, if not entirely, unimproved. No adequate effort, so far as we are aware, is being made to secure the immense mass of songs and tales, which are still sung and told by the winter fireside in the cabins of Connemara. And very soon it will be too late there, too. Every year carries away some of the old people, whose sole literature has been of this class; and every year makes the newspaper, the great rival and foe of the story-teller, more and more common. In the Highlands of Scotland, Mr. Campbell has done good service by the collection of his *Popular Tales*. But it is Brittany that has been fortunate, beyond almost any other country in Europe. In the person of M. Luzel, it possesses a collector who may fairly be described as unrivalled. Of what he has done, and how he has done it, our readers may

form an opinion by glancing through the two volumes of his *Gwerziou Breiz-Izel*, his *Veillées Bretonnes*, and the pages of *Mélusine*. If he lives (and we devoutly hope that he will) to give to the world his complete collection of songs and tales, the popular literature of Brittany will be presented to the student with a completeness that shall leave little to be desired.

As already observed, the time for gathering such a rich harvest in Wales has passed for ever: it had passed, indeed, long before students of language and ethnology had perceived the value of these treasures. To have secured the full wealth of song and tale, that once circulated in the Principality, measures should have been taken at least a hundred and fifty years ago, while this traditional lore still constituted the sole mental wealth of the peasant. Still, much remains to be gleaned in out-of-the-way corners; very much more than a casual observer would expect to find. But, like ghost stories, these remains must be sought, and sought in a sympathetic spirit, ere they can be found. And we would urge those of our readers, who have the opportunity, to engage in the quest *con amore*, ere it is too late. For another generation of elementary schools, newspapers, and cheap novels, with the change of language which these agencies are so rapidly effecting, will have swept away most of what yet remains. As deserving objects of the collector's pious care, might be specified:—

1. Tales, legends, and traditions of all kinds.
2. Songs, and poetic fragments of all kinds, not forgetting, especially as being rare, Welsh nursery rhymes, lullabys, or shoheens.
3. Old airs.
4. Folk-lore, strictly so-called, comprising old observances and customs, the superstitions, ideas, and prejudices of the common people.

5. Riddles, puzzles, and verbal tasks.

6. Formulæ used in games, with description of the games, if necessary.

In order that anything thus collected may have a scientific value, it must be authentic. The song or tale may be crude and inelegant, imperfect, or even unintelligible, yet it should be recorded with scrupulous fidelity, as it was sung or told by the peasant, from whom it has been obtained; if it is tinkered to suit the narrator's ideas of literary excellence, or to satisfy any of his preconceived ideas, notions, or theories, it becomes worthless. We have already referred to M. Luzel's labours, and we would specify his *Gwerziou Breiz-Izel* as a model of what a collection of popular songs should be. We might instance, again, a work dealing with the same subject, and containing, to a certain extent, the same matter,—Villemarqué's *Barzaz Breiz*, as a type of what such a collection should not be. The songs in the former are often imperfect, rugged, and partially unintelligible; while those in the latter are finished and elegant, and possess much literary beauty; yet it does not require that one should be a specialist in this department, in order to know to which of the two a Liebrecht, or a Köhler would turn for a representation of what the popular poetry of Brittany really is. In saying this, we do not in the least wish to pronounce an opinion on the matter in dispute between M. de La Villemarqué and his critics: it is enough for us that the authenticity of the *Barzaz Breiz* can, with some show of reason (not to put it more strongly) be denied. A collection of the kind, to have any scientific value, must be above suspicion.

.Any readers who may feel anxious to become collectors, should observe the following rules:—

1. Whatever is recorded, should be given with absolute fidelity, as it fell from the narrator's mouth.

2. It should be stated where, when, and from whom, each tale, song, etc., was obtained: and if the narrator is known to be a native of another district than that in which he is found, it should be mentioned.

3. The collector should generally go to the oldest and most illiterate peasants, as these naturally preserve their traditional lore with the greatest fidelity, both as to matter and form. Such persons also speak the dialects with the greatest purity.

4. Fragments of tales, etc., should be carefully recorded; and also different versions should be given, if the variation is at all considerable.

We shall be glad to give a place in the *Cymmrodor* to such gleanings as we may from time to time be favoured by our fellow-members.

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### Notes and Queries.

A VERY learned and active member of the Society has suggested that it might be well to devote some space in every number of *Y Cymmrodor* to "Notes and Queries". This suggestion it gives us great pleasure to act upon, and we hope our readers will give their help, and send us any fact worth recording in connection with "Cymru, Cymry, a Chymraeg", which they may at any time "make a note of".

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### Queries.

BLODEUWEDD AS A NAME FOR THE OWL.—In the *Mabinogi* of Math ab Mathonwy, an account is given of the transformation of the faithless Flower-aspect into an owl, and it is added: "Now blodeuwedd is an owl in the language of this present time..... And even now the owl is called Blodeuwedd" (Guest's *Mabinogion*, iii, 214, 249). In the note on



p. 258, reference is made to Davydd ab Gwilym's poem on the subject. Silvan Evans, in his Eng.-Welsh Dicty. s.v. "owl", gives "blodeuwedd" as a rendering. What other references (if any) are there in Welsh literature to this metamorphosis? And is the name *blodeuwedd* still given to the owl in any district of Wales? GLANIRVON.

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A DESCRIPTION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.—The Welsh article under this heading in the present number appears to be a translation, probably from the Latin. Can any of our readers direct us to the original? EDITOR.

---

GLOUCESTER AND ITS INTOXICANTS.—Years ago I heard from a native of Carmarthenshire, resident in Breconshire, the following doggerel verse:

"Yn nhre' Llynden mae cyfreth gywren,  
Yn Rhydychen mae gwyr o ddysg;  
Yng Ngharloyw mae gwin a chwrw,  
A dynion meddw yn eu mysg."

Why should Gloucester have been selected as the place *par excellence* of "wine and beer"? Was that city at any time famous or infamous in that respect? GLANIRVON.

---

WELSH PHRASES.—It is much to be desired that some competent person would give us a *Dictionary of Welsh Phrase and Fable*: it would be an interesting and, what dictionaries generally are not, an amusing work. Pending the appearance of such a work, can any reader of *Y Cymmrodor* throw light on the origin of the following phrases?

1. *Brathu'r gaseg wen*. I have often heard this expression used to describe the conduct of a person who breaks in upon conversation with some stupid or irrelevant remark, or some foolish explanation or answer: e.g., *Dyna fe 'n brathu'r gaseg wen* (or, more fully, *yn brathu'r gaseg wen yn rhyole*), There he goes with his wild and thoughtless answer.

2. *Bod ym Mhenboir*=to be a fool. I have heard it said of a man, *Oh, y mae llawer o hono fe ym Mhenboir yto*: Oh, he has a good deal of the fool about him yet. Penboir is in Carmarthenshire, but why is it thus libelled?

3. *Plant Sion Cnoc*=“fools, noodles”. This expression I have heard in the Western part of Breconshire. A foolish young woman is sometimes humorously designated *Un o ferched Sion Cnoc*; or it will be said of one, *Oh, un o blant Sion Cnoc yw ynte*. I never could learn who Sion was, but it seems to be generally acknowledged that his family is a numerous one. Is he known to any Cymmrodor otherwise than through his descendants?

4. *Godre'r Rhiw dywyll*=at a safe distance. This, I believe, comes from Cardiganshire. It is used of a person who loudly denounces another in his absence, and implies the belief that the blusterer would be discreetly silent in that other's presence: *e.g., Ie, ie, yng ngodre'r Rhiw dywyll y mae e'n cymhenu bob amser*: He always scolds at a safe distance, when the person reprov'd is far enough out of hearing.

5. *Gwerthu'r hwrdd*=to mutter sulkily, said of a person who mumbles indistinctly some reply which he dare not, or does not care to give openly: *e.g., Dyna lle'r o'dd e'n gwerthu'r hwrdd*: There he stood, muttering and grumbling. Sometimes I have heard the phrase expanded into *gwerthu'r hwrdd am lai nag a dalai fe* (to sell the ram for less than its value). Who made the bargain that originated the saying?

GLANIRVON.

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## Notices.

SOMETIME ago a leading London Review gave us the interesting information that Prof. Rhys was engaged upon a *History of the Breton Celts*. This, however, was a misconception:

the work referred to will treat not of Brittany and its people, but of *Early Britain, Celtic, and Pre-Celtic*. It is to form the first of a series dealing with the early history of the island, to be issued by the S.P.C.K., and will be followed by others on Roman, Saxon, and Scandinavian Britain. We understand that a part of the work has been written, and that it will be completed as soon as the Professor's labours in connection with the Education Commission permit him to resume his pen.

It has also been announced that Mr. Rhys has undertaken to edit *Pennant's Tours* for Mr. Humphreys of Carnarvon.

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STILL more gratifying is the hope held out that the same scholar will soon be called upon to prepare a new edition of the *Mabinogion*, to be issued by the Clarendon Press.

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WHILE on the subject of Prof. Rhys's literary engagements, actual and prospective, we are glad to be able to announce that our next number will contain a paper of some length from his pen.

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WITH regard to the long-expected *Welsh Dictionary* of Prof. Silvan Evans, the *Cymmrodor* has already made announcements giving rise to hopes which have proved to be of that kind which "maketh the heart sick". Mr. Evans has looked in vain for a publisher in the principality; the mantle of Owain Myfyr has not rested on the shoulders of any of his countrymen. However, there is good ground for hope that the same press which promises a new edition of our great romances, will lay us under further obligations by giving to the world the new *Geiriadur*. The author hopes "that at no distant date he will be able to see his way clearly to the press".

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VOL. IV, PART II.

OCTOBER 1881.

**D**  
**Commensor**

Embodying the

**Transactions**

of the Honourable

**Society of Commensorian**

etc.

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# **D Cymmrodor.**

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# **D Cymrodor.**

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**OCTOBER 1881.**

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## **WELSH FAIRY TALES.**

**BY PROFESSOR RHYS.**

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THE main object the writer of this paper has in view, is to place on record all the matter he can find on the subject of the lake legends of Wales: what he may have to say of them is merely by the way and sporadic, and he would feel well paid for his trouble if the present collection should stimulate others to communicate to the public bits of similar legends, which, it may be, still linger unrecorded among the mountains of the Principality. For it should be clearly understood that all such things bear on the history of the Celts of Wales, as the history of no people can be said to have been written so long as its superstitions and beliefs in past times have not been studied; and those who may think that the legends here recorded are childish and frivolous, may rest assured that they bear on questions which themselves could be called neither childish nor frivolous. So, however silly they may think a legend, let them communicate it to somebody who will place it on record; they will then, probably, find out that it has more meaning and interest than they had anticipated.

### **I. THE MYDDVAI LEGEND—LITTLE VAN LAKE.**

I find it best to begin by reproducing a story which has already been recorded; this I think desirable on account of

its being the best told, the most complete of its kind, and the one with which shorter ones can most readily be compared. I allude to the legend of the Lady of the Lake of the Little Van in Carmarthenshire, which I take the liberty of copying from Mr. Rees of Tonn's version of it, in the introduction to *The Physicians of Myddvai*, published by the Welsh Manuscript Society at Llandovery, in 1861. There he says that he wrote it down from the oral recitations, which I suppose were in Welsh, of John Evans, tiler, of Myddvai, David Williams, Morva, near Myddvai, who was about ninety years old at the time, and Elizabeth Morgan, of Henllys Lodge, near Llandovery, who was a native of the same village of Myddvai; to this it may be added that he acknowledges obligations also to J. Joseph, Esq., F.S.A., Brecon, for collecting particulars from the old inhabitants of the parish of Llanddeusant. The legend, as given by Mr. Rees in English, runs as follows:—

“When the eventful struggle made by the Princes of South Wales to preserve the independence of their country was drawing to its close in the twelfth century, there lived at Blaensawdde<sup>1</sup> near Llanddeusant, Carmarthenshire, a widowed woman, the relict of a farmer who had fallen in those disastrous troubles.

“The widow had an only son to bring up, and Providence smiled upon her, and, despite her forlorn condition, her live stock had so increased in course of time that she could not well depasture them upon her farm, so she sent a portion of her cattle to graze on the adjoining Black Mountain, and their most favourite place was near the small lake called

<sup>1</sup> “Blaensawdde, or the upper end of the river Sawdde— is situate about three-quarters of a mile S.E. from the village of Llanddeusant. It gives its name to one of the hamlets of that parish. The Sawdde has its source in Llyn-y-Van-Vach, which is nearly two miles distant from Blaensawdde house.”

Llyn-y-Van-Vach, on the north-western side of the Carmarthenshire Vans.

"The son grew up to manhood, and was generally sent by his mother to look after the cattle on the mountain. One day, in his peregrinations along the margin of the lake, to his great astonishment, he beheld, sitting on the unruffled surface of the water, a Lady; one of the most beautiful creatures that mortal eyes ever beheld, her hair flowed gracefully in ringlets over her shoulders, the tresses of which she arranged with a comb, whilst the glassy surface of her watery couch served for the purpose of a mirror, reflecting back her own image. Suddenly she beheld the young man standing on the brink of the lake, with his eyes rivetted on her, and unconsciously offering to herself the provision of barley bread and cheese with which he had been provided when he left his home.

"Bewildered by a feeling of love and admiration for the object before him, he continued to hold out his hand towards the lady, who imperceptibly glided near to him, but gently refused the offer of his provisions. He attempted to touch her, but she eluded his grasp, saying

‘Cras dy fara;  
Nid hawdd fy nala.’

‘Hard baked is thy bread!  
’Tis not easy to catch me;’

and immediately dived under the water, and disappeared, leaving the love-stricken youth to return home, a prey to disappointment and regret that he had been unable to make further acquaintance with one, in comparison with whom the whole of the fair maidens of Llanddeusant and Myddvai,<sup>1</sup> whom he had ever seen were as nothing.

<sup>1</sup> “Myddvai parish was, in former times, celebrated for its fair maidens, but whether they were descendants of the Lady of the Lake or other-



"On his return home the young man communicated to his mother the extraordinary vision he had beheld. She advised him to take some unbaked dough or 'toes' the next time in his pocket, as there must have been some spell connected with the hard baked bread, or 'Bara cras', which prevented his catching the lady.

"Next morning, before the sun had gilded with its rays the peaks of the Vans, the young man was at the lake, not for the purpose of looking after his mother's cattle, but seeking for the same enchanting vision he had witnessed the day before; but all in vain did he anxiously strain his eye-balls and glance over the surface of the lake, as only the ripples occasioned by a stiff breeze met his view, and a cloud hung heavily on the summit of the Van, which imparted an additional gloom to his already distracted mind.

"Hours passed on, the wind was hushed, and the clouds which had enveloped the mountain had vanished into thin air, before the powerful beams of the sun, when the youth was startled by seeing some of his mother's cattle on the precipitous side of the acclivity, nearly on the opposite side of the lake. His duty impelled him to attempt to rescue them

wise cannot be determined. An old pennill records the fact of their beauty thus:—

'Mae eira gwyn  
Ar ben y bryn,  
A'r glasgoed yn y Ferdre,  
Mae bedw mân  
Ynghoed Cwm-brân,  
A merched glân yn Myddfe.'

Which may be translated,

'There is white snow  
On the mountain's brow,  
And greenwood at the Verdre,  
Young birch so good  
In Cwm-brân wood,  
And lovely girls in Myddve.' "

from their perilous position, for which purpose he was hastening away, when, to his inexpressible delight, the object of his search again appeared to him as before, and seemed much more beautiful than when he first beheld her. His hand was again held out to her, full of unbaked bread, which he offered with an urgent proffer of his heart also, and vows of eternal attachment. All of which were refused by her, saying

‘Llaith dy fara !

‘Ii ni fynna’.

‘Unbaked is thy bread !

I will not have thee.’

But the smiles that played upon her features as the lady vanished beneath the waters raised within the young man a hope that forbade him to despair by her refusal of him, and the recollection of which cheered him on his way home. His aged parent was made acquainted with his ill-success, and she suggested that his bread should next time be but slightly baked, as most likely to please the mysterious being, of whom he had become enamoured.

“Impelled by an irresistible feeling, the youth left his mother’s house early next morning, and with rapid steps he passed over the mountain. He was soon near the margin of the lake, and with all the impatience of an ardent lover did he wait with a feverish anxiety for the reappearance of the mysterious lady.

“The sheep and goats browsed on the precipitous sides of the Van; the cattle strayed amongst the rocks and large stones, some of which were occasionally loosened from their beds and suddenly rolled down into the lake; rain and sunshine alike came and passed away, but all were unheeded by the youth, so wrapped up was he in looking for the appearance of the lady.

“The freshness of the early morning had disappeared before the sultry rays of the noon-day sun, which in its turn was

fast verging towards the west as the evening was dying away and making room for the shades of night, and hope had well nigh abated of beholding once more the Lady of the Lake. The young man cast a sad and last farewell look over the waters, and, to his astonishment, beheld several cows walking along its surface. The sight of these animals caused hope to revive that they would be followed by another object far more pleasing; nor was he disappointed, for the maiden reappeared, and to his enraptured sight, even lovelier than ever. She approached the land, and he rushed to meet her in the water. A smile encouraged him to seize her hand; neither did she refuse the moderately baked bread he offered her; and after some persuasion, she consented to become his bride, on condition that they should only live together until she received from him three blows without a cause,

‘Tri ergyd diachos.’

‘Three causeless blows.’

And if he ever should happen to strike her three such blows, she would leave him for ever. To such conditions he readily consented, and would have consented to any other stipulation, had it been proposed, as he was only intent on then securing such a lovely creature for his wife.

“Thus the Lady of the Lake engaged to become the young man’s wife, and having loosed her hand for a moment, she darted away and dived into the lake. His chagrin and grief were such that he determined to cast himself headlong into the deepest water, so as to end his life in the element that had contained in its unfathomed depths the only one for whom he cared to live on earth. As he was on the point of committing this rash act, there emerged out of the lake *two* most beautiful ladies, accompanied by a hoary-headed man of noble mien and extraordinary stature, but having otherwise all the force and strength of youth. This man addressed

the almost bewildered youth in accents calculated to soothe his troubled mind, saying that as he proposed to marry one of his daughters, he consented to the union, provided the young man could distinguish which of the two ladies before him was the object of his affections. This was no easy task, as the maidens were such perfect counterparts of each other that it seemed quite impossible for him to choose his bride, and if perchance he fixed upon the wrong one, all would be for ever lost.

“Whilst the young man narrowly scanned the two ladies, he could not perceive the least difference betwixt the two, and was almost giving up the task in despair, when one of them thrust her foot a slight degree forward. The motion, simple as it was, did not escape the observation of the youth, and he discovered a trifling variation in the mode with which their sandals were tied. This at once put an end to the dilemma, for he, who had on previous occasions been so taken up with the general appearance of the Lady of the Lake, had also noticed the beauty of her feet and ankles, and on now recognising the peculiarity of her shoe-tie he boldly took hold of her hand.

“‘Thou hast chosen rightly,’ said her father, ‘be to her a kind and faithful husband, and I will give her, as a dowry, as many sheep, cattle, goats, and horses, as she can count of each without heaving or drawing in her breath. But remember, that if you prove unkind to her at any time, and strike her three times without a cause, she shall return to me, and shall bring all her stock back with her.’

“Such was the verbal marriage settlement, to which the young man gladly assented, and his bride was desired to count the number of sheep she was to have. She immediately adopted the mode of counting by *fives*, thus:—One, two, three, four, five—One, two, three, four, five; as many times as possible in rapid succession, till her breath was ex-

hausted. The same process of reckoning had to determine the number of goats, cattle, and horses respectively ; and in an instant the full number of each came out of the lake when called upon by the Father.

“ The young couple were then married, by what ceremony was not stated, and afterwards went to reside at a farm called Esgair Llaethdy, somewhat more than a mile from the village of Myddvai, where they lived in prosperity and happiness for several years, and became the parents of three sons, who were beautiful children.

“ Once upon a time there was a christening to take place in the neighbourhood, to which the parents were specially invited. When the day arrived, the wife appeared very reluctant to attend the christening, alleging that the distance was too great for her to walk. Her husband told her to fetch one of the horses which were grazing in an adjoining field. ‘ I will,’ said she, ‘ if you will bring me my gloves which I left in our house.’ He went to the house and returned with the gloves, and finding that she had not gone for the horse, jocularly slapped her shoulder with one of them, saying, ‘ go! go!’ (*dos, dos*) when she reminded him of the understanding upon which she consented to marry him :—That he was not to strike her without a cause ; and warned him to be more cautious for the future.

“ On another occasion, when they were together at a wedding, in the midst of the mirth and hilarity of the assembled guests, who had gathered together from all the surrounding country, she burst into tears and sobbed most piteously. Her husband touched her on her shoulder and enquired the cause of her weeping : she said, ‘ Now people are entering into trouble, and your troubles are likely to commence, as you have the *second* time stricken me without a cause.’

“ Years passed on, and their children had grown up, and were particularly clever young men. In the midst of so many

worldly blessings at home the husband almost forgot that there remained only *one* causeless blow to be given to destroy the whole of his prosperity. Still he was watchful lest any trivial occurrence should take place, which his wife must regard as a breach of their marriage contract. She told him, as her affection for him was unabated, to be careful that he would not, through some inadvertence, give the last and only blow, which, by an unalterable destiny, over which she had no control, would separate them for ever.

“It, however, so happened that one day they were together at a funeral, where, in the midst of the mourning and grief at the house of the deceased, she appeared in the highest and gayest spirits, and indulged in immoderate fits of laughter, which so shocked her husband that he touched her saying, ‘Hush! hush! don’t laugh.’ She said that she laughed ‘because people when they die go out of trouble,’ and, rising up, she went out of the house, saying, ‘The last blow has been struck, our marriage contract is broken, and at an end! Farewell!’ Then she started off towards Esgair Llaethdy, where she called her cattle and other stock together, each by name. The cattle she called thus:—

‘Mu wlfrech, Moelfrech,  
Mu olfrech, Gwynfrech,  
Pedair cae tonn-frech,  
Yr hen wynebwen.  
A’r las Geigen,  
Gyda’r Tarw Gwyn  
O lys y Brenin;  
A’r llo du bach,  
Sydd ar y bach,  
Dere dithau, yn iach adre!’

‘Brindled cow, white speckled,  
Spotted cow, bold freckled,  
The four field sward mottled,  
The old white-faced,  
And the grey Geingen,  
With the white Bull,

From the court of the King ;  
 And the little black calf  
 Tho' suspended on the hook,  
 Come thou also, quite well home !'

They all immediately obeyed the summons of their mistress, the 'little black calf', although it had been slaughtered, became alive again, and walked off with the rest of the stock at the command of the Lady. This happened in the spring of the year, and there were four oxen ploughing in one of the fields, to these she cried,

'Pedwar eidion glas  
 Sydd ar y maes,  
 Deuwch chwithau  
 Yn iach adre !'

'The four grey oxen,  
 That are on the field,  
 Come you also.  
 Quite well home !'

Away the whole of the live stock went with the Lady across Myddvai Mountain, towards the lake from whence they came, a distance of above six miles, where they disappeared beneath its waters, leaving no trace behind except a well marked furrow, which was made by the plough the oxen drew after them into the lake, and which remains to this day as a testimony to the truth of this story.

"What became of the affrighted ploughman—whether he was left on the field when the oxen set off, or whether he followed them to the lake, has not been handed down to tradition ; neither has the fate of the disconsolate and half-ruined husband been kept in remembrance. But of the sons it is stated that they often wandered about the lake and its vicinity, hoping that their mother might be permitted to visit the face of the earth once more, as they had been apprised of her mysterious origin, her first appearance to

their father, and the untoward circumstances which so unhappily deprived them of her maternal care.

“In one of their rambles, at a place near Dôl Howel, at the Mountain Gate, still called ‘Llidiad y Meddygon’, The Physicians’ Gate, the mother appeared suddenly, and accosted her eldest son, whose name was Rhiwallon, and told him that his mission on earth was to be a benefactor to mankind by relieving them from pain and misery, through healing all manner of their diseases; for which purpose she furnished him with a bag full of medical prescriptions and instructions for the preservation of health. That by strict attention thereto, he and his family would become for many generations the most skilful physicians in the country. Then promising to meet him when her counsel was most needed, she vanished. But on several occasions she met her sons near the banks of the lake, and once she even accompanied them on their return home as far as a place still called ‘Pant-y-Meddygon’, The dingle of the Physicians, where she pointed out to them the various plants and herbs which grew in the dingle, and revealed to them their medicinal qualities or virtues; and the knowledge she imparted to them, together with their unrivalled skill, soon caused them to attain such celebrity that none ever possessed before them. And in order that their knowledge should not be lost, they wisely committed the same to writing, for the benefit of mankind throughout all ages.”

To the legend Mr. Rees added the following notes, which we reproduce also at full length:—

“And so ends the story of the Physicians of Myddvai, which has been handed down from one generation to another, thus:—

‘Yr hên wr llwyd o’r cornel,  
Gan ei dad a glywodd chwedel,  
A chan ei dad fe glywodd yntau  
Ac ar ei ôl mi gofiais innau.’



‘The grey old man in the corner  
Of his father heard a story,  
Which from his father he had heard,  
And after them I have remembered.’

As stated in the introduction of the present work [*i.e.*, the Physicians of Myddvai], Rhiwallon and his sons became Physicians to Rhys Gryg, Lord of Llandovery and Dynevor Castles, ‘who gave them rank, lands, and privileges at Myddvai for their maintenance in the practice of their art and science, and the healing and benefit of those who should seek their help,’ thus affording to those who could not afford to pay, the best medical advice and treatment, gratuitously. Such a truly Royal foundation could not fail to produce corresponding effects. So the fame of the Physicians of Myddvai was soon established over the whole country, and continued for centuries among their descendants.

“The celebrated Welsh Bard, Dafydd ap Gwilym, who flourished in the following century, and was buried at the Abbey of Tal-y-llychau,<sup>1</sup> in Caermarthenshire, about the year 1368, says in one of his poems, as quoted in Dr. Davies’ dictionary.

‘Meddyg ni wnai modd y gwnaeth  
Myddfai, o chai ddyn meddfaeth.’

‘A Physician he would not make  
As Myddvai made, if he had a mead fostered man.’

Of the above lands bestowed upon the Meddygon, there are two farms in Myddvai parish still called ‘Llwyn Ifan Feddyg’ the Grove of Evan the Physician; and ‘Llwyn Meredydd Feddyg’ the Grove of Meredith the Physician. Esgaer Llaethdy, mentioned in the foregoing legend, was formerly in the possession of the above descendants, and so was Tynewydd, near Myddvai, which was purchased by Mr. Holford, of Cilgwyn, from the Rev. Charles Lloyd, vicar of Llandefalle, Breconshire, who married a daughter of one of the

<sup>1</sup> There is, I believe, no reason to think that this statement is correct.

Meddygon, and had the living of Llandefalle from a Mr. Vaughan, who presented him to the same out of gratitude, because Mr. Lloyd's wife's father had cured him of a disease in the eye. As Mr. Lloyd succeeded to the above living in 1748, and died in 1800, it is probable that the skilful oculist was John Jones, who is mentioned in the following inscription on a tombstone at present fixed against the west end of Myddvai Church.

‘HERE

Lieth the body of Mr. David Jones, of Mothvey, Surgeon,  
who was an honest, charitable, and skilful man.

He died September 14th, Anno Dom' 1719, aged 61.

JOHN JONES, Surgeon,

Eldest son of the said David Jones, departed this life  
the 25th of November, 1739, in the 44th year  
of his Age, and also lyes interred hereunder.’

These appear to have been the last of the Physicians who practised at Myddvai. The above John Jones resided for some time at Llandovery, and was a very eminent surgeon. One of his descendants, named John Lewis, lived at Cwmbran, Myddvai, at which place his great grandson Mr. John Jones, now resides.

“ Dr. Morgan Owen, Bishop of Llandaff, who died at Glasallt, parish of Myddvai, in 1645, was a descendant of the Meddygon, and an inheritor of much of their landed property in that parish, the bulk of which he bequeathed to his nephew, Morgan Owen, who died in 1667, and was succeeded by his son Henry Owen; and at the decease of the last of whose descendants, Robert Lewis, Esq., the estates became, through the will of one of the family, the property of the late D. A. S. Davies, Esq., M.P., for Caermarthenshire.

“ Bishop Owen bequeathed to another nephew, Morgan ap Rees, son of Rees ap John, a descendant of the Meddygon, the farm of Rhyblid, and some other property. Morgan ap

Rees' son, Samuel Rice, resided at Loughor, in Gower, Glamorganshire, and had a son, Morgan Rice, who was a merchant in London, and became Lord of the Manor of Tooting Graveney, and High Sheriff in the year 1772, and Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Surrey, 1776. He resided at Hill House, which he built. At his death, the whole of his property passed to his only child, John Rice, Esq., whose eldest son, the Rev. John Morgan Rice, inherited the greater portion of his estates. The head of the family is now the Rev. Horatio Morgan Rice, rector of South Hill, with Callington, Cornwall, and J.P. for the county, who inherited, with other property, a small estate at Loughor. The above Morgan Rice had landed property in Llanmadock and Llangenith, as well as Loughor, in Gower, but whether he had any connexion with Howel the Physician (ap Rhys ap Llywelyn ap Philip the Physician, and lineal descendant from Einion ap Rhiwallon), who resided at Cilgwryd in Gower, is not known.

"Amongst other families who claim descent from the Physicians were the Bowens of Cwmydw, Myddvai; and Jones of Dollgarreg and Penrhock, in the same parish; the latter of whom are represented by Charles Bishop, of Dollgarreg, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for Caermarthenshire, and Thomas Bishop, of Brecon, Esq.

"Rees Williams of Myddvai is recorded as one of the Meddygon. His great grandson was the late Rice Williams, M.D., of Aberystwyth, who died May 16th, 1842, aged 85, and appears to have been the last, although not the least eminent, of the Physicians descended from the mysterious Lady of Llyn-y-Van."<sup>1</sup>

This brings the legend of the Lady of the Van Lake into connection with a widely spread family. There is another

<sup>1</sup> This is not quite correct, as I believe that Dr. C. Rice Williams who lives at Aberystwyth is one of the Meddygon.

connection between it and modern times, as will be seen from the following statement kindly made to me by the Rev. A. G. Edwards, Warden of the Welsh College at Llandovery: "An old woman from Myddvai, who is now, that is to say, in January 1881, about eighty years of age, tells me that she remembers 'thousands and thousands' of people visiting the Lake of the Little Van on the first Sunday or Monday in August, and when she was young she often heard old men declare that at that time a commotion took place in the lake, and that its waters boiled, which was taken to herald the approach of the Lake Lady and her oxen." The custom of going up to the lake on the first Sunday in August was a very well known one in years gone by, as I have learned from a good many people, and it is corroborated by Mr. Joseph, who kindly writes as follows, in reply to some queries of mine: "On the first Sunday in the month of August, Llyn y Van Vach is supposed to be boiling (*berwi*). I have seen scores of people going up to see it (not boiling though) on that day. I do not remember that any of them expected to see the Lady of the Lake." As to the boiling of the lake I have nothing to say, and I am not sure that there is anything in the following, which was offered to Mr. A. G. Edwards, as an explanation of the yearly visit to the lake, by an old fisherwoman from Llandovery: "The best time for eels is in August, when the north-east wind blows on the lake, and makes huge waves in it. The eels can then be seen floating on the waves."

Last summer I went myself to the village of Myddvai, to see if I could pick up any variants of the legend; but I was hardly successful; for though several of the farmers I questioned could repeat bits of the legend, including the Lake Lady's call to her cattle as she went away, I got nothing new, except that one of them said that the youth, when he first saw the Lake Lady at a distance, thought she was a

goose—he did not even rise to the conception of a swan—but that by degrees he approached her, and discovered that she was a lady in white, and that in due time they were married, and so on. My friend, Mr. A. G. Edwards, seems, however, to have got a bit of a version which may have been still more unlike the one recorded by Mr. Rees of Tonn: it was from an old man at Myddvai last year, from whom he was, nevertheless, only able to extract the statement “that the Lake Lady got somehow entangled in a farmer’s ‘gambo’, and that ever after his farm was very fertile”: a ‘gambo’ is a kind of a cart without sides, used in South Wales, and both the name and the thing seem to have come from England, though I cannot find such a word as *gambo* or *gambeau* in the ordinary dictionaries.

Among other legends about lake fairies, in the third chapter of Mr. Sikes’ *British Goblins*, there are two versions of this story: the first of them only slightly differs from Mr. Rees’, in that the farmer used to go near the lake to see some lambs he had bought in a fair, and that whenever he did so, three beautiful damsels appeared to him from the lake; they always eluded his attempts to catch them; they ran away into the lake, saying, “Cras dy fara”, etc. But one day, a piece of moist bread came floating ashore, which he ate, and the next day he had a chat with the Lake Maidens. He proposed marriage to one of them, to which she consented, provided he could distinguish her from her sisters the day after. The story, then, so far as I can make out, from the brief version Mr. Sikes gives of it, went on like that of Mr. Rees. He gives another version, with much more interesting variations, which omit all reference, however, to the physicians of Myddvai, and relate how a young farmer had heard of the Lake Maiden rowing up and down the lake in a golden boat with a golden oar. He went to the lake on New Year’s Eve, saw her, was fascinated by her, and left in despair at

her vanishing out of sight, although he cried out to her to stay and be his wife: she faintly replied, and went her way, after he had gazed on her long yellow hair and pale melancholy face. He continued to visit the lake, and grew thin and negligent of his person, owing to his longing. But a wise man, who lived on the mountain, advised him to tempt her with gifts of bread and cheese, which he undertook to do on Midsummer Eve, when he dropped into the lake a large cheese and a loaf of bread. This he did repeatedly, when at last his hopes were fulfilled on New Year's Eve. This time he had gone to the lake clad in his best suit, and at midnight dropped seven white loaves and his biggest and finest cheese into the lake. The Lake Lady by and by came in her skiff where he was, and gracefully stepped ashore. The scene need not be further described: Mr. Sikes gives a picture of it, and the story then proceeds as in the other version.

## II. GEIRIONYDD.

On returning from South Wales to Carnarvonshire, last summer, I tried to discover similar legends in connection with the lakes of North Wales, beginning with Geirionydd, the waters of which form a stream emptying itself into the Conwy, near Trefriw, a little below Llanrwst. I only succeeded, however, in finding an old man of the name of Pierce Williams, about seventy years of age, who was very anxious to talk about "Bony's" wars, but not about lake ladies. I was obliged, in trying to make him understand what I wanted, to use the word *morforwyn*, that is to say in English, a mermaid; he then told me, that in his younger days, he had heard people say that somebody had seen such beings in the Trefriw river. But as my questions were leading ones, his evidence is not worth much; however, I feel pretty sure that one who knew the neighbourhood better, such for

instance as the bard Gwilym Cowlyd, would be able to find some fragments of interesting legends still existing in that weird district.

### III. LLANBERIS—LLYN DU'R ARDDU, ETC.

I was more successful at Llanberis, though what I found, at first, was not much; but it was genuine, and to the point. This is the substance of it:—An old woman, called Sian Dafydd, lived at Helfa Fawr, in the dingle called Cwm Brwynog, along the left side of which you ascend as you go to the top of Snowdon, from the village of lower Llanberis, or Coed y Ddol, as it is there called. She was a curious old person, who made nice distinctions between the respective virtues of the waters of that district; thus, no other would do for her to cure her of the *defaid gwyltton* or warts, she fancied she had in her mouth, than that of the spring of Tai Bach, near the lake called 'Llyn Ffynhon y Gwas,' though she seldom found it out, when she was deceived by a servant who cherished a convenient opinion of his own, that a drop from a nearer spring would do quite as well. Old Sian has been dead over thirty-five years, but I have it, on the testimony of two highly trustworthy brothers, who are of her family, and now between sixty and seventy years of age, that she used to relate to them how a shepherd, once on a time, saw a fairy maiden (*un o'r Tylwyth Teg*) on the surface of the tarn called 'Llyn Du'r Arddu,' and how, from bantering and playing, their acquaintance ripened into courtship, when the father and mother of the Lake Maiden appeared to give their sanction, and to arrange the marriage settlement. This was to the effect that he was never to strike her with iron, and that she was to bring her great wealth with her, consisting of stock of all kinds for his mountain farm. All duly took place, and they lived happily together, until one day, when trying to catch a pony, the

husband threw a bridle to his wife, and the iron in that struck her. It was then all over with him, and she hurried away with her property into the lake, so that nothing more was seen or heard of her. Here I may as well explain that the Llanberis side of the steep, near the top of Snowdon, is called 'Clogwyn du'r Arddu,' or the black cliff of the Arddu, at the bottom of which lies the tarn alluded to, or the black lake of the Arddu, and near it stands a huge boulder, called 'Maen du'r Arddu,' or the black stone of the Arddu, all of which names are curious, as involving the word *du*; black, although 'Arddu' itself seems to have nearly the same meaning, in allusion, probably, to the dark shadow cast by that terrible stretch of precipices. One of the brothers, I ought to have said, doubts that the lake here mentioned was the one in old Sian's tale; but he has forgotten which it was of the many in the neighbourhood. Both, however, remembered another short story about the Fairies, which they had heard another old woman relate, namely, Mary Domos Sion, who died some thirty years ago: it was merely to the effect that a shepherd had once lost his way in the mist on the mountain on the land of Caeau Gwynion, towards Cwellyn lake, and got into a ring where the *Tylwyth Teg* were dancing: it was only after a very hard struggle, that he was able, at length, to get away from them.

To this I may add the testimony of a lady, for whose veracity I can vouch, to the effect that, when she was a child in Cwm Brwynog, from thirty to forty years ago, she and her brothers and sisters used to be frequently warned by their mother not to go far away from the house when there happened to be thick mist on the ground, lest they should come across the *Tylwyth Teg* dancing, and be carried away by them into their abode beneath the lake; they were always, she says, supposed to live in the lakes; and the one here alluded to was Llyn Twythwch, which is one of those



famous for its *torgochiaid* or chars. The mother is still living, but she seems to have long since, like others, lost her belief in the Fairies.

After writing the above, I heard that a brother to the foregoing brothers, namely, Mr. Thomas Davies of Mur Mawr, Llanberis, remembered a similar tale. Mr. Davies is now sixty-four, and the persons he heard the tale from were the same Sian Dafydd of Helfa Fawr, and Mary Domos Sion of Ty'n Gadlas, Llanberis; they were about seventy years of age when he heard it from them, and this, he thinks, would now be about sixty years ago. At my request, a friend of mine, Mr. Hugh D. Jones of Ty'n Gadlas, who is also a member of this family, which is one of the oldest perhaps in the place, has taken down from Mr. Davies's mouth all he could remember, word for word, as follows—

“Yn perthyn i ffarm Bron y Fedw yr oedd dyn ifangc wedi cael ei fagu, nis gwyddent faint cyn eu hamser hwy. Arferai pan yn hogyn fynd i'r mynydd yn Cwm Drywenydd a Mynydd y Fedw ar ochr orllewinol y Wyddfa i fugeilio, a byddai yn taro ar hogan yn y mynydd; ac wrth fynychu gweled eu gilydd aethant yn ffrindiau mawr. Arferent gyfarfod eu gilydd mewn lle neillduol yn Cwm Drywenydd, lle yr oedd yr hogan a'r teulu yn byw, lle y byddai pob danteithion, chwareuyddiaethau a chanu dihafal; ond ni fyddai yr hogyn yn gwneyd i fyny a neb ohonynt ond yr hogan.

“Diwedd y ffrindiaeth fu carwriaeth, a phan soniodd yr hogyn am iddi briodi, ni wnai ond ar un ammod, sef y bywiai hi hefo fo hyd nes y tarawai ef hi a haiarn.

“Priodwyd hwy, a buont byw gyda'u gilydd am nifer o flynyddoedd, a bu iddynt blant; ac ar ddydd marchnad yn Caernarfon yr oedd y gŵr a'r wraig yn meddwl myned i'r farchnad ar gefn merlod, fel pob ffarmwr yr amser hwnw. Awd i'r mynydd i ddal merlyn bob un.

“Ar waelod Mynydd y Fedw mae llyn o ryw 60 neu gan

llath o hyd ac 20 neu 30 llath o led, ac y mae ar un ochr iddo le têtg, ffordd y byddai y ceffylau yn rhedeg.

“Daliodd y gŵr ferlyn a rhoes ef i'r wraig i'w ddal heb ffrwyn, tra byddai ef yn dal merlyn arall. Ar ol rhoi ffrwyn yn mhen ei ferlyn ei hun, taflodd un arall i'r wraig i roi yn mhen ei merlyn hithau, ac wrth ei thaflu tarawodd *bit* y ffrwyn hi yn ei llaw. Gollyngodd y wraig y merlyn, ac aeth ar ei phen i'r llyn, a dyna ddiwedd y briodas.”

“To the farm of Bron y Fedw there belonged a son, who grew up to be a young man, they knew not how long before their time. He was in the habit of going up the mountain to Cwm Drywenydd and Mynydd y Fedw, on the west side of Snowdon, to do the shepherding, and there he was wont to come across a lass on the mountain; so that by frequently meeting one another, they became great friends. They usually met at a particular spot in Cwm Drywenydd, where the girl and her family lived, and where there were all kinds of nice things to eat, of amusements and of incomparable music; but he did not cultivate the acquaintance of anybody there except the girl's. The friendship ended in courtship; but when the boy mentioned that she should be married to him, she would only do so on one condition, namely, that she should live with him until he should strike her with iron. They were wedded, and they lived together for a number of years, and had children. Once on a time it happened to be market day at Carnarvon, whither the husband and wife thought of going on their ponies, like all the farmers of the time. So they went to the mountain to catch a pony each. At the bottom of Mynydd y Fedw, there is a pool some sixty or one hundred yards long by twenty or thirty broad, and on the one side of it there is a level space along which the horses used to run. The husband caught a pony, and gave it to the wife to hold fast without a bridle, while he should catch another. When he had bridled his

own pony, he threw another bridle to his wife for her to secure hers; but as he threw it, the bit of the bridle struck her on one of her hands. The wife let go the pony, and went headlong into the pool, and that was the end of their wedded life."

The following is a later tale, which Mr. Davies heard from his mother, who died in 1832, and who would be now ninety years of age had she been still living.

"Pan oedd hi yn hogan yn yr Hafod, Llanberis, yr oedd hogan at ei hoed yn cael ei magu yn Cwmglas, Llanberis, a arferai ddweyd, pan yn hogan, a thra y bu byw, y byddai yn cael arian gan y Tylwyth Teg yn Cwm Cwmglas.

"Yr oedd yn dweyd y byddai ar foreuau niwliog, tywyll, yn myned i le penodol yn Cwm Cwmglas gyda *jugiad* o lefrith o'r fuches a thywel glan, ac yn ei roddi ar gareg; ac yn myned yno drachefn, ac yn cael y llestr yn wâg, gyda darn dau-swllt neu haner coron ac weithiau fwy wrth ei ochr."

"When she was a girl, living at Yr Hafod, Llanberis, there was a girl of her age being brought up at Cwmglas, in the same parish. The latter was in the habit of saying, when she was a girl, and so long as she lived, that she used to have money from the Tylwyth Teg, in the cwm of Cwmglas. Her account was, that on misty mornings she used to go to a particular spot in that cwm with a jug full of sweet milk from the milking place, and a clean towel, and then place them on a stone. She would return, and find the jug empty, with a piece of money placed by its side; that is, two shillings or half-a-crown, or at times even more."

A daughter of this woman lives now at a farm, Mr. Davies observes, called Plas Pennant, in the parish of Llanfihangel yn Mhennant, in Carnarvonshire; and he adds, that it was a tale of a kind that was common enough when he was a boy; but many laughed at it, though the old people believed

it to be a fact. To this I may as well append another tale, which was brought to the memory of an old man who happened to be present when Mr. Jones and Mr. Davies were busy with the foregoing. His name is John Roberts, and his age is seventy-five: his present home is at Capel Sion, in the neighbouring parish of Llanddeiniolen:—

“Yr oedd ef pan yn hogyn yn gweini yn Towyn Trewern, yn agos i Gaergybi, gyda hen wr o’r enw Owen Owens, yr hwn oedd yr adeg hono at ei oed ef yn bresennol.

“Yr oeddynt unwaith mewn hen adeilad ar y ffarm; a dywedodd yr hen wr ei fod ef wedi cael llawer o arian yn y lle hwnw pan yn hogyn, a buasai wedi cael ychwaneg oni bai ei dad.

“Yr oedd wedi cuddio yr arian yn y ty, ond daeth ei fam o hyd iddynt, a dywedodd yr hanes wrth ei dad. Ofnai ei fod yn fachgen drwg, mai eu lladratta yr oedd. Dywedai ei dâd y gwnai iddo ddweyd yn mha le yr oedd yn eu cael, neu y tynai ei groen tros ei ben; ac aeth allan a thorodd wialen bwrpasol at orchwyl o’r fath.

“Yr oedd y bachgen yn gwrando yr ymddiddan rhwng ei dad a’i fam, ac yr oedd yn benderfynol o gadw y peth yn ddirgelwch fel yr oedd wedi ei rybuddio gan y Tylwyth Teg.

“Aeth i’r tŷ, a dechrenodd y tâd ei holi, ac yntau yn gwrthod ateb; ymbiliai a’i dâd, a dywedai eu bod yn berffaith onest iddo ef, ac y cai ef ychwaneg os cadwai y peth yn ddirgelwch; ond os dywedai nad oedd dim ychwaneg i’w gael. Modd bynnag ni wrandawai y tâd ar ei esgusion na’i resymau, a’r wialen a orfu; dywedodd y bachgen mai gan y Tylwyth Teg yr oedd yn eu cael, a hynny ar yr ammod nad oedd i ddweyd wrth neb. Mawr oedd edifeirwch yr hen bobl am ‘ladd yr wydd oedd yn dodwy’.

“Aeth y bachgen i’r hen adeilad lawer gwaith ar ol hyn, ond ni chafodd byth ychwaneg o arian yno.”

“When a lad, he was servant at Towyn Trewern, near

Holyhead, to an old man about his own age at present. They were one day in an old building on the farm, and the old man told him, that he had had much money in that place when he was a lad, and that he would have had more had it not been for his father. He had hidden the money at home, when his mother found it and told his father of the affair: she feared he was a bad boy, and that it was by theft he got it. His father said that he would make him say where he got it, or else that he would strip him of the skin of his back, at the same time that he went out and cut a rod fit for effecting a purpose of the kind. The boy heard all this talk between his father and mother, and felt determined to keep the matter a secret, as he had been warned by the Tylwyth Teg. He went into the house, and his father began to question him, while he refused to answer. He supplicatingly protested that the money was honestly got, and that he should get more if he kept it a secret, but that, if he did not, there would be no more to be got. However, the father would give no ear to his excuses or his reasons, and the rod prevailed; so that the boy said that it was from the Tylwyth Teg he used to get it, and that on condition of his not telling anybody. Greatly did the old folks regret having killed the goose that laid the eggs. The boy went many a time afterwards to the old building, but he never had any more money there."

#### IV. BETTWS AND WAENFAWR VERSIONS.

Through the Rev. Daniel Lewis, incumbent of Bettws Garmon, I was directed to Mr. Samuel Rhys Williams, of the Post Office of that place, who has kindly given me the results of his inquiries when writing on the subject of the antiquities of the neighbourhood for a competition at a literary meeting held there a few years ago. He tells me that he got

the following short tale from a native of Drws y Coed, whose name is Margaret Williams. She has been living at Bettws Garmon for many years, and is now over eighty. He does not know whether the story is in print or not, but he is certain that Margaret Williams never saw it, if it be. He further thinks he has heard it from another person, a man over seventy-seven years of age, who has always lived at Drws y Coed, in the parish of Beddgelert:—

“Y mae hanes am fab i amaethwr a breswyliai yn yr Ystrad, Bettws Garmon, pan yn dychwelyd adref o daith ar awr hwyr un noswaith, ddarfod iddo weled cwmni o'r Tylwythion Teg ynghanol eu hafiaeth a'u gloddest. Syfrdanwyd y llanc yn y fan gan degwch anghymarol un o'r rhianod hyn, fel y beiddiodd neidio i ganol y cylch, a chymeryd ei eilun gydag ef. Wedi iddi fod yn trigo gydag ef yn ei gartref am ysbaid, cafodd ganddi addaw bod yn wraig iddo ar ammodau neillduol. Un o'r ammodau hyn ydoedd, na byddai iddo gyffwrdd ynddi ag un math o haiarn. Bu yn wraig iddo, a ganwyd iddynt ddau o blant. Un diwrnod, yr oedd y gwr yn y maes yn ceisio dal y ceffyl; wrth ei weled yn ffaelu, aeth y wraig atto i'w gynnorthwyo, a phan oedd y march yn carlamu heibio gollyngodd yntau y ffrwyn o'i law, er mwyn ceisio ei attal heibio; a phwy a darawodd ond ei wraig, yr hon a ddiflanodd yn y fan allan o'i olwg?”

“The story goes, that the son of a farmer, who lived at Ystrad, Bettws Garmon, when returning home from a journey, late in the evening, beheld a company of fairies in the middle of their mirth and jollity. The youth was at once bewildered by the incomparable beauty of one of these ladies, so that he ventured to leap into the circle and take his idol away with him. After she had tarried a while with him at his home, he prevailed on her to become his wife on special conditions. One of these conditions was that he should not touch her with iron of any description. She became his

wife, and two children were born to them. One day the husband was in the field trying to catch the horse; seeing him unsuccessful, the wife went to him to help him, and, when the horse was galloping past him, he let go the bridle at him in order to prevent him from passing; but whom should he strike but his wife, who vanished out of his sight on the spot."

Just in time a correspondent sends me a copy of the Ystrad tale as published by the late bard and antiquary, Glasynys, in the *Brython* for 1863, p. 193. I will not attempt to translate Glasynys' poetic prose with all its compound adjectives, but it comes to this in a few words. One fine sunny morning, as the young heir of Ystrad was busied with his sheep on the side of Moel Eilio, he met a very pretty girl, and when he got home he told the folks there of it. A few days afterwards he met her again, and this happened several times, when he mentioned it to his father, who advised him to seize her when he next met her. The next time he met her he proceeded to do so, but before he could take her away, a little fat old man came to them and begged him to give her back to him, to which the youth would not listen. The little man uttered terrible threats, but he would not yield, so an agreement was made between them, that he was to have her to wife until he touched her skin with iron, and great was the joy both of the son and his parents in consequence. They lived together for many years, but once on a time on the evening of the Bettws Fair, the wife's horse got restive, and somehow, as the husband was attending to the horse, the stirrup touched the skin of her bare leg, and that very night she was taken away from him. She had three or four children, and more than one of their descendants, as Glasynys maintains, were known to him at the time he wrote in 1863. Glasynys regards this as the same tale which is given by Williams of

Llandegai, to whom we shall refer later; and he says that he had heard it scores of times when he was a lad.

Lastly, I happened to mention these legends last summer among others to the Rev. Owen Davies, curate of Llanberis, a man who is well versed in Welsh literature, and thoroughly in sympathy with everything Welsh. Mr. Davies told me that he knew a tale of the sort from his youth, as current in the parishes of Llanllechid and Llandegai, near Bangor. Not long afterwards he visited his mother at his native place, in Llanllechid, in order to have his memory of it refreshed; and he also went to Waenfawr, on the other side of Carnarvon, where he had the same legend told him with different localities specified. The following is the Waenfawr version, of which I give the Welsh as I have had it from Mr. Davies, and as it was related, according to him, some forty years ago in the valley of Nant y Bettws, near Carnarvon.

“ Ar brydnawngwaith hyfryd yn Hefin, aeth llangc ieuange gwrol-ddewr ac anturiaethus, sef etifedd a pherchenog yr Ystrad, i lan afon Gwyrfaï, heb fod yn neppell o'i chychwyniad o lyn Cawellyn, ac a ymguddiodd yno mewn dyryslwyn, sef ger y fan y byddai poblach y cotiau cochion—*y Tylurth tég*, yn arfer dawnasio. Yr ydoedd yn noswaith hyfryd loerganog, heb un cwmwl i gau llygaid y Lloer, ac anian yn ddistaw dawedog, oddigerth murmuriad lleddf y Wyrfaï, a swm yr awel ysgafndroed yn rhodio brigau deiliog y coed. Ni bu yn ei ymguddfa ond dros ychydig amser, cyn cael difyru o honno ei olygon â dawns y teulu dedwydd. Wrth syllu ar gywreinrwydd y ddawns, y chwim droadau cyflym, yr ymgyniweiriad ysgafn-droediog, tarawodd ei lygaid ar lās lodes ieuange, dlysaf, harddaf, a'r lunieiddiaf a welodd er ei febyd. Yr oedd ei chwim droadau a lledneisrwydd ei hagweddion wedi tanio ei serch tu ag atti i'r fath raddau, fel ag yr oedd yn barod i unrhyw anturiaeth er mwyn ei hennill yn gydymaith



iddo ei hun. O'i ymguddfa dywyll, yr oedd yn gwylio pob ysgogiad er mwyn ei gyfleustra ei hun, fel y Benjaminiaid gynt. Mewn mynud, yn ddisymwth ddigon, rhwng pryder ac ofn, llamneidiodd fel llew gwrol i ganol cylch y Tylwyth teg, ac ymafaelodd â dwylaw cariad yn y fun luniaidd a daniodd ei serch, a hynny, pan oedd y Tylwyth dedwydd yn nghanol nwyfiant eu dawns. Cofleidiodd hi yn dyner garedig yn ei fynwes wresog, ac aeth a hi i'w gartref—i'r Ystrad. Ond diflanodd ei chyd-ddawnsyddion fel anadl Gorphenaf, er ei chroch ddolefau am gael ei rhyddhau, a'i hymegnion diflino i ddiange o afael yr hwn a'i hoffodd. Mewn anwylder mawr, ymddygodd y llangc yn dyner odiaethol tu ag at y fun dêg, ac yr oedd yn orawyddus i'w chadw yn ei olwg ac yn ei feddiant. Llwyddodd drwy ei dynerwch tu ag ati i gael ganddi addaw dyfod yn forwyn iddo yn yr Ystrad. A morwyn ragorol oedd hi. Godrai deirgwaith y swm arferol o laeth oddiar bob buwch, ac yr oedd yr ymenyn heb bwys arno. Ond er ei holl daerni, nis gallai mewn un modd gael ganddi ddyweud ei henw wrtho. Gwnaeth lawer cais, ond yn gwbl ofer. Yn ddamweiniol ryw dro, wrth yru

Brithen a'r Benwen i'r borfa,

a hi yn noswaith loergan, efe a aeth i'r man lle yr arferai y Tylwyth teg fyned drwy eu campau yng ngoleuni y Lloer wen. Y tro hwn etto, efe a ymguddiodd mewn dyryslwyn, a chlywodd y Tylwyth teg yn dywedyd y naill wrth y llall—'Pan oeddym ni yn y lle hwn y tro diweddaf, dygwyd ein chwaer Penelope oddiarnom gan un o'r marwolion'. Ar hynny, dychwelodd y llengcyn adref, a'i fynwes yn llawn o falchder cariad, o herwydd iddo gael gwybod enw ei hoff forwyn, yr hon a synodd yn aruthr, pan glywodd ei meistr ieuangc yn ei galw wrth ei henw. Ac am ei bod yn odiaethol dlos, a lluniaidd, yn fywiog-weithgar, a medrus ar bob gwaith, a bod poppeth yn llwyddo dan ei llaw, cynnygiodd ei hun iddi yn wr—y celai fod yn feistres yr Ystrad, yn lle bod

yn forwyn. Ond ni chydsyniai hi a'i gais ar un cyfrif; ond bod braidd yn bendrist oherwydd iddo wybod ei henw. Fodd bynnag, gwedi maith amser, a thrwy ei daerineb diflino, cydsyniodd, ond yn ammodol. Addawodd ddyfod yn wraig iddo, ar yr ammod canlynol, sef, 'Pa bryd bynnag y tarawai ef hi â haiarn, yr elai ymaith oddi wrtho, ac na ddychwelai byth atto mwy'. Sicrhawyd yr ammod o'i du yntau gyd a pharod-rwydd cariad. Buont yn cyd-fyw a'u gilydd yn hapus a chysurus, lawer o flynyddoedd, a ganwyd iddynt fab a merch, y rhai oeddynt dlysaf a lluneiddiaf yn yr holl froydd. Ac yn rhinwedd ei medrusrwyd a'i deheurwydd fel gwraig gall, rinweddol, aethant yn gyfoethog iawn—yn gyfoethocach na neb yn yr holl wlad. Heblaw ei etifeddiaeth ei hun—Yr Ystrad, yr oedd yn ffarmio holl ogledd-barth Nant y Bettws, ac oddi yno i ben yr Wyddfa, ynghyd a holl Gwmbwynog, yn mhlwyf Llanberis. Ond, ryw ddiwrnod, yn anffortunus ddigon aeth y ddau i'r ddôl i ddal y ceffyl, a chan fod y ceffyl yn braidd yn wyllt ac annof, yn rhedeg oddi arnynt, taflodd y gwr y ffrwyn mewn gwylltineb yn ei erbyn, er ei attal, ac ar bwy y disgynodd y ffrwyn, ond ar Penelope, y wraig! Diflanodd Penelope yn y fan, ac ni welodd byth mo honi. Ond ryw noswaith, a'r gwynt yn chwythu yn oer o'r gogledd, daeth Penelope at ffenestr ei ystafell-wely, a dywedodd wrtho am gymmeryd gofal o'r plant yn y geiriau hyn:

' Rhag bod anwyd ar fy mab,  
Yn rhodd rhowch arno gôb ei dad;  
Rhag bod anwyd ar liw 'r can,  
Rhoddwch arni bais ei mham.'

Ac yna ciliodd, ac ni chlywwyd na siw na miw byth yn ei chylch."

For the sake of those readers of the *Cymmrodor* who do not happen to know Welsh, I add a summary of it in English.

One fine evening in the month of June a brave, adven-

turous youth, the heir of Ystrad, went to the banks of the Gwyrfai, not far from where it leaves Cwellyn Lake, and hid himself in the bushes near the spot where the folks of the Red Coats, or the Fairies, were wont to dance. The moon shone forth brightly without a cloud to intercept her light; all was quiet save that the Gwyrfai gently murmured on its bed, and it was not long before the young man had the satisfaction of seeing the Fair Family dancing in full swing. As he gazed on the subtle course of the dance, his eyes rested on a damsel, the most shapely and beautiful he had seen from his boyhood. Her agile movements and the charm of her looks inflamed him with love for her to such a degree that he felt ready for any encounter in order to secure her to be his own. From his hiding-place he watched every move for his opportunity; at last, with feelings of anxiety and dread, he leaped suddenly into the middle of the circle of the Fairies. There, while their enjoyment of the dance was at its height, he seized her in his arms and carried her away to his home at Ystrad. But, as she screamed for help to free her from the grasp of him who had fallen in love with her, the dancing party disappeared like a breath in July. He treated her with the utmost kindness, and was ever anxious to keep her within his sight and in his possession. By dint of tenderness he succeeded so far as to get her to consent to be his servant at Ystrad. And such a servant she turned out to be! Why, she was wont to milk the cows thrice a day, and to have the usual quantity of milk each time, so that the butter was so plentiful that nobody thought of weighing it. As to her name, in spite of all his endeavours to ascertain it, she would never tell it him. Accidentally, however, one moonlight night, when driving two of his cows to the spot where they should graze, he came to the place where the fairies were wont to enjoy their games in the light of the moon. This time also he hid himself in a thicket, when he overheard

one fairy saying to another, "When we were last here our sister Penelope was stolen from us by a man." As soon as he heard that, off he went home, full of joy because he had discovered the name of the maid that was so dear to him. She, on the other hand, was greatly astonished to hear him call her by her own name. As she was so charmingly pretty, so industrious, so skilled in every work, and so attended by luck in everything she put her hand to, he offered to make her his wife instead of being his servant. At first she would in no wise consent, but rather give way to grief at his having found her name out. However his importunity at length brought her to consent, but on the condition that he should not strike her with iron; if that should happen, she would quit him never to come again. The agreement was made on his side with the readiness of love, and after this they lived in happiness and comfort together for many years, and there were born to them a son and a daughter, who were the handsomest children in the whole country. Owing, also, to the skill and good qualities of the woman, as a shrewd and virtuous wife, they became very rich—richer, indeed, than anybody else in the country around; for, besides the husband's own inheritance of Ystrad, he held all the northern part of Nant y Bettws, and all from there to the top of Snowdon, together with Cwm Brwynog, in the parish of Llanberis. But one day, as bad luck would have it, they went out together to catch a horse in the field, and, as the animal was somewhat wild and untamed, they had no easy work before them. In his rashness the man threw a bridle at him as he was rushing past him, but, alas! on whom should the bridle fall but on the wife! No sooner had this happened than she disappeared, and nothing more was ever seen of her. But one cold night, when there was a chilling wind blowing from the north, she came near the window of his bedroom, and told him in these words to take care of the children:—

“Lest my son should find it cold,  
Place on him his father's coat;  
Lest the fair one find it cold,  
Place on her my petticoat.”

Then she withdrew, and nothing more was heard of her.

In reply to some queries of mine, Mr. O. Davies tells me that Penelope was pronounced in three syllables *Pènelôp*—so he heard it from his grandfather: he goes on to say that the offspring of the Lake Lady is supposed to be represented by a family called *Pellings*, which was once a highly respected name in those parts, and that there was a Lady Bulkeley who was of this descent, not to mention that several people of a lower rank, both in Anglesey and Arvon, claimed to be of the same origin. I am not very clear as to how the name got into this tale, nor have I been able to learn anything about the *Pellings*; but, as the word appears to have been regarded as a corrupt derivative from Penelope, that is, perhaps, all the connection, so that it may be that it has really nothing whatever to do with the legend. This is a point, however, which the antiquaries of North Wales ought to be able to clear up satisfactorily.

Mr. O. Davies<sup>1</sup> has kindly called my attention to a volume

<sup>1</sup> To meet the Editor's rule I have applied to Mr. Davies for a little of the history of the legend in his family; he is a native of Llanllechid, where he was brought up, and writes to the following effect:—I am now (June 1881) over fifty-two years of age, and I can assure you that I have heard the legend forty years ago. I do not remember my father, as he died when I was young, but my grandfather was remarkable for his delight in tales and legends, and it was his favourite pastime during the winter nights, after getting his short black pipe ready, to relate stories about struggles with robbers, about bogies, and above all about the *Tylwyth Teg*; for they were his chief delight. He has been dead twenty-six years, and he had reached within a little of eighty years of age. His father before him, who was born about the year 1740, was also famous for his stories, and my grandfather often mentioned him as his authority in the course of his narration of the tales. Both he and

entitled *Observations on the Snowdon Mountains*, by Mr. William Williams of Llandegai, published in London in 1802, where this tale is given somewhat less fully than by Mr. Davies's informant. There the author makes the following remarks with regard to it (pp. 37, 40):—"A race of people inhabiting the districts about the foot of Snowdon, were formerly distinguished and known by the nick-name of *Pellings*, which is not yet extinct. There are several persons and even families who are reputed to be descended from these people. . . . These children [Penelope's] and their descendants, they say, were called *Pellings*, a word corrupted from their mother's name, Penelope. The late Thomas Rowlands, Esq., of Caerau, in Anglesey, the father of the late Lady Bulkeley, was a descendant of this lady, if it be true that the name *Pellings* came from her; and there are still living several opulent and respectable people who are known to have sprung from the *Pellings*. The best blood in my own veins is this fairy's."

Lastly, it will be noticed that this version does not distinctly suggest that the Lake Lady ran into the lake, that is into Cwellyn, but rather that she disappeared in the same way as the dancing party by simply becoming invisible like one's breath in July. The Fairies are called in Welsh, *Y Tylwyth Teg*, or the Fair Family; but the people of Arvon have been so familiarised with the particular one I have termed the Lake Lady, that, according to one of my informants, they have made the term *Y Dylwythes Deg* or even *Y Dylwythen Deg* to denote her; but it is unknown to the others, so that the extent of its use is still not very considerable.

the rest of the family used to look at Corwrion as a sacred spot. When I was a lad and happened to be reluctant to leave off playing at dusk, my mother or grandfather had only to say that "the *Pellings* were coming", in order to induce me to come into the house at once: indeed, this announcement had the same effect on persons of a much riper age than mine then was.

This is, perhaps, the place to give another tale, according to which the man goes to the Lake Maiden's country instead of her settling with him at his home. I owe it to the kindness of Mr. William Jones of Regent Place, Llangollen, who is a native of Beddgelert. He heard it from an old man before he left Beddgelert, but when he sent a friend to inquire some time afterwards, he was gone to his long home. The details of the tale are, for that reason, imperfect, Mr. Jones says, as the incidents have faded from his memory; but such as he can still remember the tale, it is here given in his own words:—

“Ryw noson lawn lloer ac un o feibion Llwyn On yn Nant y Bettws yn myned i garu i Glogwyn y Gwin, efe a welodd y Tylwyth yn ymloddestu a dawnio ei hochr hi ar weirgloddwrth lan Llyn Cawellyn. Efe a nesaodd tuag attynt; ac o dipyn i beth fe'i llithiwyd gan bereiddra swynol eu canu a hoender a bywiogrwyd eu chwareu, nes myned o hono tu fewn i'r cylch; ac yn fuan fe ddaeth rhyw hud drosto, fel y collodd adnabyddiaeth o bobman; a chafodd ei hun mewn gwlad harddaf a welodd erioed, lle yr oedd pawb yn treulio eu hamser mewn afiaeth a gorfoledd. Yr oedd wedi bod yno am saith mlynedd, ac etto nid oedd ddim ond megys breuddwyd nos; ond daeth adgof i'w feddwl am ei neges, a hiraeth ynddo am weled ei anwylyd. Felly efe a ofynodd ganiatad i ddychwelyd adref, yr hyn a roddwyd ynghyd a llu o gymdeithion i'w arwain tua'i wlad; ac yn ddisymwth cafodd ei hun fel yn deffro o freuddwyd ar y ddol, lle gwelodd y Tylwyth Teg yn chwareu. Trodd ei wyneb tuag adref; ond wedi myned yno yr oedd poppeth wedi newid, ei rieni wedi meirw, ei frodyr yn ffaelu ei adnabod, a'i gariad wedi priodi un arall.—Ar ol y fath gyfnewidiadau efe a dorodd ei galon, ac a fu farw mewn llai nag wythnos ar ol ei ddychweliad.”

“One bright moonlight night, as one of the sons of the farmer who lived at Llwyn On in Nant y Bettws was going

to pay his addresses to a girl at Clogwyn y Gwin, he beheld the Tylwyth enjoying themselves in full swing on a meadow close to Cwellyn Lake. He approached them, and little by little he was led on by the enchanting sweetness of their music and the liveliness of their playing until he had got within their circle. Soon some kind of spell passed over him, so that he lost his knowledge of every place, and found himself in a country, the most beautiful he had ever seen, where everybody spent his time in mirth and rejoicing. He had been there seven years, and yet it seemed to him but a night's dream; but a faint recollection came to his mind of the business on which he had left home, and he felt a longing to see his beloved one. So he went and asked for permission to return home, which was granted him, together with a host of attendants to lead him to his country; and, suddenly, he found himself, as if waking from a dream, on the bank where he had seen the Fair Family amusing themselves. He turned towards home, but there he found everything changed: his parents were dead, his brothers could not recognise him, and his sweetheart was married to another man. In consequence of such changes, he broke his heart, and died in less than a week after coming back."

#### V. THE LLANLLECHID AND LLANDEGAI VERSIONS—

##### CORWRION LAKE.

The Rev. O. Davies regarded the Llanllechid legend as so very like the one he got about Cwellyn Lake at Waenfawr, that he has not written the former out at length, but merely pointed out the following differences: 1. Instead of Cwellyn, the lake in the former is that of Corwrion, in the parish of Llandegai, near Bangor. 2. What the Lake Lady was struck with was not a bridle but an iron fetter: the word used is *llyfether*, which probably means a fetter connecting a fore-



foot and a hind-foot of a horse together. In Arvon, the word is applied also to a cord tying the two fore-feet together, but in Cardiganshire this would be called a *hual*, the other word, there pronounced *llowethir*, being confined to the long fetter. In books, the word is written *llywethair*, *llefethair*, *llyffethair*, *llyffethar*, and it is possibly so pronounced in parts of North Wales, though I cannot recall it. This is an interesting word, as it is no other than the English term "long fetter", borrowed into Welsh; as in fact, it was also into Irish early enough to call for an article on it in Cormac's Irish Glossary, where *langfiter* is described as an English word for a fetter between the fore and the hind-legs. 3. The field in which they were trying to catch the horse is, in the Llanllechid version, specified as that called Maes Madog, at the foot of the Llefn. 4. When she, after that, ran away, it was headlong into the lake of Corwrion, calling after her all her milch cows, which followed her with the utmost readiness. 5. Before going on to mention bits of information I have received from others about the Llanllechid legend, I think it best here to finish with that sent me by Mr. O. Davies, whom I cannot too cordially thank for his readiness to answer my questions. Among other things, he expresses himself to the following effect:—"It is to this day a tradition, and I have heard it a hundred times, that the dairy of Corwrion excelled all other dairies in those parts, that the milk was better and more plentiful, and that the cheese and butter were better there than in all the country around, the reason assigned being that the cattle on the farm of Corwrion had mixed with the breed belonging to the Fairy, who had run away after being struck with the iron fetter. However that may be, I remember perfectly well the high terms of praise in which the cows of Corwrion used to be spoken of as being remarkable for their milk and the profit they yielded; and, when I was a boy, I used to hear people talk of *Tarw Penwyn Corwrion* or

‘ the white-headed bull of Corwrion’, as derived from the breed of cattle which had formed the Fairy Maiden’s dowry.”

My next informant is Mr. Hugh Derfel Hughes,<sup>1</sup> of Pendas, Llandegai, who has been kind enough to give me the version, of which I here give the substance in English, premising that Mr. Hughes says that he has lived about thirty-four years within a mile of the pool and farmhouse called Corwrion, and that he has refreshed his memory of the legend by questioning separately no less than three old people, who had been bred and born at or near that spot. He is a native of Merioneth, but has lived at Llandegai for the last thirty-seven years, his age now being sixty-six :—

“ In old times, when the fairies showed themselves much oftener to men than they do now, they made their home in the bottomless pool of Corwrion, in Upper Arllechwedd, in that wild portion of Gwynedd called Arvon. On fine mornings in the month of June these diminutive and nimble folk might be seen in a regular line vigorously engaged in mowing hay, with their cattle in herds busily grazing in the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hughes is a local antiquary of great industry and zeal. In the year 1866 he published a book on the antiquities of the district, under the title of *Hynafiaethau Llandegai a Llanllechid*; but it is out of print, and I have never seen a copy. I may add that at present he is engaged on a key to a larger work, which he has spent some ten years in compiling, on Welsh names, under the title of *Casgliad o Enwau Cymreig*, which is to be published as soon as the Welsh public has given the author sufficient encouragement to undertake the expense of printing. I have not seen the manuscript, but, according to what the author tells me, it would be of great value and interest to the Welsh reading public. Mr. Hughes has supplied me with such a quantity of notes relative to Corwrion and the neighbourhood, that I can only publish extracts from them, remarking as to the legend, that he, being a Christian, does not wish to be supposed, as he kindly hints, to harbour any liking for such vanities, and I most willingly bear him testimony that it is only the belief that possibly I may be able to draw some edification from it, that he has written to me so fully about it. I cannot adequately express my obligations to him for the disinterested manner in which he has given me his help.

fields near Corwrion. This was a sight which often met the eyes of the people on the sides of the hills around, even on Sundays; but when they hurried down to them they found the fields empty, with the sham workmen and their cows gone, all gone. At other times they might be heard hammering away like miners, shovelling rubbish aside, or emptying their carts of stones. At times they took to singing all the night long, greatly to the delight of the people about, who dearly loved to hear them; and, besides singing so charmingly, they sometimes formed into companies for dancing, and their movements were marvellously graceful and attractive. But it was not safe to go too near the lake late at night, for once a brave girl, who was troubled with toothache, got up at midnight and went to the brink of the water in search of the root of a plant that grows there full of the power to kill all pain in the teeth. But, as she was plucking up a bit of it, there burst on her ear, from the depths of the lake, such a shriek as drove her back into the house, breathless with fear and trembling; but whether this was not the doing of a stray fairy, who had been frightened out of her wits at being suddenly overtaken by a damsel in her night-dress, or the ordinary fairy way of curing the toothache, tradition does not tell. For sometimes, at any rate, the fairies busied themselves in doing good to the men and women who were their neighbours, as when they tried to teach them to keep all promises and covenants to which they pledged themselves. A certain man and his wife, to whom they wished to teach this good habit have never been forgotten. The husband had been behaving as he ought, until one day, as he held the plough, with the wife guiding his team, he broke his covenant towards her by treating her harshly and unkindly. No sooner had he done so, than he was snatched through the air and plunged in the lake. When the wife went to the brink of the water to ask for him back, the

reply she had was, that he was there, and that there he should be.

“The fairies when engaged in dancing allowed themselves to be gazed at, a sight which was wont greatly to attract the young men of the neighbourhood, and once on a time the son and heir of the owner of Corwrion fell deeply in love with one of the graceful maidens who danced in the fairy ring, for she was wondrously beautiful and pretty beyond compare. His passion for her ere long resulted in courtship, and soon in their being married, which took place on the distinct understanding, that firstly the husband was not to know her name, though he might give her any name he chose; and, secondly, that he might now and then beat her with a rod, if she chanced to misbehave towards him; but he was not to strike her with iron on pain of her leaving him at once. This covenant was kept for some years, so that they lived happily together and had four children, of whom the two youngest were a boy and a girl. But one day as they went to one of the fields of Bryn Twrw in the direction of Penardd Gron, to catch a pony, the fairy wife being so much nimbler than her husband, ran before him and had her hand in the pony's mane in no time. She called out to her husband to throw her a halter, but instead of that he threw towards her a bridle with an iron bit, which, as bad luck would have it, struck her. The wife at once flew through the air, and plunged headlong into Corwrion Lake. The husband returned sighing and weeping towards Bryn Twrw (Noise Hill), and when he had reached it, the *twrw* (noise) there was greater than had ever been heard before, namely that of weeping after “Belene”; and it was then, after he had struck her with iron, that he first learnt what his wife's name was. Belene never came back to her husband, but the feelings of a mother once brought her to the window of his bedroom, where she gave him the following order:—

“ Os bydd anwyd ar fy mab,  
 Rho'wch am dano gob ei dad ;  
 Os anwydog a fydd can,<sup>1</sup>  
 Rho'wch am dani bais ei mam.”

“ If my son should feel it cold,  
 Let him wear his father's coat ;  
 If the fair one feel the cold,  
 Let her wear my petticoat.”

“ As years and years rolled on a grandson of Belene's fell in love with a beautiful damsel who lived at a neighbouring farm-house called Tai Teulwriaid, and against the will of his father and mother they married, but they had nothing to stock their land with. So one morning what was their astonishment, when they got up, to see grazing quietly in the field six black cows and a white-headed bull, which had come up out of the lake as stock for them from old grannie Belene? They served them well with milk and butter for many a long year, but on the day the last of the family died, the six black cows and the white-headed bull disappeared into the lake, never more to be seen.”

Mr. Hughes refers to no less than three other versions, as follows. (1) According to one account, the husband was ploughing, with the wife leading the team, when he accidentally came across her and the accident with the iron happened. The wife then flew away like a wood hen (*iar goed*) into the lake. (2) Another says that it was in a stable they were trying to bridle one of the horses when the misfortune took place through inadvertence. (3) A third specifies the field in front of the house at Corwrion as the place where the final accident took place, when they were busied with the cows and horses.

To these I would add the following traditions, which Mr. Hughes further gives. Sometimes the inhabitants, who seem

<sup>1</sup> For *can* they now usually put *Ann*, and Mr. Hughes remembers hearing it so many years ago.

to have been on the whole on good terms with the fairies, used to warm water and leave it in a vessel on the hearth over night for the fairies to wash their children with it. This they considered such a kindness that they always left behind them on the hearth a handful of their money. Some pieces are said to have been sometimes found in the fields near Corwrion, and that they consisted of coins which were smaller than our halfpennies, but bigger than farthings, and had a harp on one side. But the tradition is not very definite on these points. Here also I may as well refer to a similar tale which I got last year at Llanberis from a man who is a native of the Llanllechid side of the mountain, though he now lives at Llanberis. He is about fifty-five years of age, and remembers hearing in his youth a tale connected with a house called Hafoty'r Famaeth, in a very lonely situation on Llanllechid Mountain, and now represented by some old ruined walls only; it was to the effect that one night when the man who lived there was away from home, his wife, who had a youngish baby, washed him on the hearth, left the water there, and went to bed with her little one; she woke up in the night to find that the *Tylwyth Teg* were in possession of the hearth, and busily engaged in washing their children. That is all I got of this tale of a well-known type.

To return to Mr. Hughes' communications, I would select from them some remarks on the topography of the teeming home of the Fairies. He estimates the lake or pool of Corwrion to be about 120 yards long, and adds that it is nearly round; but he thinks it was formerly considerably larger, as a cutting was made some eighty or a hundred years ago to lead water from it to Penrhyn Castle; but even then its size would not approach that ascribed to it by popular belief, according to which it was no less than three miles long. In fact there was once a town of Corwrion which was swallowed up by the lake, a sort of idea which one meets with in many parts

of Wales, and some of the natives are said to be able to discern the houses under the water. This must have been near the end which is not bottomless, the latter being indicated by a spot which is said never to freeze even in hard winters. Old men remember it the resort of herons, cormorants, and the water-hen (*hobi wen*); near the banks there grew, besides the water lily, various kinds of rushes and sedges, which were formerly much used for making mats and other useful articles. It was also once famous for eels of a large size, but it is not supposed to have contained fish until Lord Penrhyn placed some there in recent years; it teemed, however, with leeches of three different kinds so recently that an old man still living describes to Mr. Hughes his simple way of catching them when he was a boy, namely, by walking bare-legged in the water; in a few minutes he landed with nine or ten leeches sticking to his legs, some of which fetched a shilling each from the medical men of those days. Corwrion is now a farm-house occupied by Mr. William Griffiths, a grandson of the late bard Gutyn Peris. When Mr. Hughes called to make enquiries about the legend, he found there the foundations of several old buildings, and several pieces of old querns about the place. He thinks that there belonged to Corwrion in former times, a mill and a fuller's house, which he seems to infer from the names of two neighbouring houses called 'Y Felin Hen' and 'Pandy Tregarth' respectively; and he mentions a *gefail* or smithy there, in which one Rhys ap Robert used to work, not to mention that a great quantity of ashes, such as come from a smithy, are found at the end of the lake furthest from the house of Corwrion. The spot, on which Corwrion stands, is part of the ground between the Ogwen and another stream which bears the name of 'Afon Cegin Arthur' or the river of Arthur's kitchen, and most of the houses and fields about have names which have suggested various things to the people there: such are the farms called

‘Coed Howel’, whence the belief in the neighbourhood that Howel the Good, King of Wales, lived here. About him Mr. Hughes has a great deal to say; among other things, that he had boats on Corwrion lake, and that he was wont to present the citizens of Bangor yearly with 300 fat geese reared on the waters of the same. I am referred by another gentleman to a lecture delivered in the neighbourhood on these and similar things by the late bard and antiquary the Rev. Robert Ellis, Cynddelw, but I have not yet been able to find it in print. A field near Corwrion is called ‘Cae Stabl’, or the Field of the Stable, which contains the remains of a row of stables, as it is supposed, and of a number of mangers where Howel’s horses once were fed. In a neighbouring wood, called ‘Parc y Gelli’ or ‘Hopiar y Gelli’, my informant goes on to say, there are to be seen the foundations of seventeen or eighteen old hut-circles, and near them some think they see the site of an old church. About a mile to the south-east of Corwrion is Pendinas, which he describes as an old triangular Welsh fortress on the bank of the Ogwen; and within two stone’s-throws or so of Corwrion on the south side of it, and a little to the west of Bryn Twrw mentioned in the legend, is situated Penardd Gron, a caer or fort, which he describes as being, before it was erased in his time, 42 yards long by 32 wide, and defended by a sort of rampart of earth and stone several yards wide at the base. It used to be the resort of the country people for dancing, cock-fighting, and other amusements on Sundays. Near it was a cairn, which, when it was dug into, was found to cover a kistvaen, a pot, and a quern: a variety of tales attach to this caer about ghosts, caves, and hidden treasures of money. Altogether Mr. Hughes is strongly of opinion that Corwrion and its immediate surroundings represent a spot which had great importance at one time; and I see no reason to doubt the correctness of that conclusion, but it would be interesting to know whether Penrhyn



used, as Mr. Hughes suggests, to be called Penrhyn Corwrion; there ought, perhaps, to be no great difficulty in ascertaining this, as a good deal of the estate appears to have been the subject of sharp litigation in times gone by.

Possibly, the so-called *Cyfraith Corwrion* may turn out to have some bearing on the question of the importance of Corwrion in old times. Under this heading Mr. Hughes writes to the following effect:—"There was formerly a law called *Cyfraith Corwrion*, together with lawyers called *Cyfreithwyr Corwrion*, and the old people sometimes chose to settle their quarrels according to *Cyfraith Corwrion*. Here is an instance of it. About 150 years ago there was such a flood in the Ogwen, that it carried away a valuable tree from the land of Grâs ych Huw of Cilgeraint, and left it on the land of Madam Puw of Coetnor. The servants of the latter were eager to take possession of it, but Madam Puw would have nothing to do with it until Grâs had been sent for from Cilgeraint to see it. Down came Grâs on her horse, and rather than go to law about the tree, they agreed that Grâs was to have the trunk and Madam Puw the branches. So they parted in peace, when Grâs went home, and died not long afterwards, in the process of making oatmeal cakes, at the age of 103, as testified by an inscription to be seen in Llandegai Church until it was restored." I am by no means clear as to why the above is called *Cyfraith Corwrion*, and whether the term may not have some other signification. The word *cyfraith* may mean either a law or a lawsuit, and I learn from my informant that the latter is the one attributed to it in this instance by the old people about him. I have recorded it simply in hopes that if the term has any historical significance, light may be thrown on it by somebody more skilled in Welsh law than I am.

Before leaving Mr. Hughes's notes, I must here give his too brief account of another thing connected with Corwrion,

though, perhaps, not with the legends here in question. I allude to what he calls the Lantern Ghost (*Ysbryd y Lantar*). "There used to be formerly," he says, "and there is still at Corwrion, a good sized, sour apple-tree, which during the winter half of the year used to be lit up by fire. It began slowly and grew greater and greater until the whole seemed to be in a blaze. He was told by an old woman that she formerly knew old people who declared they had seen it. In the same way the trees in Hopiar y Gelli appeared, according to them, to be also lit up with fire." This reminds me of Mr. Fitzgerald's account of the Irish Bile-Tineadh in the *Revue Celtique* (vol. iv, p. 193).

After communicating to me the notes of which the foregoing are abstracts, Mr. Hughes kindly got me a version of the legend from Mr. David Thomas of Pontywern, in the same neighbourhood, but as it contains nothing which I have not already given from Mr. Hughes's own, I pass it by. Mr. Thomas, however, has heard that the number of the houses making up the town of Corwrion some six or seven centuries ago was about seventy-five; but they were exactly seventy-three according to my next informant, Mr. David Evan Davies of Treflys, Bethesda. Both these gentlemen have also heard the tradition that there was a church at Corwrion, where there used to be every Sunday a single service, after which the people went to a spot not far off to amuse themselves, and at night to watch the Fairies dancing, or to mix with them while they danced in a ring around a glow-worm. According to Mr. D. E. Davies, the spot was called 'Pen y Bongc', which means that they chose the top of a rising ground. This is referred to in a modern rhyme, which runs thus—

"A'r Tylwyth Teg yn dawnio 'n siongc  
O gylch magien Pen y Bongc."

"With nimble Fairies dancing round  
The glow-worm on the rising ground."

Mr. D. E. Davies has kindly gone to the trouble of giving me a brief, but complete, version of the legend as he has heard it. This is the substance of it in English :—" At one of the dances at Pen y Bongc, the heir of Corwrion's eyes fell on one of the damsels of the Fair Family, and he was filled with love for her. Courtship and marriage in due time ensued, but he had to agree to two conditions, namely, that he was neither to know her name nor to strike her with iron. By and by they had children, and when the husband happened to go, during his wife's confinement, to a merry-making at Pen y Bongc, the Fairies talked together of his wife, and in expressing their feelings of sympathy for her, they inadvertently betrayed the mystery of her name by mentioning it within his hearing. Years went by, when they one day went out together to catch a colt of theirs that had not been broken in, with the view of going to Conwy Fair. Now, as she was swifter of foot than her husband, she got hold of the colt by the mane, and called out to him to throw her a halter, but instead of throwing her the one she asked for, he threw another with iron in it, which struck her. Off she went into the lake. A grandson of this fairy many years afterwards married one of the girls of Corwrion. They had a large piece of land, but no means of stocking it, so that they felt rather distressed in their minds. But lo and behold ! one day a white-headed bull came out of the lake, bringing with him six black cows to their land. There never were the like of those cows for milk, and great was the prosperity of their owners, as well as the envy it kindled in their neighbours' breasts. But when they both grew old and died, the bull and the cows went back into the lake."

Now I add the other sayings about the *Tylwyth Teg*, which Mr. D. E. Davies has kindly collected for me, beginning with a common story about changelings :—

" Once on a time, in the fourteenth century, the wife of a

man at Corwrion had twins, and she complained one day to the witch, who lived close by, at Tyddyn y Barcut, that the children were not getting on, but that they were always crying day and night. 'Are you sure that they are your children?' asked the witch, adding that it did not seem to her that they were like hers. 'I have my doubts also,' said the mother. 'I wonder if somebody has changed children with you,' said the witch. 'I do not know,' said the mother. 'But why do you not seek to know?' asked the other. 'But how am I to go about it?' said the mother. The witch replied, 'Go and do something rather strange before their eyes and watch what they will say to one another.' 'Well, I do not know what I should do,' said the mother. 'Oh,' said the other, 'take an egg-shell, and proceed to brew beer in it in a chamber aside, and come here to tell me what the children will say about it.' She went home and did as the witch had directed her, when the two children lifted their heads out of the cradle to see what she was doing, to watch, and to listen. Then one observed to the other, 'I remember seeing an oak having an acorn,' to which the other replied, 'And I remember seeing a hen having an egg;' and one of the two added, 'But I do not remember before seeing anybody brew beer into the shell of a hen's egg.' The mother then went to the witch and told her what the twins had said one to the other; and she directed her to go to a small wooden bridge, not far off, with one of the strange children under each arm, and there to drop them from the bridge into the river beneath. The mother went back home again and did as she had been directed. When she reached home this time, to her astonishment she found that her own children had been brought back."

Next comes a story about a midwife who lived at Corwrion. "One of the fairies came to ask her to come and attend on his wife. Off she went with him, and she was astonished to be taken into a splendid palace. There she con-

tinued to go night and morning to dress the baby for some time, until one day the husband asked her to rub her eyes with a certain ointment he offered her. She did so, and found herself sitting on a tuft of rushes, and not in a palace. There was no baby and all had disappeared. Some time afterwards she happened to go to the town, and whom should she there see busily buying various wares, but the fairy on whose wife she had been attending. She addressed him with the question, 'How are you, to-day?' Instead of answering her, he asked, 'How do you see me?' 'With my eyes,' was the prompt reply. 'Which eye?' he asked. 'This one,' said the woman, pointing to it; and instantly he disappeared, never more to be seen by her." This tale is incomplete, but it can be made up from another version I have seen in print somewhere, though I cannot now lay my hand on it. It was possibly in Mr. Sikes' book.

"One day Guto, the farmer of Corwrion, complained to his wife that he was in need of men to mow his hay, and she answered, 'Why fret about it? look yonder! There you have a field full of them at it, and stripped to their shirt sleeves (*yn llewys eu crysau*). When he went to the spot the sham workmen of the Fairy Family had disappeared. This same Guto, or somebody else, happened, another time, to be ploughing, when he heard some person he could not see calling out to him, 'I have got the *bins* (that is the *vice*) of my plough broken.' 'Bring it to me,' said the driver of Guto's team, 'that I may mend it.' When they brought the furrow to its end, there they found the broken vice, with a barrel of beer placed near it. One of the men sat down and mended it. Then they made another furrow, and when they returned to the spot they found there a two-eared dish, filled to the brim with *bara a chworw*, or bread and beer." The *vice*, I may observe, is an English term, which is applied in Carnarvonshire to a certain part of the plough; it is otherwise called *bins*,

but neither does that seem to be a Welsh word, nor have I heard either used in South Wales.

At times the wife of one of the Fairies was in the habit of coming out of the lake of Corwrion with her spinning-wheel (*troell bach*) on fine summer days, and betaking herself to spinning. While at that work she might be heard constantly singing or humming, in a sort of round tune, the words *sili ffrit*. So that "*Sili ffrit Leisa Bèla*" may now be heard from the mouths of the children in that neighbourhood. But I have not been successful in finding out what Liza Bella's "silly frit" exactly means, though I am, on the whole, inclined to think the words are other than of Welsh origin: the last of them, *ffrit*, is usually applied in Cardiganshire to anything worthless or insignificant, and the derivative, *ffrityn*, means one who has no go or perseverance in him; the feminine is *ffriten*. In Carnarvonshire my wife has heard *ffrityn* and *ffritan* applied to a small man and a small woman respectively. Mr. Hughes says that in Merioneth and parts of Powys *sili ffrit* is a term applied to a small woman or a female dwarf who happens to be proud, vain, and fond of the attentions of the other sex (*benyw fach, neu goraches falch a hunanol a fyddai hoff o garu*); but he thinks he has heard it made use of with regard to the Gipsies, and possibly also to the Tylwyth Teg. The Rev. O. Davies thinks the words "*sili ffrit Leisa Bèla*" to be very modern, and that they refer to a young woman who lived at a place in the neighbourhood, called Bryn Bèla, or Brymbèla, Bella's Hill, who was ahead, in her time, of all the girls in those parts in matters of taste and fashion. This however does not seem to go far enough back, and it is possible still, that in Bèla (that is, in English spelling, Bella) we have merely a shortening of some such a name as Isabella or Arabella, which were once much more popular in the Principality than they are now; in fact, I do not feel sure that *Leisa Bèla* is not bodily a corruption of Isabella. As to

*sili ffrit*, one might at first have been inclined to render it by small fry, especially in the sense of the French “de la friture” as applied to young men and boys, and to connect it with the Welsh *sîl* and *silod*, which mean small fish; but the pronunciation of *sili* being that of the English word silly, it appears, on the whole, to belong to the host of English words to be found in colloquial Welsh, though they seldom get into books. Students of English philology ought to be able to tell us whether *frit* had the meaning here suggested in any part of England, and how lately; also, whether there was such a phrase as “silly frit” in use. After penning this, I received the following interesting communication from Mr. William Jones of Llangollen:—The term *sili ffrit* was in use at Beddgelert, and what was thereby meant was a child of the *Tylwyth Teg*. It is still used for any creature that is smaller than ordinary. “Pooh, a silly frit like that!” (*Pw, rhyw sili ffrit fel yna!*). “Mrs. So-and-so has a fine child.” “Hah, do you call a silly frit like that a fine child?” (*Mae gan hon a hon blentyn braf. Ho, a ydych chwi yn galw rhyw sili ffrit fel hwna yn braf?*) But to return to Leisa Bèla and Belene, it may be that the same person was meant by both these names, but I am in no hurry to identify them, as none of my correspondents knows the latter except Mr. Hughes, who gives it on the authority of Gutyn Peris, the bard, and nothing further so far as I can understand, whereas Bèla will come before us in another story, as it is the same name, I presume, which Glasynys has spelled *Bella* in “Cymru Fu”.

These tales are brought into connection with the present day in more ways than one, for besides the various accounts of the *bwganod* or bogies of Corwrion frightening people when out late at night, Mr. D. E. Davies knows a man, who is still living, and who well remembers the time when the sound of working used to be heard in the lake, and the

voices of children crying there somewhere in its depths, but that when people rushed there to see what the matter was, all was found profoundly quiet and still. Moreover, there is a family or two, now numerous represented in the parishes of Llandegai and Llanllechid, who used to be taunted with being the offspring of fairy ancestors. One of these families was nicknamed "Smychiaid" or "Simychiaid"; and my informant, who is not yet quite forty, says that he heard his mother repeat scores of times that the old people used to say that the Smychiaid, who were very numerous in the neighbourhood, were descended from fairies, and that they came from Corwrion Lake. At all this the Smychiaid were wont to grow mightily angry. Another tradition, he says, about them was that it was a wandering family that arrived in the district from the direction of Conwy, and that the father's name was Simwch, or rather that was his nickname, based on the proper name Simwnt, which appears to have once been the prevalent name in Llandegai. The order of these words would in that case have been Simwnt, Simwch, Simychiaid, Smychiaid. Now "Simwnt" seems to be merely the Welsh form given to some such English name as Simond, just as Edmund or Edmond becomes in North Wales "Emwnt". The objection to the nickname seems to lie in the fact, which one of my correspondents points out to me, that "Simwch" is understood to mean a monkey, a point on which I should like to have further information. Pughe gives *Simach*, it is true, as having that meaning. A branch of the same family is said to be called "y Cowperiaid" or the Coopers, from an ancestor who was either by name or by trade a cooper. Mr. Hughes's account of the Smychiaid is, that they are the descendants of one Simonds, who came to be a bailiff at Bodysgallan, and moved from there to Coetmor in the same neighbourhood. Simonds was obnoxious to the bards, he goes on to say, and they described the Smychiaid as having arrived



in the parish at the bottom of a *carwell* or basket carried on the back, when chance would have it that the *carwell* broke just in that neighbourhood, at a place called Pont y Llan. That accident is described, says Mr. Hughes, in the following doggerel, the origin of which I do not know—

“ E dorai 'r arwest, ede wan,  
Brwnt y lle, ar Bont y Llan.”

Curiously enough, the same *carwell* story used to be said of a widely-spread family in North Cardiganshire, whose surname was pronounced Massn and written Mason or Mazon; as my mother was of this family, I have often heard it. The *carwell*, if I remember rightly, was said, in this instance, to have come from Scotland, to which were traced three men who settled in North Cardiganshire. One had no descendants, but the other two, Mason and Peel (I think his name was Peel, but I am not sure about it, only that it was not Welsh), had so many, that the Masons, at any rate, are exceedingly numerous there; but a great many of them, owing to some extent, probably, to the *carwell* story, have been silly enough to change their surname into that of Jones within my knowledge. I have never heard it suggested that they were of aquatic origin, but, taking the *carwell* into consideration, and the popular account of the Smychiaid, I should be inclined to think that the *carwell* originally referred to some such a supposed descent. I only hope that somebody will help us with another and a longer *carwell* tale, which will make up for the brevity of these allusions. We may, however, assume, I think, that there was a tendency at one time in Arvon, if not in other parts of the Principality, to believe or pretend to believe, that the descendants of an Englishman or Scotchman, who settled among the old inhabitants, were of fairy origin, and that their history was somehow uncanny, which was all, of course, duly resented. This helps, to some extent, to explain how such names of doubtful origin have got

into these tales as *Smychiaid*, *Cowperiaid*, *Pellings*, *Penelope*, *Leisa Bèla* or *Isabella*, and the like. This association of the lake legends with intruders from without is what has, perhaps, to a great measure served to rescue them from oblivion.

As to a church at Corwrion, the tradition does not seem to be an old one, and it appears founded on one of the popular etymologies of the word Corwrion, which treats the first syllable as *cor* in the sense of a choir; but the word has other meanings, including among them that of an ox-stall or enclosure for cattle. Taking this as coming near the true explanation, it at once suggests itself that Creuwryon in the *Mabinogi* of Math ab Mathonwy is the same place, for *creu* or *crau* also meant an enclosure for animals, not even excluding swine. In Irish the word is *cró*, an enclosure, a hut or hovel. The passage in the *Mabinogi* relates to Gwydion returning with the swine he had got by dint of magic and deceit from Pryderi prince of Dyfed, and runs thus in Lady Charlotte Guest's translation: "So they journeyed on to the highest town of Arllechwedd, and there they made a sty (*creu*) for the swine, and therefore was the name of Creuwryon given to that town." As to *wyrion* or *wryron*, which we find made into *wrion* in Corwrion according to the modern habit, it would seem to be no other word than the usual plural of *wyr*, a grandson, formerly also any descendant in the direct line. If so, the name of an ancestor must have originally followed, just as one of the places called Bettws was once "Bettws Wyrion Iddon"; but it is possible that "Wyrion" in Creu- or Cor-Wyrion was itself a man's name, though I have never met with it. It is right to add that the name appears in the record of Carnarvon as Creweryon, which carries us back to the first half of the fourteenth century. There it occurs as the name of a township containing eight gavels, and the particulars about it might, in the hand of a man familiar with the tenures

of that time, perhaps give us valuable information as to what may have been its status at a still earlier date.

In the next number I hope to be able to say something of the versions of the lake legends which are extant at Drws y Coed and elsewhere, and I should be exceedingly thankful for any correction or any scrap of information bearing on this subject from any other part of the Principality. Nothing will be published without duly acknowledging whence it comes. If space should allow of it, some remarks will be added at the end on the general character of this kind of folk-lore, its place in Celtic mythology, and what it has in common with the legends of other nations. But I expect that the legends, when brought together, will to a great extent explain one another, and leave me little to do by way of explaining them.

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## A CELTO-SLAVONIC SUFFIX.

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THE Britannic languages—Welsh, Cornish, and Breton—have among their substantives some which Welsh grammarians call Collectives and Singulatives. As the reader knows, Collectives are substantives which have a plural force without a plural ending; and the Singulatives, *i.e.*, those forms which are employed to designate a single object, have this peculiarity—they appear to be formed from the Collective. These Singulatives end in *-in* (now written *-yn*) for the masculine, and in *-en* for the feminine.

Examples: Welsh:—

*Adar*, birds; *aderyn*, a bird.  
*Plant*, children; *plenty*n, a child.  
*Derw*, oaks; *derwen*, an oak.  
*Gwenyn*, bees; *gwenynen*, a bee.<sup>1</sup>

Cornish:—

*Gwyth*, arbores; *guiden*, arbor.  
*Deyl*, folia; *delen*, folium.<sup>2</sup>

Breton:—

*Kaol*, des choux; *kaolen*, un chou.  
*Stered*, des étoiles; *stereden*, une étoile.  
*Faô*, des hêtres; *faôen*, un hêtre.  
*Gwenan*, des abeilles; *gwenanen*, une abeille.<sup>3</sup>

Most Welsh grammarians record these facts under the heading, "Formation of the Singular from the Plural", and

<sup>1</sup> Rowland's *Welsh Grammar*, 4th edit., p. 33.      <sup>2</sup> Zeuss<sup>2</sup>, p. 297.

<sup>3</sup> Le Gonidec, *Grammaire bretonne*, ed. La Villemarqué (prefixed to the *Dict. breton-français*), p. 17. It will be seen that Cornish and Breton have only the suffix *-en*; in Breton, singulatives in *-en* are always feminine. Hingant, *Éléments de la grammaire bretonne*, p. 12, n.

the Breton grammarians express themselves in the same way. The enormity of this theory does not strike them, and they look for no historic or organic explanation of this curious parallelism. However, an old Welsh grammarian, J. Davies, in his *Antiquae Linguae Britannicae Rudimenta*,<sup>1</sup> had (as we are reminded by Zeuss,<sup>2</sup> p. 295) caught a glimpse of, and formulated, a perfectly natural explanation, which we proceed to develop here.<sup>3</sup>

The explanation of these forms in *-yn* and *-en* is very simple; and that it did not present itself to the mind of the Welsh and Breton grammarians (J. Davies excepted), is due to the fact that the language has no longer any consciousness that these forms are diminutives. It is what has occurred, for instance, in French, in the case of such words as *soleil* from \**"soliculus"*, *sommeil* from \**"somniculus"*, *abeille* from "*apicula*", *grenouille* from "*ranuncula*", *aiguille* from "*acicula*", etc. It is the case in German as regards *mädchen*, *veilchen*, etc.—diminutives of which the primitive has become almost or entirely obsolete, and which have by usage acquired the full force of the primitive which they have displaced. The same phenomenon occurred in Latin, as is seen by such words as *annulus*, *oculus*, *puella*, etc. The simple term is readily supplanted by the diminutive, especially when the former is a monosyllable; and then the language uses the derivative—originally diminutive—without any recollection of the particular signification it bore when first formed.

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 61-2 of the Oxford reprint in 12mo., 1809.

<sup>2</sup> It is scarcely worth observing that to this class of nouns must be added those which, ending in *-yn*, masc.; and *-en*, fem.; "throw off these terminations when the plural termination is added" (Rowlands, p. 32). Example—

*Merlyn*, pony (masc.)

*Merlen*, pony (fem.); pl., *merlod*.

*Meddryn*, a drunkard; pl., *meddwon*.

*Llysien*, an eel; pl., *llysiod*, etc.

Now Welsh has among its suffixes of diminution *-yn* for the masc. and *-en* for the fem. These enable us to understand the nature and the origin of the so-called Singulatives.

*Bachgenyn*, a little boy ; from *bachgen*, a boy.

*Merlyn*, a little horse ; from *merl*, a pony.

*Miaren*, a little bramble ; from *miar*, a bramble.

The suffix *-en*, which forms feminine nouns, is the feminine form that regularly corresponds to *-yn* masc., as is seen by the adjectives which admit of internal flexion ; e.g., *gwyn* m., *gwen* f., white, etc. Cornish and Breton have lost this diminutive suffix.

It is by this suffix that the "Singulative" is most satisfactorily explained. It is easy to see that the "Collectives" are old plurals preserved in the language, while the Singulative is the singular strengthened by the suffix of diminution. The forms of the singular, the endings of which were not so heavy as those of the plural, were found too light, when these very endings had been worn away. The language felt the necessity of giving them ballast, and the example of other languages (compare the French, German, and Latin words quoted above) shows that the diminutive endings are frequently used for this purpose. The hypocoristic tendency, the instinct which leads to the formation of familiar names and terms of endearment, aids greatly in this work of regeneration of the simple substantive. These diminutives once created, the language had a sufficiently clear consciousness of the difference between the singular and the plural to make it necessary, for the most part, to add the new plural ending to these old plurals, which had become, in a manner, petrified as collectives.

An analogous phenomenon, in which the suffix, too, is the same, appears in the Slavonic languages ; and of the origin of this, again, the Slavonic grammarians (such of them, at

least, as we have consulted) give no explanation. Thus, in Russian, the nouns which form the fifth paradigm of the declension in the grammar of Reiff,<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, nouns ending in *-ianine*, *-anine*, *-iarine*, and *-arine*, and denoting origin or state, “do not take in the plural the suffix *-ine*”. Ex :—

SING.	PLUR.
<i>Rossianine</i> , a Russian.	<i>Rossiané</i> , Russians.
<i>Sélanine</i> , a villager.	<i>Séliané</i> , villagers.
<i>Boiarine</i> , a lord.	<i>Boiaré</i> , lords.
<i>Grazdanine</i> , a citizen.	<i>Grazdane</i> , citizens, etc.

“These words,” says M. Reiff, “have two stems, the one *sélanine*, containing a pronominal suffix *-in*, the other *séliané*.” A pronominal suffix! That is more easily said than proved. The learned M. Leskien, in his grammar of old Slavonic, confines himself to a statement of the fact without seeking any explanation of it.<sup>2</sup>

It appears to us certain that this suffix *i-n* is a secondary form of the Indo-European suffix NA. It is curious to find it localised, with the same force, at the two extremities of the European branch, in the Slavonic and in the Britannic languages.

H. GAIDOZ.

<sup>1</sup> *Grammaire française-russe*, par Reiff, 4e ed., revue par M. Leger, Paris, 1878, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> Leskien, *Handbuch der alt-bulgarischen Sprache*, Weimar, 1871, p. 36.

## A CYWYDD

TO

SIR EDWARD STRADLING AND DR. JOHN DAVID RHYS

UPON THE

PUBLICATION OF THE LATTER'S WELSH GRAMMAR,

*From a MS. in the possession of MR. LL. REYNOLDS, B.A., of Merthyr Tydvil.*

OF the writer of this *Cywydd*, Meirig Davydd, not much is recorded. Williams, in his *Eminent Welshmen*, says he was "an eminent poet of Glamorgan, who presided in the Gorsedd Morganwg in the year 1560, and died in 1600". As Dr. Rhys's Grammar, *Cambrobrytannicæ Cymraecæve Linguae Institutiones et Rudimenta*, published at the sole expense of Sir Edward Stradling, appeared in 1592, it follows that this composition was written between that year and 1600.

Sir Edward Stradling was born in 1529, and died in his eightieth year, 1609.

LLYMA GYWYDD I SYR EDWAR YSTRADLING AG IR DOCKDOR  
DAVYDD AM Y GRAMER KYMRAEG.

Y marchog rywiog benn raith,  
jor syth waew a wyr saithjaith,  
Syr Edwart mewn hasart jng  
js di radlafn ystradling:  
ef yw'r hydd penn llywydd llwyd  
jawn son dawn yn sain Dynwyd.



oes Addaf hynaf yw hwnn,  
 a brav ytiw ir brytwn.  
 nidoes vn brigyn or brig  
 mawr vwyn hawdd mor vonheddig ; 10  
 vn vodd yw'r marchog jawnfwyn  
 ar bymtheg llin teg or llwyn;  
 llyna lwyn llawn olaini  
 llawn glod oll nerth yn gwlad ni :  
 roes nerth yn jor grasvwyn hv 15  
 rann rag kamran ir kymrv  
 i gael Gramer goel grymiaith  
 brauvwyn jor i bryvo n jaith,  
 val na bo i sais o drais draw  
 vn bawaid mwy yn baiaw, 20  
 na baio gwaith na bywyd  
 yn hawen vairdd, na n hen vyd.  
 mae gwarant penn voliant per  
 orav grym ar y gramer  
 dockdor por gwyddor ir gwaith— 25  
 dyn yw a wyr daunawjaith;  
 kymro gwy ch or kymry gwiw,  
 klennig dysgedig ydiw ;  
 gwr yw ail jpo gywrain,  
 gorav swydd mewn gair a sain ; 30  
 kyviaithydd dedwydd didwyll  
 jaith hardd, ny vynn bai na thwyll.  
 naddoedd ysgryvenyddiaeth,  
 yn llawn ag yn jawn i gwnaeth :  
 kyviaithyddiaeth oedd gaeth gynt, 35  
 kair i bo gair i gerynt:  
 kystrawaeth kost ar awen  
 kywir byth i kair oi benn:  
 tonyddiaeth halaeth hylawn  
 a gair mewn llevair yn llawn. 40

mewn y Gramer per heb hynn  
mwyvwy i kair y movyn  
athrawiaeth prydyddiaeth prin  
osod oedd waith Taliesin.  
well well, tra vo bwyell byd, 45  
yw kael vydd pob kelfyddyd;  
ag waeth-waeth, o sywaeth son,  
i doniav vydd y dynion.  
kann gwell waithon mewn ton teg  
kam ryw, a vydd kymraueg; 50  
Sion a roes ym synwyr j  
hynt aurnod warant erni;  
Gric lladin di brin yn brynt  
gradd addysc grjaidd yddynt;  
[yr he]n gelvyddyd wiw rwydd 55  
[o] gerddwriaeth gardd arwydd,  
a phob kolfen hen ddwfn ddysg  
[u]niawn hoewddawn yn hyddysg,  
[pob] mesurav samplav son  
holl jawn oll a phenillon, 60  
a phob kynghanedd hoff hynt  
hyno a pha le henynt,  
au henwav hoff rywiav ffraeth  
hwynt herwydd i naturiaeth :  
mae baiav anavav want 65  
mal llygod aml i llwygant  
yny gerdd rai enwog ynt  
adwyth ag anardd ydynt.  
mae statvs weddvs wiwddawn  
yw gweled oll galed jawn 70  
ar gerddwyr or gywird dysg,  
ar rai na bai divai dysg.  
gwae brydydd or dydd, or daw  
dyrnod eisteddfod arnaw,

ony wyr yn llwyr holl jaith 75  
 y llyfr hwnn llavar henjaith.  
 da vy r marchog pwyllog pell  
 a gostawdd hwnn oi gastell;  
 da vy r dockdor kyngor kall  
 o dduw a vy ny ddeall; 80  
 da duw jr gwyr daidiau gwaith,  
 duw dalo i daed eilwaith.

MAIRIG DAVYDD *ai kant.*

The preceding composition is printed exactly as it appears in the MS., with only the addition of the bracketed letters in lines 55, 56, and 58, suggested by Mr. Reynolds; the word "pob", in line 59; and the punctuation, there being no stops in the MS. copy.

It will be seen that the transcriber's orthography is not consistent: thus he uses *v* for the present *u*, and for the consonantal sound of the English *v*, for which he also uses *f*, as we now do. Again the sound of *i* *consonans* he variously represents by *i*, and by *j*, while he uses the latter occasionally as a pure vowel also, as in lines 29, 51, etc.

In this *cywydd* the author has "enriched" the language with a number of unrecorded words. These are *syth-waew* (l. 2), *rhadlafn* (l. 4), *maurwyn* (l. 10), *iawnfyrn* (l. 11), *grasfryn* (l. 15), *grymiaith* (l. 17), *braurwyn* (l. 18), *clennig* (l. 28), *cerynt* (l. 36: this word appears in Pugh's *Dict.*, 3rd edition, in a quotation of the present couplet under *cyfiachyddiaeth*, but is not recorded in its proper place in the body of the work), *aurnod* (l. 52), *hoewddawn* (l. 58), *holljawn* (l. 60), *gwiwddawn* (l. 69), *cywird dysg* (l. 71), *daed* (l. 82).

L. 6, *Sain Dynwyd*=St. Donat's, the residence of the Stradlings.

L. 29, *jpo* doubtless means Hippocrates, with whom the grammarian, as a Doctor of Medicine of Sienna, and a very able physician, is naturally compared.

L. 30, *gorav* is for *gorau*, not *goraf*, as the alliteration proves.

L. 35, *kyviaithyddiaeth*. The reading in Pugh's *Dict.* is *cyfiachyddiaeth*.

L. 36, *kair i bo*, etc. *Bo* is a clerical error for *bob*.

L. 41, *mewn* is here used before the definite article contrary to the rule set down by modern grammarians, who would say "yn y gramer".

L. 82, *daed* is probably a noun, "God repay them their goodness".

## A HISTORICAL POEM BY IOLO GOCH.

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IN the year 1877, the publication of "The Works of Iolo Goch", with a sketch of his life, was commenced in the first volume of the *Cymmrodor*, by its first able and lamented editor, the Reverend Robert Jones, Vicar of All Saints, Rotherhithe, and was subsequently continued in the second volume, when the work was interrupted by the necessity for the introduction of more urgent matter after the completion of thirteen of the poems. It is greatly to be hoped that the undertaking, thus auspiciously begun, may not, for lack of means or opportunity, be eventually allowed to drop. In the brief outline of the poet's life, by the late Canon Robert Williams, in that most useful work, the *Dictionary of Eminent Welshmen*, it is said that more than fifty of his poems are still extant in manuscript, and obviously the publication of these in their entirety will be needed to enable the present generation to form an adequate judgment of the genius and capacity of the bard, and to appreciate to the full the value of the allusions they contain to the important historical events which were passing around him, and in some of which, in his capacity of a *vates sacer*, he would appear to have borne personally no insignificant a part. The compositions may be classified roughly under the headings of 1. Religious; 2. Historical; 3. Encomiastic. Of these, those comprised under the second must naturally attract the first attention; while the third class will be looked to by those who would view society in those troublous times in its more private and social relations; and the state of religious knowledge and practice can scarcely

fail to derive point and illustration from the quaint and often obscure language of the first. To the philologist, the frequent occurrence of terms and forms of speech, current in the poet's day, but scarcely intelligible now, cannot but prove highly instructive; a remark for the truth of which sufficient evidence has been furnished by the poems already in our hands. In the form as well as the matter of Cymric poetry, the works of Iolo may be said to bridge over the period between the ruder, if more majestic, metrical productions of his predecessors, and the more finished performances of those who came after him. During his acme, comprising the earlier half of the fourteenth century, the form of verse known as the "Cywydd" became more recognised as a legitimate expression of poetical feeling than heretofore, when, speaking generally, it had been for some time but sparsely introduced, or was working its way very gradually into use; while in Davydd ab Gwilym, who so prominently occupied the public attention in Wales during the last part of the century, it attained to an ease, a grace, and a perfection, never reached before, and certainly never since surpassed.

Iolo Goch, then, may be said to have occupied as a poet an intermediate position between the last of the "Gogynfeirdd", properly so called, and Dafydd ab Gwilym and the bards who adopted the more modern style, metre, and diction of the Cywydd and Awdl writers of the fifteenth and subsequent centuries, with little or no intermission, down to our own day. Nor was this all. He made his mark also as a man of letters, whose attainments in classical, historical, and general learning were at least equal to, and probably far superior to those of most of his lay contemporaries. To his knowledge of Latin, a *Dialogue between the Soul and the Body*, translated from that language, and extant among his works in MS., will testify. Possessed of independent means, and born of a good family, and maternally of English blood, his

mother, it is said, being Countess of Lincoln,<sup>1</sup> he received an excellent education, and took the degree of Master of Arts at one of the Universities. As Lord of Llechryd, and residing at his own mansion of Coed Pantwn in Llannefydd, and, in later life, at Sycharth, that of his royal patron Owain Glyndower, he had ample opportunity for the cultivation of his favourite studies. Not only, therefore, in his official character as bard, but also from his own social position, he had ready access to intercourse with the highest in the land, and might have attained to any height of eminence and court favour, had his patriotism permitted him, for the sake of private advancement, to choose the winning side. Of this there is ample testimony in the poem perhaps best known of all his compositions to modern readers, through its publication in the collection entitled "*Gorchestion Beirdd Cymru*", of Cymric *chef-d'œuvres*, as they appeared to be in the judgment of their spirited editor, Rhys Jones, printed in 1773, and paraphrased in his book, called *Wild Wales*, by the late Mr. Borrow. That poem, with another from the same collection, has been reproduced in the present year, in the *History of Powys Fadog*, by J. Y. W. Lloyd, Esq. of Clochfaen, an esteemed member of our Cymmrodorion Society; but unaccompanied with any translation. This, in the case of the latter of the two poems, the following is an attempt to supply, so far as that may be possible, through the medium of a metrical interpretation, by adhering as closely as may be to the diction as well as spirit of the original. It is entitled "*An Ode to Owain Glyndwr after his Disappearance*", and is couched in a strain of lamentation for his absence, and of invitation to return with forces gathered from among the nations of Europe, and restore their sovereignty, together with their laws and liberty, to the Cymry. The immediate occasion of the poem is probably an episode in the story of

<sup>1</sup> Query, a De Lacy?

the Cymric hero, which has been involved in some obscurity, and on which it appears to throw no inconsiderable reflection of light.

The battle of Shrewsbury was fought on the 21st of June 1403, in which the first division only of Glendower's army was defeated in his absence. Detained by the siege of Kidweli, he had marched no nearer to the scene of that famous conflict than Oswestry. He then confined his operations to devastating the English borders, and possessing himself of the enemy's castles, among them those of Caermarthen and Emlyn. In 1404, he entered into a treaty with the French King, Charles VI, then at war with Henry IV, and defeated an English army at Craig y Dorth, near Monmouth. This was his last success. The next year his partizans sustained two defeats in Monmouthshire and Brecknockshire. In the latter conflict his brother Tudor, Lord of Gwyddelwern, was slain. All Glamorgan submitted to the King, Owain's followers were dispersed, and himself obliged to hide in caves and other retreats.

The rest shall be told in the words of the historian of Powys Fadog. "A cavern near the seaside in the parish of Llangelynen in Merionethshire is still called 'Ogof Owain', in which he was supported by Ednyfed ab Aaron. King Henry again entered Wales with an army of 37,000 men, but, owing to the tempestuous weather, he was obliged to make a hasty retreat with considerable loss. Owain's affairs were again improved by the aid of his ally, the King of France, who sent a fleet to Milford Haven with an army of 12,000 men, whom Owain joined with 10,000 more at Tenby; and the combined armies marched into Worcestershire, where they encamped, and were opposed by the English King. For eight days they respectively presented themselves in order of battle, but, beyond skirmishes, in which many were slain, nothing more decisive occurred, and the

King having cut off the means of supply, the Welsh and French secretly (?) retreated to Wales, and the latter returned to France without making any further attempt.”<sup>1</sup>

We doubt much whether many readers of English history have fully realised the fact that the French and Welsh invasion of England, in 1485, was preceded by another of exceedingly similar character eighty years before, in which the enemy penetrated, if not so far as Bosworth, at least into the very heart of the country, unopposed till they reached Worcester; an expedition which, had it succeeded in its object, would have probably been followed by a more serious consequence even than the transfer of the Crown from one dynasty to another—the dismemberment of the kingdom. By the treaty entered into a few years before by Mortimer, Percy, and Glendower, at the house of Davydd Daron, Dean of Bangor, it had been agreed that Mortimer was to possess all the land from Trent and Severn to the east and south of the island; Percy, all north of the Trent; and Glendower all west of the Severn. France also, in return for its valuable aid, would certainly have claimed a share, and that not improbably the share appropriated by the lion in the distribution of the conquered country.

Be that as it may, those momentous issues have happily long since passed out of the range of human speculation. It remains but to add that it is to this portentous time of concealment, when the landing of the French force was being anxiously looked for in the Principality, that the poem is in all probability to be referred. And the more so, because among the several countries specified by name as those whence Owain's return might be looked for, care seems studiously to have been taken to pass over entirely in silence the one country, namely France, from which the expected military aid afterwards actually came, from which a moun-

<sup>1</sup> Page 210.



tain of glorious eventualities was looked for throughout Wales with heart-beating anxiety. From all this travail, alas! as in so many other projects of human design or ambition, nothing at last was seen to issue but a poor insignificant mouse.

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## AN ODE TO OWEN GLENDOWER, AFTER HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

BY IOLO GOCH.

Tall man, thou mark for Harry's hate,  
Art living still? is past thy fate?  
If thus it be, with fiery spear  
Come, show thy shield, say, "I am here!"  
Thou gold-girt Warrior, seek thine home,  
Come well begirt with arms of Rome.  
Coming possess of Peter's Seal,  
Full just thy cause will God reveal.  
Come from the East! so shall o'erthrown,  
Thou Bull of strength, be tow'rs of stone.  
Before thee rays of fire be shed,<sup>1</sup>  
And gifts by all be freely spread.  
From Lochlyn,<sup>2</sup> Earl of keen-edged sword,  
Come! of the Glyn thou gen'rous Lord,  
Who bearest, for thy shield's contents  
A fair escutcheon, four descents;  
Three Lions, as the empyrean, blue;<sup>3</sup>  
Three steel frets seen the wildfire through.  
Set we the stainless Peacock o'er,  
Set you a Chief o'er Bear and Boar:<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, "May you be met by a torch-light procession."

<sup>2</sup> Norway.

<sup>3</sup> Heraldic *azure*.

<sup>4</sup> The bear, the badge of Warwick, the boar of Lovell.

So, there conjoined are axes three,  
A mighty host where strife shall be.  
Let go sev'n noble ships from shore  
Full soon, and then sev'n hundred more.  
Come from the North—'tis Mona's will,  
To Erin, and her hope fulfill.  
Call also—may God grant her thee!  
Needs must thou have her—Italy!  
Pure Galahad,<sup>1</sup> rise! we'll hear thy call,  
Ere fall the Baptist's festival.  
Thy beacon raise, brisk Chieftain, haste  
In Dublin yonder, o'er the waste;  
Raise a fair fleet of seamen's power,  
In confines of the Gael, and Gower.  
Come, Hero of my heart! betray'd  
From Man, and be not long delay'd.  
To Gwyddyl,<sup>2</sup> best of signals sped  
For fight is ever Gold and Red;<sup>3</sup>  
Llywelyn's<sup>4</sup> Standard consecrate!  
Those colours will thy men elate.  
Parade before thee Britain's host!  
Lo! England's for her treason lost!  
Of temper true thy weapon bring,<sup>5</sup>  
And reign o'er all the isles a king!  
Eagle of might! one moment more,  
And light a flame on Mona's shore.  
Beat down the castles, forts of woe,  
And London, lair of dogs, lay low.

<sup>1</sup> The Knight of King Arthur's Table, who for his purity of character, was permitted to see the Sangraal, is here compared to Glendower.

<sup>2</sup> Irishmen.

<sup>3</sup> The royal colours of Wales.

<sup>4</sup> The last reigning monarch of Wales.

<sup>5</sup> Lit., "A dagger of true temper thou".

Strike, strike and slay ! let Normans ken  
That horns of gold<sup>1</sup> have Mona's men.

Needs must thou—'tis of prophecy—  
Full many a bout of battle ply ;  
Do battle, and the foe shall flee ;  
Still thou, at will, canst gentle be ;  
But, if thine arm with wrath be sped,  
In distant Berwick see the dead !  
Thy fortune's turn'd, I know full well ;  
Thro' summer fight with conflict fell ;  
Like oaks, thy foes shall fall full fast,  
Not Vochno's<sup>2</sup> fight did longer last.  
March through the ford of Ieithon's<sup>3</sup> glen,  
With Mona's banner, throngs of men ;  
Be nine<sup>4</sup> the number of thy fights :  
Their own, nor less, nor more requites.  
Sword of Cadwalader the Blest !<sup>5</sup>  
Take all thy Grandsire e'er possess'd !  
Take back for all thy kin their share !  
From us take bondage hard to bear.

H. W. L

<sup>1</sup> Of strength so solid, as to thrust back their enemies, like that of bulls, animals to which the bards loved to compare their warriors.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Cors Vochno in Cardiganshire, whereby Maelgwn Gwynedd gained his crown.

<sup>3</sup> In Radnorshire.

<sup>4</sup> The mystic number of the Druidic system, symbolising perfection.

<sup>5</sup> The last Cymric King of Britain, whose very existence, however, would seem to be not only romantic, but mythical.

## THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1881.

*August 30th to September 2nd.*

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MANY conditions of interest attached to the Eisteddfod held at Merthyr Tydfil in 1881. Frankly accepted by North and South, it could show an indisputable title to the name of "national". Celebrated in the metropolis of a busy industrial district, it typified the cordial union of old and new in a race which needs not to break with ancient traditions in order to progress with the time. Held while the report of Lord Aberdare's committee was still a recent topic, it was marked by the especially hopeful tone in which the national sentiment expressed itself, and by the fresh interest imparted to the somewhat time-worn themes that form the traditional text of Eisteddfodic addresses.

The ungrudging exertions of the committee, and the share of favour shown on the part of the weather, laid the foundations of the success which was achieved; and the material of the competitions was, on the whole, not unworthy of the machinery. Evidences of real genius and of painstaking study were not wanting, and the ominous words, "no award", appear less often in the record of the literary contests than has sometimes been the case of late.

The arts of painting and sculpture were, as usual, ill-represented; though one genuine work of art became, in an undisputed contest, the property of the committee. The few prizes offered in musical composition elicited some creditable minor productions, but the most valuable of all, the judges declined to confer. On the other hand, the quality of the

prose-writing showed a marked improvement, and the encomiums of the adjudicators were merited by not a few of the pieces of verse submitted. Six choirs of undoubted merit competed for the great choral prize, a respectable number came into the arena for those of lesser note, and no falling off was evinced by the vocal music generally; but Dr. Parry felt constrained to remark on the unfavourable comparison which the instrumental execution of the Principality bore to that he had witnessed in the North of England. The orchestral competition instituted by the committee is a return to former practice that, it may be hoped, will be generally followed. What the Eisteddfod has done in the past for vocal, it may be trusted to do in the future for instrumental music.

A noticeable feature of the Eisteddfod was the strictly appropriate character impressed on the evening concerts. In place of the well known pieces usually selected, two out of the four evenings were devoted to the performance of important new works by Welsh composers: the "Emmanuel" of Dr. Parry, and Mr. David Jenkins' Cantata, "David and Saul", written expressly for the occasion. A more questionable exercise of patriotism restricted the execution of the concerts to purely Cymric artistes; a bold measure, the best defence of which must be found in its success.

To our readers a matter of no less interest is the position occupied at Merthyr by the meetings of the Cymmrodorion Section. These meetings, held tentatively at Carnarvon in 1880, were at Merthyr made an integral part of the proceedings of the Eisteddfod, and announced as such in its programmes. The evident appreciation on the part of visitors of the proceedings in the Temperance Hall, and the ready response given to the Archdeacon of Llandaff, when, in the pavilion, he called for a popular verdict on the Cymmrodorion's experiment, would seem to indicate that the Society has met a

real want in instituting this Section, and taken a measure fraught with beneficial results. Though education and social science have hitherto formed the staple of the Section's proceedings, and probably will always prove the most attractive topics, it is to be hoped that philology and archæology will not fail to prefer an early claim to its attention. It must not be forgotten, how large a share of the success of this year's "Section" was due to Mr. Wm. Davies (Mynorydd), and Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies, of Bangor, who acted as its secretaries and managers.

An innovation introduced into the Gorsedd ceremony is worthy of note. The repetition of the Gorsedd prayer by the whole circle of bards, instead of, as heretofore, by the Arch-Druid alone, gave additional impressiveness to the rite which has now at least the prescription of a hundred years' continuous usage, whatever may be its remote origin. The scene of the Gorsedd was the Market-place of Merthyr, and Clwydfardd presided.

In spite of the singular fatality which deprived the Eisteddfod of three out of its four expected presidents, the committee were fortunate in the presence of gentlemen so well qualified to fill the vacant chair as Mr. Lewis Morris, the Rector of Merthyr, and the Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths. Mr. Lewis Morris, who occupied it on the first day, in the stead of Sir Hugh Owen, paid an appropriate tribute to the self-denying labours of the venerable patriot whom his countrymen had hoped that morning to honour in person. It was to be expected that educational prospects should occupy a large share of Mr. Morris' address; and nothing could well have been more to the purpose than the lucid sketch which he presented of the educational status of the country, as revealed by the investigation which he had recently been associated in carrying out. Mr. Lewis Morris' example was not followed by his late colleague on the Committee, Mr.

Henry Richard, the president of the third session, whose excellent address, delivered in "*yr hen iaith*", ranged over a much greater variety of topics. Could anything reconcile a Welsh audience to the absence of Sir Watkin Wynn, the speech of the Rector of Merthyr, who presided in his room on the second day of the Eisteddfod, would have gone far to do so. The theme of his address was the Eisteddfod itself, which he handled with his usual vigour and practical sense. The Rector would look at the institution in the light, neither of the historical past, nor of the ideal future, but in that of the actual present. It is not, in his view, a thing to be explained or justified by its traditions or possibilities, which are dwelt upon, perhaps, unduly in presidential addresses, but by the tastes and habits of the working men of modern Wales, from which it has in reality grown, and upon which it in reality rests.

The Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths, who had already contributed a long and able address in his capacity as chairman of the Cymmrodorion Section, perhaps considered it a matter of congratulation that the length of the programme precluded a formal presidential speech on the last day of the Eisteddfod, when the absence of Sir Edward Reed called him to the chair. A few well-chosen words, mainly in reference to the newly introduced department over which he had lately presided, alone prefaced the business of the meeting. The expression of popular approbation which his remarks on the Cymmrodorion Section called forth, has been already alluded to.

Of incidental speeches, other than those delivered in the course of adjudications, but few were inserted in the programme. The most noticeable was that of Mr. C. W. Jones, the well known Secretary of the Society of Cymmrodorion, upon the permanence of the Welsh language, an historical phenomenon that well deserves the attention which the

speaker demanded for it. Hwfa Môn delivered the address upon the occasion of the chairing of the Bard.

The following prizes were awarded during the four days of the Eisteddfod:—

#### IN THE DEPARTMENT OF POETRY.

Five guineas and a gold medal for a Welsh operatic libretto, divided between the Rev. D. C. Harris (Caeronwy), and Mr. T. D. Thomas (Tydfilfab). Two guineas (given by the *Herald Cymraeg*), for a descriptive song, "The Newspaper", to Dyfedfab (Mr. Evan Rees). Ten guineas and a gold medal for an epic poem, "The Duke of Wellington", to Mr. Morgan Rees Williams, of Cefncoedycymer. Two guineas for a translation into Welsh of the "Prisoner of Chillon", to Ioan Ddu (Mr. J. S. Jones, of Coedllai, Mold). Two guineas and a silver medal for an eclogue, to the Rev. D. C. Harris (Caeronwy). Two guineas and a silver medal for a song, "Tydfil the Martyr", to Miss Parry, of Llandudno. The CHAIR PRIZE, twenty guineas and an oak chair, for an "Ode on Love", to Dyfedfab (Mr. Evan Rees, of Cardiff, late of Aberdare). Five guineas and a silver medal for a *cywydd* "Iron", divided between Mr. John Jones, of Bangor, and Mr. R. Parry, of Bangor. Six guineas (given by Madame Wynne), for a Welsh ode, "The Chairing of the Bard", to Mr. John Jones (Ogwenydd), of Bangor. Five guineas and a silver medal for an *awdl bryddest*, "Ioan Emlyn", to the Rev. J. C. Williams, of Merthyr. Two guineas for satirical verses, "The Persecutors of Eisteddfodau", to Dyfedfab. A gold medal and £3 10s. for a poem, "Iolo Morganwg", to the Rev. D. C. Harris (Caeronwy); and £7 to Mr. Onllwyn Brace, of Ystalyfera. Twenty guineas and a gold medal for a poem on "Life", to "Watcyn Wyn", of Brynaman.

In two cases the judges refused award.



## IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROSE COMPOSITION.

Ten guineas for an essay on "The History of Religion in Wales, from A.D. 500 to 1280", to Gweirydd ap Rhys (R. J. Pryse of Holyhead). Three guineas for an essay on "The Life, Character, and Achievements of Sir William Jones" (given by Mr. Aviet Agabeg) to Mr. William Evans, barrister-at-law, of Merthyr. Sixteen guineas (given by Mr. D. Williams), for an essay on "The Advantages of Incorporating Merthyr Tydfil", to Mr. D. J. Rowlands of Merthyr. Ten guineas for a Welsh essay on "The Cause, or Causes, of Periodical Panics, etc.", divided between ap Tydfil (Rev. J. R. Thomas of Narberth); and Peel (Rev. Owen Jones of Newtown). Three guineas (given by Mr. Walter Lloyd of Aberdare), for a Welsh novel, to Mr. Isaac Evans (Craigfryn) of Quaker's Yard. Twenty guineas and a gold medal, for a "History of the Literature of Monmouthshire and Glamorgan", to Mr. Charles Wilkins, of Merthyr. Five guineas for a Welsh essay on "The Etymology of Place-names", to Mr. Edward Hughes of Swansea. Ten guineas (given by Mr. Frank James, and Mr. W. Harries, of Merthyr) for an essay on "The Adaptability of Merthyr to other Trades than those already carried on there", divided between Mr. John Howells of St. Athan (who wrote in English), and the Rev. William Thomas of Gwylfa, whose essay was in Welsh.

Three important prizes the judges refused to award.

## IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

Three guineas (given by Mr. Lucas Williams) and a silver medal, for a song to English and Welsh words, to Mr. R. S. Hughes of London. Five guineas for a string quartette, to Mr. W. C. Lewis of Workington. Ten guineas (given by Mr. B. Evans of Swansea) for three four-part songs, to the well known composer, Gwilym Gwent, who is still

resident in America. Five guineas (given by Miss Mary Davies) and a silver medal (by Mr. Rees Jones of Landore) for a soprano song, to Mr. R. S. Hughes of London.

The prize for a cantata with pianoforte accompaniment, offered by the London Welsh choir, was not awarded.

#### IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL EXECUTION.

Two guineas for singing a contralto solo, divided between Daniel Prothero of Ystradgynlais, and Miss Annie Jones of Carmarthen. Three guineas (given by Madame Wynne) for a soprano and tenor duet, to Miss M. Lewis of Pontlottyn, and Mr. D. Howells of Aberdare. Three guineas and a silver medal for pianoforte playing, to Mr. F. J. Lyons of Newport. Six guineas for quartette singing (given by Signor Foli) to Mr. Wigley and party, of Tredegar. Seven guineas for orchestral performance, to the Merthyr band, led by Mr. Scott. Two guineas for penillion singing, to Mr. Wm. Jones Davies, of Bethesda, Carnarvonshire. A violin, value five guineas, for violin playing, to Mr. Wm. Evans of Swansea. Twenty-five pounds and a gold medal for a rendering of part of "Habakkuk's Prayer" (J. A. Lloyd), to the Tabernacle Choir of Morriston, led by Mr. David Evans. Two guineas and one guinea (given by Messrs. Wright and Round of Liverpool) for cornet playing, to Mr. W. Berry of Merthyr, and Mr. John Francis of Swansea. Two guineas for a baritone song, divided between Gwilym Thomas of Caerphilly, and Mr. Dan. Price of Dowlais. Three guineas for pedal-harp playing to Mr. Wm. Morgan of Bargoed; two guineas (given by Mrs. Crawshay) to Mr. John Evans of Troedyrhiw, one guinea (by Mr. Lewis Morris) to Charles Pearce, aged six, of Treherbert. Two guineas for a soprano solo (given by Mrs. Cozens of Ynys y plwm), to Miss Mary Morgan of Llantrissant. Five guineas, and twenty-five volumes of "The Standard Course" (given by Messrs. Curwen of London),

for part singing, divided between the Taibach and Aberaman Glee-party, led by Mr. Leyshon Davies, and the Maesteg Minstrels, led by Mr. Evan Jenkins. Ten guineas and a silver medal to the Tredegar choir (Mr. Davis Jones, leader), for congregational choir singing. Two guineas for a soprano solo, by young ladies under seventeen, divided between Miss Maggie Beynon, and Miss Amy Ryan. Two guineas (given by Mr. E. Biddle), for harmonium playing, to Miss Mary Jessie Lloyd. Two guineas for a tenor solo, divided between Mr. David Davies of Treherbert, Mr. Tom Felix of Treorky, and Mr. David Howells of Aberaman. Five guineas and a silver medal, for drum and fife playing, divided between the Penydarren and Llantrissant bands. Five guineas for trio singing, to a party from the Rhondda Valley. Three guineas for pedal harp playing, by lads under eighteen (given by Mr. T. T. James of Mountain Ash) to Walter Thomas Barker of Caerphilly, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music. Five guineas and twenty-five vols. of the "Standard Course" for singing, by male voices only, to the Morriston Glee-party, led by Mr. D. Francis. Two guineas for penillion singing, to Mr. Daniel Lloyd, of the Rhondda Valley. Twenty guineas and a gold medal, to the Cyfarthfa brass band, led by Mr. G. Livesey. A trombone, of the value of eighteen guineas, to the Corris brass band, led by Mr. Tidsbury. Five guineas for pedal harp playing, divided between Miss Annie Jones of Carmarthen, and Mr. Thomas Barker of Caerphilly. Two guineas for piccolo playing by lads under sixteen, to Fred. Griffiths of Swansea. Two guineas for a bass solo, to Gwilym Thomas of Tynewydd. Two guineas for soprano singing, to Miss Nellie Jones. The great prize of £100 and a gold medal, for rendering "Ye Nations" (Mendelssohn), and "Hallelujah, Amen" (Emlyn Evans), to the Rhondda Philharmonic Society, 250 in number, led by Mr. D. Prosser (Eos Cynlais). Four guineas, for a duet, to Mr.

W. Thomas of Neath and Mr. David Phillips of Aberdare. Two violins, viola, and violoncello, for a quartette of stringed instruments, to a party from Merthyr.

The conductor's bâton was wielded on the four successive days by Dafydd Morganwg, the Rev. W. Glanffrwd Thomas, the Rev. A. J. Parry, and the Rev. D. F. Evans (Ednyfed).

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Five guineas were awarded for an original bust, to Mr. Alberti of Manchester. Five guineas (given by Mr. W. Merchant of Pontypridd) for an original painting, to Mr. J. C. Fairburn of Aberdare.

In wood-carving, for which a prize of two guineas was offered by Mr. Wm. Jones of Cyfarthfa, there was no competition.

#### THE CYMMRODORION SECTION.

The Cymmrodorion Section held its meetings in the Temperance Hall on August 29th and 31st, and September 2nd, under the Presidency of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Llandaff. The proceedings were opened on August 29th by an address from the President, dealing with the history, the work, and the position of the Cymmrodorion Society.

At the second meeting, on August 31st, Mr. Gwilym James, High Constable of Merthyr, in the chair, a paper on "The Home Life of the Collier" was read by the Rev. T. D. Jones of Tonyrefail. A second paper, on "The Report of the Departmental Committee", by Mr. T. Marchant Williams, B.A.

At the concluding meeting, on September 2nd, the Rev. W. B. Joseph (Y Myfyr) of Colwyn Bay, in the chair, a paper on "Wasted Energy and Material in Wales", was read by Dr. Humpidge, of the University College of Wales. A second paper, on "Education in Merthyr", by Mr. T. C. Fawcett, M.A., of the Merthyr Proprietary School, was read in his absence by the Secretary of the Section.

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## Reviews of Books.

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WHO ARE THE WELSH? By JAMES BONWICK, F.R.G.S., etc., etc. London: David Bogue. 1881. Price One Shilling.

THE plan of this little book is an excellent one. A work, giving within a small compass the principal facts which archæology and history furnish as data for the ethnologist in determining the composition of the Welsh people, together with the inferences which competent scholars have drawn from those facts, is a desideratum. In preparing himself to answer his own question, the author has not been sparing of labour; he has read very extensively, and gleaned in all sorts of fields, from the ponderous folios of the past centuries to the magazine and newspaper articles of to-day.

But Mr. Bonwick has unfortunately used his authorities far too indiscriminately. His net, like that in the parable, has "gathered of every kind", but he seems to have utterly forgotten to "cast the bad away". A book of this kind, if of any use at all, is for popular use, and should serve as a guide; and to quote in it all the outrageous notions which foolish people have, with the courage of ignorance, thought fit to propound from time to time, is worse than useless. This the author has done much too freely, the result being a most incongruous combination of "authorities", Myfyr Morganwg and Professor Rhys, Zeuss and Margoliouth, Richard of Cirencester and Dr. Freeman, etc., etc. In this way we find on one page (113) Robert Vaughan, Twm Sion Catti, *Morien*, Nash, Stephens, Sharon Turner, Herbert, Iolo Morganwg, G. D. Barber, *Ab Ithel*, and *Myfyr Morganwg*, collected in one happy family! This utter absence of selection makes the

book rather disappointing, not to say exasperating reading, and detracts very largely from any value it might otherwise have.

Among points of detail it is to be observed that Welsh words and proper names are not unfrequently sadly tortured. What does the author mean by saying that "The Welsh of a few hundred years old is so very different from that now spoken" (p. 8), and again that "Even MSS. of the twelfth century can hardly be deciphered now by Gaelic scholars" (p. 58) ?

Again, "It is admitted that the Welsh of the day is far more unlike old Welsh than modern English is unlike the old English" (p. 78). By whom is this remarkable admission made ?

On p. 26 "Llyn Savathan of Brecon" and "Lake Llangorse of Brecon" are spoken of in different paragraphs, much as if the writer thought them two distinct lakes.

Such expressions as "Cymry-speaking" and "Cymry-tongue" do not commend themselves to eye or ear.

If the author had exercised more discrimination in the choice of authorities, and taken more pains to separate the wheat from the chaff, his wide reading should have enabled him to produce something more satisfactory than this tantalising little volume.

But in parting, none of our readers will feel disposed to quarrel with him on the conclusion of his preface, where he says that—"For those elements of character constituting a prudent, orderly, virtuous, and happy nation, the Welsh may boldly challenge the whole world in competition".

ST. PAUL IN BRITAIN ; OR, THE ORIGIN OF BRITISH AS OPPOSED  
TO PAPAL CHRISTIANITY. By the Rev. R. W. MORGAN.  
Oxford and London : James Parker and Co. 1880.

AFTER an interval of twenty years, a second edition of this work is issued. The fact may not be regarded as altogether encouraging to those who wish to promote the scientific study of history among us ; but it points to a clear conviction in the minds of the publishers that the faith of " true believers " in the Historical Triads and " Barddas " has not grown feeble under the assaults of heretics like the late Mr. Stephens. Properly to enjoy this book the reader must be gifted with an ardent patriotism and an abounding faith. For ourselves we claim the patriotism, but alas ! are forced to feel that the necessary faith is not ours. But anyone possessed of these qualifications will feel infinite satisfaction in following the author as he sketches in glowing colours the past greatness and glory of the Cymry. He will learn, for example, that Druidism was founded in Asia by Gwyddon Ganhebon on the 1st of May (the author has unfortunately neglected to state the hour, but we may reasonably assume it was at sunrise) B.C. 3903, 181 years after the creation of man, and 50 years after the birth of Seth ; that its symbol, the milkwhite astral bull, superseding, as usual in the East, the thing signified, Druidism thus corrupted became the religion of Mithras in Persia, of Baal in Assyria, of Brahma in India, of Astarte in Syria, etc. ; and in illustration of all this he will find the " symbol " in Crete was designated in good Welsh " the Menw-tarw ", which the Greeks barbarously changed into " the Mino-taur " ! He will, however, learn to his comfort that Druidism was carried into Britain in all its purity by Hu Gadarn, who also founded Stonehenge, B.C. c. 1800 ; that as taught here it recognised an Infinite Being whose essence is " pure, mental light ", and who is therefore called Duw, *i.e.*,

Du-w, "the one without any darkness"; and that in its corrupted form of Buddhism it is "still the religion of nearly one-half of mankind". It would be unfair to reveal any further the mysteries the reader will find in this wonderful volume, so we will only add that when he has learnt these marvellous things and many more, he will be no further from the truth, nay we will venture to say, will be on the whole somewhat nearer to it than are those who believe that our ancestors were no better than the savages of the South Sea Islands.

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GLOSSAE HIBERNICAE E CODICIBUS WIRZIBURGENSEI CAROLISRUHENSIBUS ALIIS ADJUVANTE ACADEMIAE REGIAE BEROLINENSIS LIBERALITATE EDIDIT HEINRICUS ZIMMER. BEROLINI APUD WEIDMANNOS, MDCCCLXXXI. London: Williams and Norgate. (Price Eight Marks.)

IN a previous number we noticed some very able papers by Herr Zimmer, which had appeared in the *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Sprachforschung*; and now we have the pleasure of calling our readers' attention to a more important work by the same profound scholar. This is a complete edition of the Irish Glosses hitherto discovered in continental libraries, with the exception of the important ones at St. Gall (the Priscian Codex) and Milan, which had been taken in hand by another scholar, Ascoli. In this volume, therefore, we have the glosses already given to the world, fully or in part, by various leading Celtists, and also some hitherto unpublished ones; while in those previously edited, numerous corrections have been effected. Prefixed to the body of the work are fifty pages of interesting "Prolegomena" in which the editor gives an account (1) of the various codices containing the glosses, and (2) of the abbreviations used by the Irish scribes. The production of the volume, even with



all the assistance to be derived from the labours of his predecessors, must have cost the editor much painful toil. Of this any one may convince himself by going carefully through the appended fac-simile of a page of the *Wirzburgh Codex*. Careful inspection of this will also show that, as Herr Zimmer has found occasional errors in the work of those who have gone before him, so his own work, with all the care and learning brought to bear upon it, is not absolutely perfect. The slight deviations from the orthography of the scribe, which are observed on comparison of the photograph with the printed text (the only mode of testing the work open to most readers), are, doubtless, intentional, but *Noli* for *Nolo* in the first line is one of those *maculae quas humana parum cavit natura*. We would suggest that the name *euchil merdach*, on p. 213, probably means, not "*Abihail* fratris *Mardochae*", but *Evil-Mero-dach*, the son and successor of Nebuchadnezzar, whose name the writer, by a natural slip, substituted for that of Belshazzar, to whom Daniel's words were addressed, and whom he calls, in accordance with the loose Hebrew usage, the son of the same Nebuchadnezzar. Valuable as this volume is, the editor, in the preface, promises us something very much more valuable, viz., a "*Thesaurus linguae Hibernicae veteris atque mediae aetatis*", which we are told he intends to publish "*quam brevissimo tempore*". The fulfilment of this promise we shall await with something of the same eagerness with which we have been looking for the appearance of a long-promised Welsh Dictionary. It is some satisfaction to think (however discreditable the thought may be to the Principality) that Herr Zimmer will not in Germany experience the same difficulty in finding a publisher as Mr. Silvan Evans has met with here.

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THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCES, THE LORDS MARCHER, AND THE ANCIENT NOBILITY OF POWYS FADOG, AND THE ANCIENT LORDS OF ARWYSTLI, CEDEWEN, AND MEIRIONYDD. By J. Y. W. LLOYD of Clochfaen, Esq., M.A., K.S.G. Vol. I. London: T. Richards. 1881. (xvi-416 pp. 8vo.)

IN his Preface the author modestly states that "this work is merely a compilation and lays claim to no originality", but it is not necessarily less valuable on that account, or to be less heartily welcomed. We have far too few men who are content, like the writer of this very handsome volume, to work patiently among "ancient records, charters, and MSS."; and we should be glad to see the Eisteddfod do very much more to encourage such research, even if we had in consequence to do with somewhat less of the so-called "original" work which that institution now periodically calls forth.

The author opens his narrative with the election of Vortigern, King of Britain, in 446, and carries it in the present volume down to the thirtieth year of King Henry the Eighth, 1539. With much care and patience he traces the varying fortunes of the province during the long interval, bringing together from a great variety of sources an immense mass of information relative to the personal and family history of kings, princes, and lords innumerable. We would specially notice, as one excellent feature in the work, the frequent use made of the writings of the mediæval bards. For example, after a brief account of Tyssilio, we find "Can Tyssilyaw" by Cynddelw; in this case a translation by H. W. Lloyd, Esq., is also given. In the same way a number of other historical poems by Cynddelw, Gwalchmai, Prydydd y Moch, etc., are incorporated in the work in their proper places, in connection with the princes whom they celebrate. Most of these compositions are unaccompanied by any translation, for which the author in his preface to the volume

offers an apology. A more serious defect in the opinion of many will be that the Welsh text is not quite free from errors. In general, the reader will, no doubt, be able to correct these slips for himself, but there will probably be cases in which he will find it difficult to decide whether a given peculiarity of diction or orthography is due to the original scribe or to the printer.

A number of well-chosen illustrations, sketches from nature, and fac-similes from the *Harleian MSS.*, form a very interesting addition to the value of this fine volume.

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DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE INCISED SLATE TABLET AND  
OTHER REMAINS LATELY DISCOVERED AT TOWYN. With  
plates. By J. PARK HARRISON, M.A. Oxon., etc. Lon-  
don: B. Quaritch. 1881.

THE slate tablet here described was discovered in the autumn of 1879 amidst the ruins of an old building, near the sea, at Towyn in Merionethshire. It is a small piece of irregularly broken slate about  $9\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $6\frac{3}{4}$  in. in its greatest length and breadth. On one side it is marked with some twenty-eight outline figures, which are now supposed to represent primitive articles of dress and household utensils. Some time after it was discovered, the fragment was sent for inspection to Professor Rhys, who, finding no written characters upon it, recommended that it should be forwarded to Mr. Park Harrison. That accomplished archæologist submitted the figures to a careful and detailed examination, the results of which are given at length in the present "account". He inclines to adopt the view "that the tablet may contain a funereal list of objects required by a deceased chief", and suggests that it may be "perhaps the latest instance that has been met with of the Celtic funeral custom of burying objects for use in another state. The change had been

gradual from the sacrifice of the most valued ornaments or weapons, to that of inferior and even miniature articles, and the practice may here and there have died out in outline representations of the objects required". For determining the date of the tablet, Mr. Harrison finds no decisive evidence.

On a subject of this kind only the opinions of experts can have any value. But to the uninitiated Mr. Harrison's pages will be interesting as illustrating the method on which a skilled archæologist proceeds in endeavouring to work out the solution of his problems.



CAER PENSUELCOIT, A LONG LOST UNROMANISED BRITISH METROPOLIS: A REASSERTION. With a Sketch Map. London: Reeves and Turner. 1882.

IN 1877, the author of this interesting *Reassertion*, Thomas Kerslake, Esq., of Bristol, printed a small pamphlet entitled, *A Primæval British Metropolis*, in which he maintained with much ingenuity and cogency of argument, that the little village of Penselwood in East Somerset represents the "Caer Pensaelcoit" of Nennius, and the "Kaerpen-Huelgoit" of Brut Tyssilio (*Myv. Arch.*, ii, 193; pp. 451, 452 of Gee's edn.), the British stronghold besieged by Vespasian. Mr. Kerslake argued very convincingly that *Penhuelgoit* is merely a later form of *Pensaelcoit*, and that "Penselwood" is again simply "Pensaelcoit" with the last element translated. He further maintained that the famous Pen Pits, which had puzzled generations of antiquaries, are—or were, as they have now mostly been "improved" away—the sites of the old dwellings which constituted the "primæval British metropolis", Pensaelcoit. After reading Mr. Kerslake's pamphlet, we felt that few archæological questions had been so fairly cleared up. Not so, however, thought some members of the

Somersetshire Archæological Society, a learned body, which appointed an Exploration Committee to inquire into the matter and presumably settle it for ever. The investigations of this Committee appear to have been carried on in a somewhat desultory manner, and the results were not very conclusive. But the majority seem to have been unable to accept Mr. Kerslake's view, hence the present pamphlet, in which the author handles rather severely one of his opponents. Mr. Kerslake writes with vigour, and enlivens his argument with a good deal of dry humour. His paper is at once sound archæology and amusing reading.

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### The Folk-Lore of Wales.

MANY of our readers will be aware that there appeared some three or four years ago a periodical named *Mélusine*, devoted exclusively to Folk-lore, and edited by MM. Roland and Gaidoz, the latter the well-known accomplished editor of the *Revue Celtique*, and a contributor to our present number. A correspondent has been good enough to call our attention to the fact that our rough sketch of the field of popular literature in the last number of the *Cymmrodor* so closely resembles the plan on which *Mélusine* was conducted as to lay us open to the charge, or at least the suspicion, of having derived inspiration from that most interesting periodical, without any acknowledgment of our obligation. To this we can only say in answer that we were not consciously plagiarising, and that the sole and simple reason why *Mélusine* was not mentioned in the article is that it did not occur to our mind while writing. Now, however, we are glad to say that any of our readers who may feel disposed to become collectors, and may be fortunate enough to possess or acquire (we think it can

still be obtained) a copy of *Mélusine*, cannot do better than adopt it as a model.

Possibly, some readers may be disposed to consider the collection of such things as riddles, etc., a proof of extreme childishness. Be it so; they will, however, remember that a Plato did not think it derogatory to represent "the wisest of the Greeks" as using riddles—and not very brilliant ones either—to illustrate his "divine philosophy"; and that riddles are found even in the Bible. And what would these critics not give to know the riddles—for such, doubtless, her "hard questions" were—with which the Queen of Sheba tested the wisdom of Solomon? Our Cymric riddles are not destined to take such an honoured place in the world's literature; but *we* should not, therefore, despise them. To us they should be valuable as helping in their measure to fill in the picture of that past, the traces of which are disappearing all too rapidly. Besides, these scraps have a certain philological value, and not unfrequently contain words and expressions not found in the literary language. *Cared doeth yr encilion.*

Our appeal for the co-operation of members has met with no very encouraging response hitherto. We have no obligations to acknowledge, except to one member, the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M.A., of Bootle, who has sent the following version of a well-known and widely-spread legend. It is very imperfect, as will be observed, but it has at least the merit of being given as it dropped from the narrator, without any of that literary tinkering which has spoiled most of what has been attempted in this field hitherto. A version of the story is given in Sike's *British Goblins*, p. 92.

" Hen wr oedd yn byw mewn crefydd,  
Ac yn gweddio'n ddyfal beunydd,  
Ac yn ei weddi yr oedd deisyfiad  
Am un rodd o'r wlad refol cyn  
ei ddiweddiad.

Ar foreu teg fe aeth i rodio 5  
 At lwyn o goed yn agos ato ;  
 Ar frig y pren fe glywai ganu  
 O lais aderyn yn llawenychu,  
  
 Ac yno bu nes tewi o hono  
 Ac wedi ei dewi trodd tua'i gartref, 10  
 Ond yno nid oedd dim ond pobl ddieithr.  
  
 Gyna yn myn'd o'r ty yma allan,  
 A'r fath gyfnewid sy yma 'rwan ;  
  
 Y tai a'r cloddiau wedi newid mewn  
 modd arall.  
 Fy enw i yw Racher William, 15  
 Ac enw'm gwraig yw Marged Morgan.  
 Atebai hen wr llwyd o'r cornel,—  
 'Gan fy nhad y clywais chwedel,  
 A chan ei daid y clywsai yntau,  
 Ac ar ei ol y cofiais innau, 20  
 Fyned henwr o'r ty yma allan,  
 O'r un enw a'r un oedran,  
 Na chlywyd gair gan neb am dano,  
 Na gwybodaeth byth o hono.'  
 Ac erbyn casglu llyfrau a chwilio, 25  
 Tri chant a deg a deugain o flynyddau,  
 Buasai'n gwrando'r miwsig nefol  
 Ac wrth hir ddal sylw arno,  
 Aeth fel dyrnaid bach o ludw."

Ysgrifenyddwyd Awst 25, 1881, o enau hen wraig sydd yn ymyl 91 mlwydd oed, yr hon a'i dysgasai gan ei mam. Yr oedd ei mam yn enedigol o Landudno. G. E.

The expression "byw mewn crefydd" is noticeable, and seems to mean "live as a *religieux*", the hero of the story being generally a monk.

"Racher", in line 15, appears to be for "Roger".

In lines 17 to 20 we have an adaptation of one of the regular formulæ with which the *conteur* introduced or closed his tale.

## RIDDLES.

1. Beth sy'n dringad y graig.

Nid gwr, nid gwraig,

Nid march pedolog,

Nid 'deryn asgellog?

*Ateb.* Niwl.

What climbs the rock—not man, not woman, not shod steed, not winged bird?

*Ans.* Mist.

2. Beth â yn gynt na'r gwynt, yn gynt na'r g'law,

O'r fan yma i'r fan draw?

*Ateb.* Y Meddwl.

What goes swifter than the wind, swifter than the rain, from this place to yonder place?

*Ans.* The Mind.

3. Beth sy'n myn'd hwy hwy wrth dori 'i ddoupen?

*Ateb.* Pwll Mawn.

What becomes longer and longer by the cutting of both ends?

*Ans.* A Peat Pit.

4. Beth sy dip, dip, yn y ty, gnoc gnoc yn y cô'd, *jo ho* ar y mynydd?

*Ateb.* Gwagar Sycan.

What goes drip, drip in the house, knock, knock in the wood, gee ho on the mountain? *Ans.* A strainer (lit. a flummery sieve), the riddle hinting at the wood and horsehair of which it is made, and the sound accompanying the use of it.

5. Beth sy'n cysgu a'i fys yn 'i lygad?

*Ateb.* Eirw' (i.e., Aerwy).

What sleeps with its finger in its eye?

*Ans.* A cow collar.

6. Pwy fu farw cyn i i' dad gâl i eni?

*Ateb.* Abel, neu unrhyw un o blant Adda.



Who died before his father was born?

*Ans.* Abel, or any other of Adam's children.

Of this the following is a more elaborate form.

7. Pwy gâs i eni o flân i dad, fu farw o flân i fam, gâs i gladdu ym mola 'i famgu?

*Ateb.* Abel

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### VERBAL TASKS.

All languages have a number of these. In many, some of the difficult sounds of the language are brought together for the patriotic purpose of perplexing foreigners. One in which a succession of guttural aspirates occurs,

Hwch goch fach a chwech o berchyll cochion bach,

is familiar to most of our readers. The following we had given us in childhood by an old shepherd on Epynt in Breconshire. The task is to pronounce it rapidly without any confusion of the sounds:

“ Mae gen i ddwy wydd lwyd radlon  
Yn pori ar lan yr afon;  
Mae'n nwy wydd l'wyd radlon i  
'N rhadlonach dwy wydd lwyd radlon  
Na dy ddwy wydd radlon di.”

From the same source we derived the following, which resembles the English one, “Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper, etc”. The task was to repeat, nine times without pausing to take breath, the words:

“ Barcutan llwyd cwta 'n pigo pypyr o'r cwpa.”

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As our last sheet was passing through the press, news came of the great loss the Society, and the whole Welsh people, have sustained in the death of Sir Hugh Owen. As none of his countrymen ever turned to him for sympathy and help in vain, so there are but few who will not feel his removal as a personal loss. A ready and earnest supporter of every philanthropic movement, he laboured with especial zeal and devotion to promote the cause of education in Wales, a cause for which he did more than any other man during the present century. The shortness of time precludes our offering any adequate obituary notice in the present number, but we hope to give in the next a short biographical sketch of one in whom all that had the privilege of knowing him, recognised a true patriot, an enlightened philanthropist, and a consistent Christian.









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